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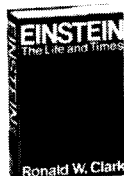
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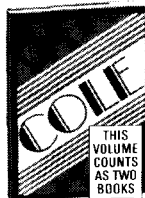
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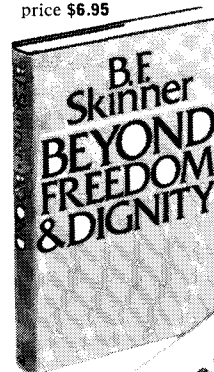
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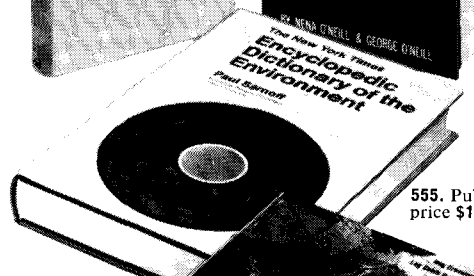
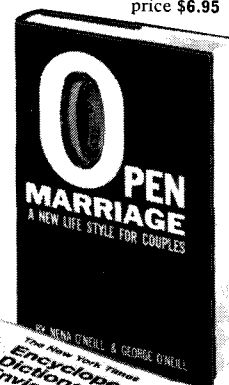
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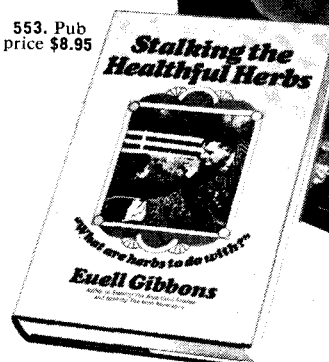


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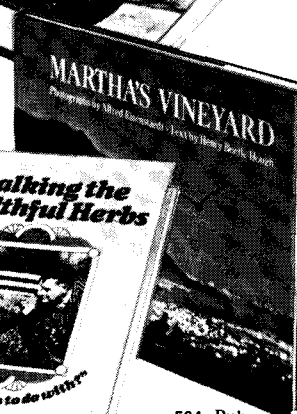
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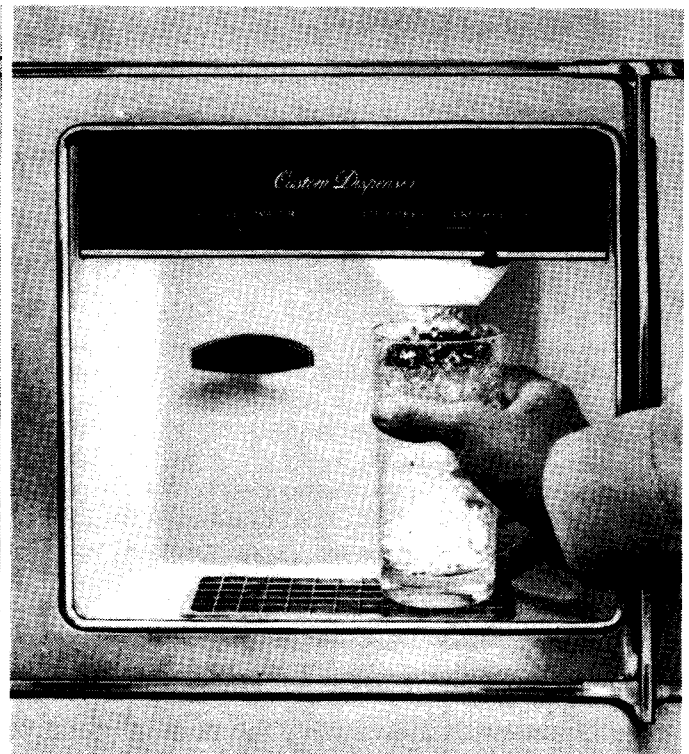
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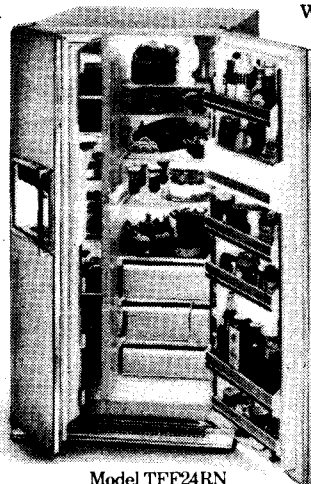
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

“**M**arriage may be a great institution,” Mae West liked to say, “but, honey, I don’t crave to be educated.” It is no longer news that in her skepticism about marriage, Miss West has a lot of energetic company these days within the ranks of Women’s Liberation. When the first faint rumbles of Women’s Lib rose up from deep down in the crater, we attempted to anticipate and clarify the developing phenomenon in a special supplement entitled “Woman’s Place.” A lot of lava has flowed down the slopes since then, severely scorching many male sensibilities and melting some of the old ironclad assumptions about the roles of the sexes. Marriage and the notion of monogamous sex relationship between married man and woman have not suffered the fate of Pompeii or the unfortunate victims of Krakatau, but if rhetoric were fire and brimstone, it would have all gone to hell.

An intelligent and meticulous study of Women’s Lib rhetoric has been conducted by Midge Decter, formerly managing editor of *Harper’s*, now managing editor of the newly launched *World*, and the wife of Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*. She has examined the movement’s attitudes toward marriage, sex, housework, and children in a book entitled *The New Chastity and Other Arguments Against Women’s Liberation*, and finds them generally porous and, well, pretty silly. In this issue, we present an adaptation of her discussion of Women’s Lib and sex, in which she concludes that critics of the present uses of sex in marriage maintain that a woman can protect her rights in only one of two ways: “by sequestering women or by taking the cutting edge off men.” Male chauvinistically speaking, I prefer things the way they are now.

The name newly added to the contributing editors’ roster this month should be a familiar one to *Atlantic* readers. Ward Just, Washington reporter, Vietnam war correspondent, and novelist, has written many articles for *The Atlantic*, including “Soldiers,” his prizewinning study of the state of the contemporary U.S. Army. For the last few months, Mr. Just has been striving to do what few authors have done successfully—to capture Washington, D.C., its inhabitants and their ways, in the form of the short story. Three of his Washington stories appeared last December. The next in a series that will be published in months to come begins on page 67.

A new feature (it began last month, in fact, but the editor’s fascination with his own prose left no room for comment) is “Last Laugh” by Fernando Krahn. A Chilean, who needs no words to amplify what his pen draws, he has been amusing North American readers for several years, first in the late *Reporter* magazine, more recently in occasional drawings for *The Atlantic*. A student of law, painting, engraving, and stage designing, Mr. Krahn lives in Chile with his three children and a wife who is a puppeteer and a Montessori method teacher. “Last Laugh” is one of those open-ended subjects that we’ll be providing for as long as Mr. Krahn keeps finding ways to make us laugh in a smile-stingy world.

Robert Manning

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NORTH VIETNAM

A Visit to a Hospital

Dr. Ton That Tung is professor of medicine at the University of Hanoi and director of the Vietnam-German Friendship Hospital, a university hospital for surgery. He is a remarkable man who symbolizes a rather surprising aspect of life in North Vietnam: amid the overwhelming obsessions of war, a tradition of scholarship and respect for Western thought somehow survives.

We met in his hospital office. In the tropical heat and damp of Hanoi, Dr. Tung was wearing a chic white roll-neck sweater. A man of sixty, he bounded in and out of his chair during the conversation to find scientific papers or write medical terms in my notebook. He spoke French and Vietnamese and English. At one point he referred to a letter to the editor in a recent issue of the international *Herald-Tribune*. He had been in Paris last January, to receive the honor of a diploma from the Academy of Surgery, and was going again in June for a medical meeting. He mentioned with pleasure that the Frenchman who trained him in Hanoi in the 1930s, Dr. Jacques May, now an American citizen, had flown to Paris from Boston for the January ceremony.

He waved off an offered cigarette, saying he had read the American Surgeon General's latest report on smoking. "I've made two or three speeches against it here," he said, "but people always stand up in the audience and say they have smoked for sixty years and are still alive!" Dr.

Tung laughed. "Now there are some reports of whiskey and coffee being damaging. That would be too bad."

Dr. Tung is a specialist in liver surgery. He has developed a new operating technique for cancer of the liver: "I use a method of blocking the hepatic artery to starve the carcinoma cells. I know that in the United States they say that's impossible, but we do it. We started the research in 1962, experimenting first on dogs, and published the results for the first time in 1970." He went to his desk and pulled out a reprint of an article in a French medical journal of March, 1972; a Dr. J. M. Krivine had tried the Tung liver operation and reported that it worked.

Then Dr. Tung discussed what he said was a dramatic increase in the incidence of liver cancer. "I used to operate on one case a week. Now it is almost one a day. We have compared figures for two periods, 1955 to 1961 and 1962 to 1969, and hepatoma increased by a factor of five." The first period was before the United States began spraying herbicides in South Vietnam, and Dr. Tung suspected that there was a connection.

One widely used herbicide contained the chemical dioxin, Dr. Tung said. Dioxin has been found to cause chromosome mutations responsible for malformations in infants. Now there was reason to suspect, he said, that dioxin could cause cancer, and that its particular target was the liver. He was working with doctors in France, Britain, and the United States to analyze dioxin and establish whether it was a cause of liver cancer. He mentioned that another recent American visitor had taken a liver

section from him for Matthew Meselson, professor of biology at Harvard; he wondered whether it had ever reached Meselson. (It had.)

"This is not a question only for Vietnam," Dr. Tung said. "For example, liver cancer used to be very rare in France. But now, in Paris, for every four cases of cirrhosis there is one hepatoma. If we can prove that this kind of element causes liver cancer, that would mean great progress in the study of cancer—and possibly a key for the whole question of pollution.

"So the war in Vietnam could have a worldwide effect—we could learn from it, because it is serving as a testing ground for many things in the destruction of men and nature. Most people who speak on Vietnam talk of politics, but now doctors are beginning to look at the scientific questions."

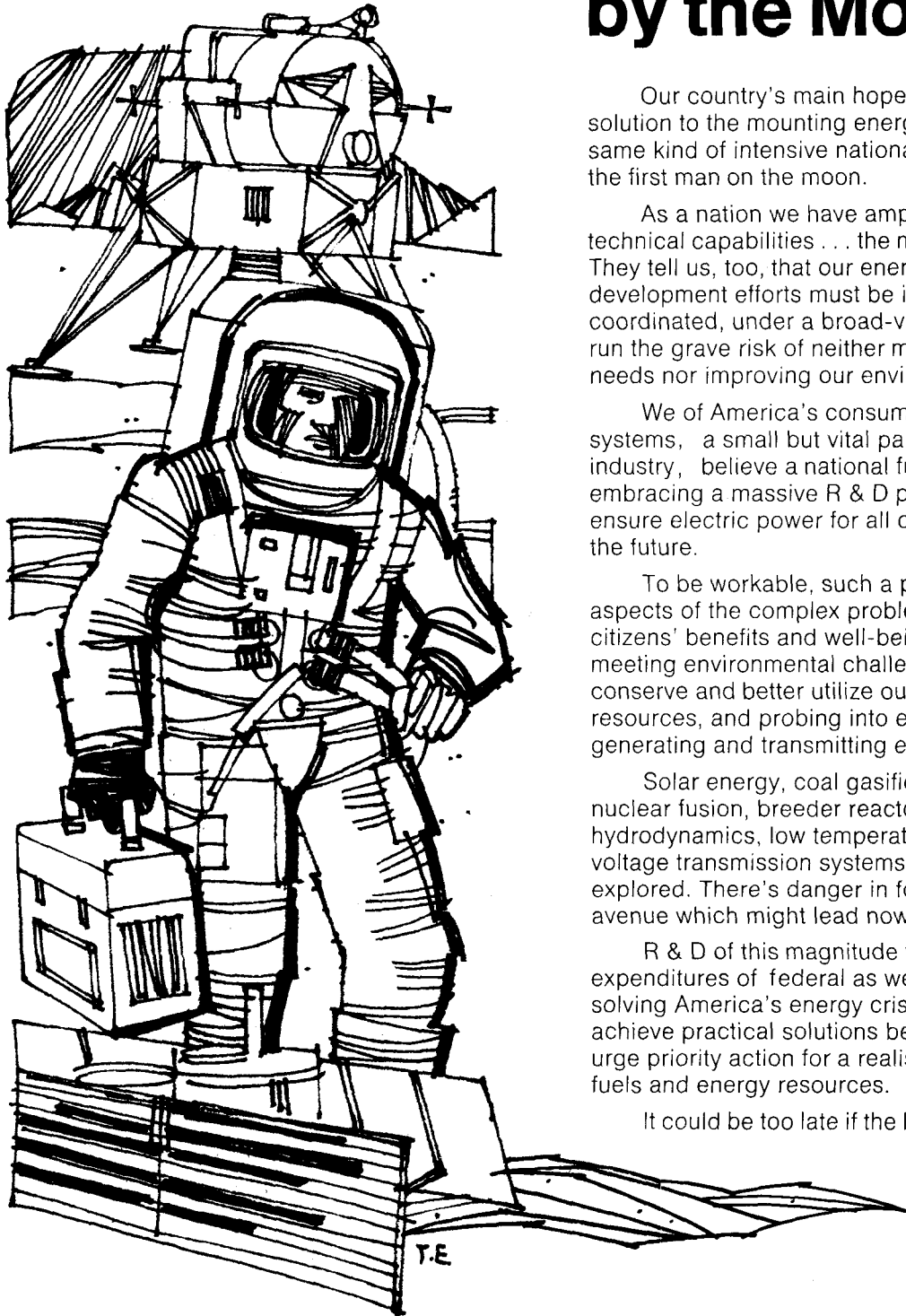
War injuries

The tone of Dr. Tung's conversation was never propagandistic through the long conversation. He is regarded, in North Vietnam and outside, as a nonpolitical figure of a scientific eminence that allows him to be that. But it was quite inevitable, in Hanoi in 1972, that the war would find its way into the conversation often.

He was talking about tropical diseases, intestinal parasites, when the sound of airplanes was heard overhead. It was early in the morning, so Dr. Tung said jokingly that they were not American: "They are bureaucratic—they start at ten. So we start work at six. If they move up to six,

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NORTH VIETNAM

we'll start at two in the morning."

That led him on to the subject of war injuries. He sent out for X-rays to show what he said was an important medical problem, the effect that small bomb or shell fragments could have: "The tiniest fragment can do severe damage if it is going fast. The speed increases the destructiveness."

One X-ray was of a woman teacher who, after being in a bombed area, always felt sleepy. She had no visible wound. But the X-ray, Dr. Tung said, showed that a minuscule bomb fragment had passed through her thick hair—without noticeably disturbing it—and entered her skull.

Another example he gave was of a stewardess who was aboard the Soviet freighter *Pevek* when it was hit by American bombs in Haiphong harbor on May 9. According to the North Vietnamese, one Russian crewman was killed and several injured, including the stewardess. She was in the hospital, and Dr. Tung took me in to see her briefly: Galina Feodorovna Kamneva, a twenty-seven-year-old girl with red hair. She left for Moscow that afternoon on the weekly Soviet commercial flight.

Miss Kamneva suddenly developed paralysis of her left leg sometime after the bombing, Dr. Tung said, and then gangrene of the type known as dry. There were no apparent wounds—nothing except what looked like minor burns—and doctors who opened the leg in Haiphong could find nothing. But X-rays taken in the Hanoi hospital, Dr. Tung said, showed bomb fragments in her body so small that they had left no visible entrance wounds. He held up an X-ray showing, as he described it, how a fragment had severed the femoral artery in the thigh; one could see that there was a large gap in that artery. Dr. Tung did a vein graft to rejoin the artery, an operation that he said had saved the upper part of Miss Kamneva's leg. It was amputated just below the knee.

Dr. Tung had some other pictures of war injuries, but he put them aside, indicating that they were not cases within his personal knowledge.

"For me these are questions of health, not propaganda," he said. "I am happy to tell you that Americans from Quaker organizations have

How Much of Yesterday's Heresy
Is
Today's Science?

IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY *Reconsidered*

Special Issue • Pensée Magazine • Stephen L. Talbott, Editor • First Printing: 35,000

During the 1950's Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky published his bestsellers, *Worlds in Collision* and *Earth in Upheaval*, in which he argued that the earth suffered a series of cosmic catastrophes during historical times. These upheavals, he claimed, sculpted our planet's face and changed the course of history, bringing an end to Egypt's Middle Kingdom,

destroying civilizations around the world, and figuring in the Israelite Exodus. (This last receives detailed treatment in *Ages in Chaos*.) Initially castigated for his views by scientists, Velikovsky has now been vindicated by numerous space-age discoveries. This special issue of *Pensee* surveys the evidence.

The Scientific Mafia — *David Stove, senior lecturer, department of philosophy, University of Sydney, Australia*
How Stable is the Solar System? — *Dr. C. J. Ransom, plasma physicist, General Dynamics*

A Record of Success

37 documented confirmations of Velikovsky's scientific claims, most of which were considered unlikely or impossible when he first voiced them. For example, regarding the moon, Velikovsky deduced (before the Apollo landings) that (1) the lunar "rocks and lavas could conceivably be rich in remanent magnetism resulting from strong currents when in the embrace of exogenous magnetic fields"; (2) "Since the moon was heated and its surface became molten only a few thousand years ago, the temperature gradient under the surface crust will show, to some depth, a mounting curve"; and (3) "excessively strong radioactivity will be detected in localized areas" on the moon.

Lunar Rocks and Velikovsky's Claims — *Dr. Derek York, associate professor, geophysics division, University of Toronto*
When Was the Lunar Surface Last Molten? — *Immanuel Velikovsky*

Magnetic Remanence of Lunar Rocks/A Candid Look at Scientific Misbehavior — *Robert Treash, San Diego Evening College*

"One or more Apollo missions could have been spared were Velikovsky's books and memoranda considered."

On Decoding Hawkins' Stonehenge Decoded — *Immanuel Velikovsky*

A full-length analysis of Stonehenge and its meaning in the light of cosmic catastrophes during man's history.

The Censorship of Velikovsky's Interdisciplinary Synthesis — *Dr. Lynn Rose, professor, department of philosophy, State University of New York (Buffalo)*

The Center Holds — *Dr. William Mullen, departments of classics and comparative literature, and division of interdisciplinary and general studies, University of California (Berkeley)*

Chapley, Velikovsky and the Scientific Spirit — *Dr. Horace Kallen, co-founder and former dean of the graduate faculty, and research professor in social philosophy, New School for Social Research*

Einstein's reaction to the suppressive efforts against Velikovsky is revealed in a letter 30 days before his death.

Velikovsky at Harvard — *Stephen Talbott, editor, Pensee magazine*

The dramatic story of Velikovsky's lecture and seminar last February 17-18 to an enthusiastic crowd at Harvard.

Is Venus' Heat Decreasing? — *Immanuel Velikovsky*

Akhnaten, Aten and Venus Reconsidered — *Lewis Greenberg, assistant professor, department of art, Franklin and Marshall College*

Could Mars Have Been an Inner Planet? — *Dr. Lynn Rose, professor, department of philosophy, State University of New York (Buffalo)*

Venus' Circular Orbit — *Chris Sherrerd, electrical engineer, Bell Laboratories*

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Dr. David Carlyle, physicist, Cosmos and Chronos Campus Study Groups

Dr. Lionel Rubinov, professor, department of philosophy, Trent University (Ontario)

J. Dwayne Hamilton, senior lecturer, department of physics, Selkirk College (British Columbia)

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George Dubokovic, head, department of modern languages, Selkirk College

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given this hospital much help—for one thing, equipment used in heart operations. When I saw Professor May in Paris, we talked about professional things and about the possibility of cooperation between our countries on science after the war. I said that American scientists should know about what is happening in Vietnam. Then there would be a chance that they would help us, and we shall need the help.”

“All wars end”

I asked whether, after all that had happened, North Vietnam would want aid from the United States.

“Some Americans are helping us right now!” Dr. Tung said. “We fought the French, and now our relations are good. It should be the same with the United States. Nixon will not be in power forever.

“All wars must end. The important thing is what happens afterward. We think the American people should see their duty to help. I have found so many fine things in Americans. But I wonder whether people understand the destruction that has happened here. American help is necessary. And those who have destroyed should help to rebuild.”

Asked to name the major public-health problems of North Vietnam, Dr. Tung mentioned stomach ulcers and heart disease along with cancer of the liver. “Some say ulcers are related to diet,” he remarked, “but I think the high incidence is related to tension—the stress of the war.” He said there had been “a war of one kind or another here since 1939; Allied planes from China bombed this hospital in 1942, when the Japanese were here.”

Heart surgery has been done at the Vietnam-German Hospital since 1958—perhaps a thousand cases so far, Dr. Tung said. Since 1965 the hospital has done open-heart surgery, but there have been only about fifty of those operations. Dr. Tung explained that doctors could do them only during the cold season, from September to February, because in the heat they perspire profusely and there is too much danger of infection. The hospital has no air conditioning.

It is an old and shabby hospital by American standards. With a smile, Dr. Tung pointed out the only elevator, a massive seventy-year-old

model. Most of the furniture and equipment are rather dated, but on a quick tour one could see a new French heart-lung machine, an American pump to go with it, Chinese operating tables, a Czech anesthetic device, a Soviet respirator, East German and Hungarian lights.

The hospital has four hundred beds. It is for surgical cases only, with separate wings for children, orthopedic cases, heart and liver surgery, and so on. The windows are taped in case of bombing, some in flower or snowflake designs. There are emergency operating rooms underground, in air-raid shelters with the look of catacombs. The doctors have a library, jammed into a small room, that includes many American and English medical journals and books.

Dr. Tung joked about the physical conditions but evidently did not consider them too important. He said that things had improved a great deal since he first became director of the hospital, in 1955. (That was after the Geneva Conference and the departure of the French, but he did not mention that.) “We did not even have an anesthetic department in 1955,” he said. “I was the professor, and I had four other doctors under me. Now there are eighty assisting doctors.” In North Vietnam as a whole, he added, there was one doctor for every 200,000 people in 1955; now there was one for every 4000. The figures were hard to believe of a small, undeveloped country that has been at war most of the time since 1955. But then much that happens in North Vietnam is extraordinary, and in this case there was persuasive evidence in the person of Dr. Tung.

—ANTHONY LEWIS

BLACK AFRICA

Ten years ago, I left New York on a dark, snow-lashed night and stepped down the next day into the morning glare of Dakar, in Senegal. It was an exciting, expectant time for the newly independent countries of Africa. Since that moment in Dakar, I have spent most of the last decade in Africa. Those ten years did not transform a gullible fool into a mean and narrow cynic, but I feel more critical, more doubtful, more skeptical, more pessimistic than I did in 1962. I still feel sympathetic and understanding.

But I have learned that sympathy and understanding are not enough. Africa needs to be looked at with cold hardness as well.

There have been more disappointments than accomplishments in Africa in the ten years. Two events—the Nigerian civil war and the assassination of Tom Mboya—struck like body blows at the sympathies of an outsider. The war was probably the greatest scourge in black Africa since the slave trade, and it was largely self-made. Murder cut down the man who seemed most to represent all that was modern in new Africa, and it was probably done for the glory of tribal chauvinism.

On top of this, the decade has produced a host of other unpleasant events: the bloodshed in the Sudan, the barbaric chaos in the Congo and the rise to power of an Emperor Jones to give it stability, the mass slaughter of the graceful Tutsis in Rwanda and the mass slaughter by the graceful Tutsis in neighboring Burundi, the procession of comic coups, the foolish posturing of weak little countries and weak little men, the interminable rhetoric, the faltering economies, the faltering governments, the faltering leaders.

While there have been achievements—the relative economic health of Kenya is one—independent black Africa is still the poorest, least organized place in the world, with weak central governments and unsophisticated economies in its plethora of little states. In fairness, Africa is at a stage of development where the differences between stability and chaos and between economic health and disaster are narrower than in the more sophisticated countries with stronger institutions. Nevertheless, Africa has slipped below the lines of difference too often.

There are historical arguments that are sometimes made to rationalize what seems like a sorry record. It is sometimes said, for example, that the record of Africa is no different from that of the so-called civilized world, that it is unfair for outsiders to hold Africa to a standard that European civilization has failed to meet. No savagery in Africa in the last decade matches that of the civilized Germans thirty years ago. No political murders in Africa match the senselessness of those in the United States. The only thing that makes Africa seem worse is

the white man's deep, irrational repugnance for and dread of blackness.

A second argument begs for time. It describes Africa as passing through, though at an accelerated rate, the same phases as medieval Europe before the full creation of European nations and nationalism. African leaders have taken on the Herculean task of trying to weld nations out of hostile tribes forced into the same country by the artificial boundaries drawn by indifferent European imperialists. It took the Anglo-Saxons, Jutes, Danes, and Normans centuries to become the English, and the nationalism was forged from much bloodshed, instability, and cruelty. Why, or so the argument goes, expect the Africans to do the job immaculately?

Legacy

There is a good deal of force in both arguments, but I am uneasy with them. They seem to suppose that Africa is developing in a vacuum, condemned to repeat the ills and evils of white development. Perhaps there will be a repetition. But there certainly is no vacuum. There would be no new Africa today without the outside forces that have swept this continent into turmoil in a hundred years or so.

Yet, if you do not accept these historical arguments, what are you left with? A smug conclusion that Africans are doomed to incompetence, failure, disaster? A cynical feeling that all the attention, aid, and advice now lavished on Africa are worthless, too feeble to halt its incessant rush back to darkness? I do not think so.

I have come to the conclusion that Africa has to be understood by looking at it in a different way. Instead of counting coups and shaking his head, an outsider ought to stand apart and try to sense the intensity of a great historical movement there, for the only constant in Africa is change.

Change is a legacy of the invasion of the whites. For more than a century, the white man has come to Africa, as slave trader, merchant, explorer, missionary, conqueror, administrator, settler, and adviser. Confrontation with the whites has scarred the psychology of Africans, implanting a feeling of inferiority in them. The relationship be-



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BLACK AFRICA

tween white and black in Africa, then and now, has always seemed fixed for me by an engraving in Henry M. Stanley's century-old book, *How I Found Livingstone in Central Africa*. It shows an African porter crossing a river with a box on his head. Stanley, in pith helmet, stands on the bank and points a revolver at the terrified black man. "Look out," Stanley says. "You drop that box—I'll shoot you."

Kinder white men than Stanley only substituted paternalism for cruelty. A glance at the writings of Dr. Albert Schweitzer provides an insight into a prevailing white attitude. "The negro is a child," Schweitzer wrote in 1921, after his first years of work in Africa, "and with children nothing can be done without the use of authority. . . . With regard to the negroes, then, I have coined the formula: 'I am your brother, it is true, but your elder brother.'" It is pointless to latch on to these words as more evidence to debunk Schweitzer. He merely reflected a truth of his times. The white man, in fact, did act, at best, as the elder brother of the black man.

More important, the African, with incredible enthusiasm, accepted the role of younger brother. Whatever the white man did or had—schools, speech, clothes, religion, cars—the black man mimicked or wanted. In Uganda, the "native dress" of the Baganda women today is the floor-length Victorian frock introduced by missionary wives in the nineteenth century. Even the mass anticolonial movements that brought on the rush to independence in the late 1950s and early 1960s came from the adoption of Western democratic ideas learned in the schools of Europe and America.

Of course, the degree of acceptance of white ways varied from tribe to tribe and area to area. The Ibos of Nigeria and the Kikuyus of Kenya, who had societies that awarded status to a man for what he achieved in life and not for what his ancestors did before him, were quick to see that missionary education and the white man's commerce would give them achievement and status and power. The degree of mimicry also varied with the number of whites who settled near the Africans. The Senegal-

ese of Dakar—a French administrative center and settlement—became far more Western than the Voltans of Ouagadougou—a remote hardship outpost in the French colonial empire. Muslim tribes, who already had succumbed to a foreign culture, felt strong enough to resist the white man and his Christianity. Nomads, who wandered away from the white administrators and settlers, did not feel the white impact as much as the farmers who stood still.

But, despite these variations, a generalization can be made. Africa, unlike Asia, put up little resistance to the onslaught of new ways during colonial days and has put up even less since independence. There probably has been nothing like it since the millions of immigrants rushed into the United States in the late nineteenth century and gave up their culture and language for something new. There are, in fact, striking parallels. Just as immigrants from Jewish or Italian villages once formed village associations for security against the pressures of terrifying change in New York, African immigrants from the rural tribal lands now form tribal associations for security against the terrifying pressures of change in the African towns. An outsider's excitement about Africa these days probably comes from the wonder of seeing so much change so rapidly so near, and his despair comes from feeling all the failures and bitterness and conflict that have accompanied the change.

Back to which Africa?

Nairobi, the city in which I now live, shows in an exaggerated way what change means. When I first came to Nairobi ten years ago, before Kenya, the white man's colony, became independent, it seemed like a lovely, cool English city, with Indian shopkeepers and clerks and barbers and cashiers living and working there under English sufferance. The only Africans a visitor really noticed in downtown Nairobi were sullen and cold men on street corners with nothing to do. The Africans, even though they supplied all the unskilled labor, seemed like tattered hangers-on. Nairobi was not their city.

Today, when I walk in downtown Nairobi in the late afternoon after the government offices close, the streets rush and bustle with young Africans

in English suits and white shirts and thin conservative ties long out of style in America. Blacks drive their cars through town. Sometimes the cars are outrageously ostentatious for a poor African country. The chic African girls sport miniskirts and Afro wigs. The wigs attract them not because they are African but because they are Western.

All this depresses Africanists who like their Africa pure. The blacks of Nairobi, not long out of their tribal homelands, are imitating the white people around them. They have adopted white dress and manners and values. Just like middle-class Englishmen, they prize a car, a television set, a house, good clothes, and short lines at the post office. They show off their English rather than their Swahili. Nairobi is decried again by Africanists as the new town of black white men.

At times, African politicians and intellectuals try to stop the relentless adoption of white ways. The attempt, in fact, can be so extreme that it turns almost comic. In a search for what he calls "authentic nationalism," President Joseph Désiré Mobutu of the Congo recently changed the name of his country to Zaire and his own name to Mobutu Sese Seko Kuku Ngbendu Wa-za-Banga and ordered all Zaireois to follow his example. More often, African leaders, such as President Idi Amin of Uganda, ban what they look on as undesirable imports from the white Western world—miniskirts, hot pants, and maxis with a V-shaped slit down the front.

The moves are popular, for Africans resent the superior white man whom they are trying to imitate. But they are also futile. They are a little like Mussolini's attempt to bring back the glory and grandeur of Rome by hanging fasces on his buildings. In fact, the African attempt may be even more futile, for Africa has no ancient Rome to bring back.

Some Africans understand this. The *Daily Nation* in Nairobi recently carried a letter from Omondi wa Radoli, an African reader annoyed by all the campaigns against miniskirts and hot pants:

Is the mini-skirt African? No, neither are Mercedes cars, lifts, bell-bottoms, films and what have you. There are so many things unafrikan in our society that we are not justi-

fied in raising a hue about the mini only. Weren't African women wearing a flap of skin at the front and the back long ago? Aren't minis and hot pants much better, then?

... The African must wake up and discard his hypocrisy, and cease to bury his head in the sand and face facts as they stand—that is that African culture is gone. . . .

I suppose that this is depressing. While the developed world is growing disenchanted with modernity and searching for real and older values, Africans are dropping their traditional values in a frenzied scramble for all that seems modern to them. This is a force that no amount of hand-wringing by foreign romantics or culture-seeking by African intellectuals or name-swapping (as by the Congolese) can stop.

The main question now is, how deep and lasting are the changes? It is difficult to answer. Old British settlers in Kenya like to mutter that it will take centuries before the Africans learn to farm in modern ways or fly a jet plane or run a postal service as efficiently as the British do. But this seems like raw prejudice. The American experience has shown that it can take no more than a generation or two to transform a family from one culture to another, provided that there is an intense desire for change.

“Observe and record”

Nevertheless, there is troubling evidence that change in Africa can be misdirected and pointless and sometimes superficial. It is easy, for example, to despair over African education, which is the major agent in modern Africa for implanting Western ways.

A Peace Corps volunteer once told me a story that symbolized for him all his woes in trying to teach African pupils at a secondary school in Cameroon. He introduced a chemistry experiment one day by writing across the blackboard: “Observe and record what happens.” Every pupil dutifully took out his notebook and wrote down: “Observe and record what happens.” African education is in the iron grip of rote.

It is not difficult to understand. African children, perhaps poorly nourished, weakened by worms, begin modern education by trekking from their huts to a strange and foreign

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What can one person do for the cause? Lots of things. Modest actions around the house and on the job. Like cleaning your spark plugs every 1000 miles, using detergents in the recommended amounts, supporting better waste treatment plants in your town. Yes, and throwing litter in a basket instead of in the street.

Above all, let's stop shifting the blame. People start pollution. People can stop it. When enough Americans realize this, we'll have a fighting chance in the war against pollution.



**People start pollution.
People can stop it.**

BLACK AFRICA

school, their frightening gateway to the modern world. In a few years, their teachers, in a foreign language, usually English or French, have attacked them with a terrifying array of unfamiliar facts that have no relation to their world of rural villages. The teacher, for example, may print the word "boat" on the blackboard. But what is this word "boat"? They have never seen a boat or even a picture of one.

To cope with all this, the children scribble the facts into their notebooks and memorize them. There is very little else they can do. Once the facts are noted and memorized, the children have some power over them, though no understanding of them. This power gives the African child security. By the time he enters secondary school, he is a secure and successful rote learner, eager to write down and memorize everything that the teacher puts on the blackboard.

The process continues, even to the university. As a result, African education is producing a host of managers who sit in their government offices and meet every problem with their store of memories. If the problem is new, if memory fails to cope with it, the educated men shuffle it and then tuck it under the bottom of the mounting stack of papers on the desk.

African education does worse than create rote learners. It also produces an elite class alienated from the peasant life that traps most Africans. European education opens up a modern world to schoolboys, and they quickly turn their back on the old world. They are the elite of a backward society, and like most whites they meet in Africa, they intend to command servants, keep their hands free of toil, wear starched white shirts, and read European newspapers.

I once visited a Peace Corps volunteer at an agricultural secondary school in Tanzania and found that he was the only one who worked on the school farm. The students—presumably Tanzania's future agricultural bureaucrats—had no intention of dirtying their hands with the soil. The economy of Senegal has steadily deteriorated since independence because the country is run by a class of elite bureaucrats who every day

spend a few hours in their offices in pleasant, cosmopolitan Dakar, mulling over the fashions and politics of Paris. The uncomfortable, sandy, baking interior of Senegal does not interest them.

All this leads to a great danger. Change may come so swiftly that Africans will find themselves unable to cope with it. Nigeria, for example, is black Africa's largest state and has its most sophisticated economy. The civil war, however, weakened its most adaptable and modernizing people, the Ibos of Biafra. At the same time, the war and the postwar boom in oil production have created new demands for services, and a more complex apparatus to supply them. Outsiders often feel that the Nigerians are now unable to manage the apparatus. Goods pile up in the port of Lagos and the warehouses of the airport. Visitors find little or no water in the main hotels. Flight reservations fail to find their way to the check-in counters. At times, only bribes can unclog the Nigerian machine. In short, the Nigerians have failed to change enough as managers to cope with the problems caused by the way

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in which they have changed as consumers.

At the moment, the only healthy control of the rate of change in black Africa probably comes from the continued presence of whites there. In some countries, such as the Ivory Coast, there are more whites now than before independence. It is a neo-colonial and ironic situation, which is sure to offend blacks and white liberal ideologues. But it is probably necessary.

There is a good deal wrong with having crowds of white advisers and managers around in Africa. Many still display the attitudes of Stanley and Schweitzer. Many are poor teachers, preferring to manage a problem themselves rather than help a black man learn to do it. They depress the self-confidence of blacks and often make them too dependent on outsiders. Present a difficult problem to a black man in a government office, and he will often send you to the white adviser.

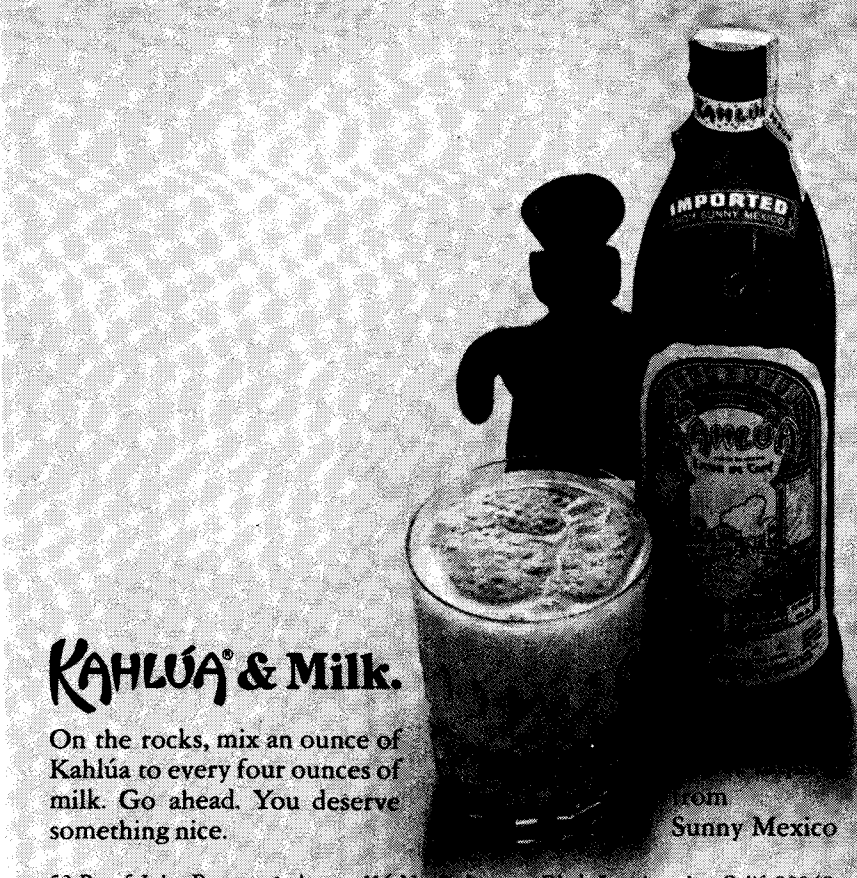
On balance, however, the whites probably help Africa—even if perversely. By standing in the way of African advancement, they force younger Africans to get more experience than younger Africans feel they need for management. By constantly expressing Western values and attitudes, they hold up a standard that guides the change that is going on.

All this is resented by Africans, a natural reaction. It is hard both to imitate and like the man who has the job you want. The situation sometimes arouses so much suspicion that a black man may refuse good advice just because it's white advice.

It would be straining evidence to claim that the sorry record of independent black Africa—coups, corruption, stagnation, mismanagement, slaughter—was the inevitable result of change. Nothing can excuse the attempt of the Tutsi lords in Burundi this year to wipe out the educated class of Hutus there by killing more than fifty thousand of them. The evidence shows only that change so far has not been very orderly or efficient or peaceful.

But ten years in Africa have taught me that the process of change may be more important in the long run than the disorder and waste that accompany it now.

—STANLEY MEISLER



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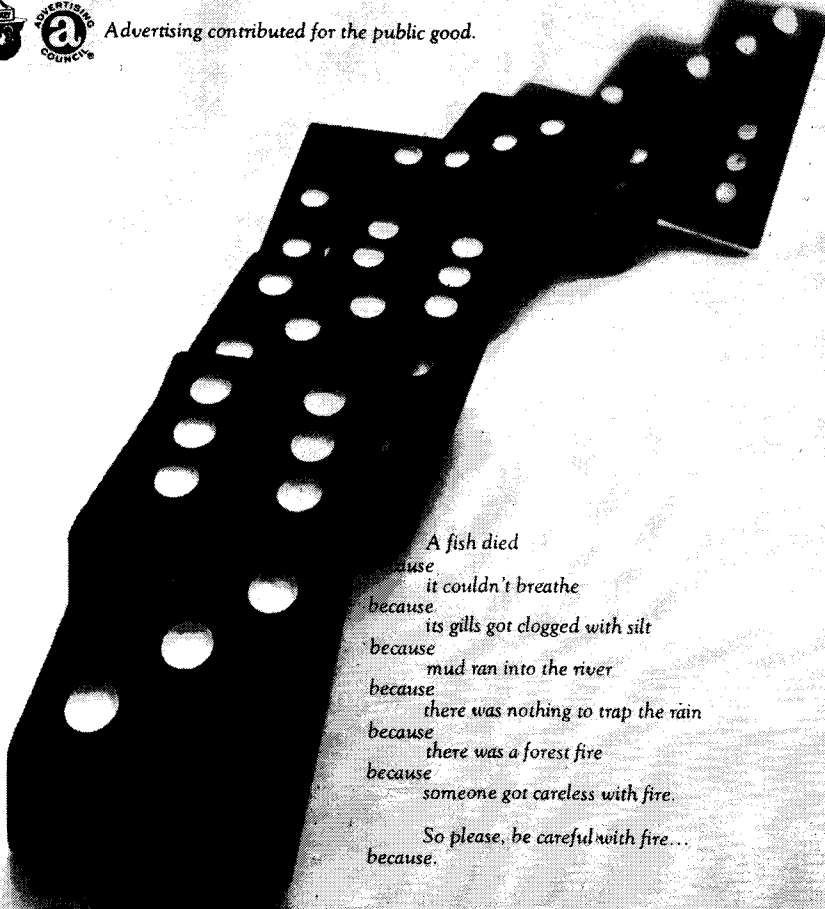
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 because
 it couldn't breathe
 because
 its gills got clogged with silt
 because
 mud ran into the river
 because
 there was nothing to trap the rain
 because
 there was a forest fire
 because
 someone got careless with fire.
 So please, be careful with fire...
 because.



Innocent Bystander

Going Public
by L. E. Sissman

When Norman Mailer astonishingly, and pointlessly, allowed himself to be demolished by Gore Vidal on the *Dick Cavett Show* last winter, the long-deteriorating relationship between American writers and their fans—you'll note I avoid calling them readers—hit some kind of an all-time low. Mr. Mailer, as you'll recall, showed up for this grudge match slightly the worse for wear, having, as he cheerfully admitted, visited a nearby watering place just before the show. Mr. Vidal, no man to pull his punches against a disabled opponent, waded in unmercifully, reducing Mr. Mailer to an appeal for a vote of confidence from the studio audience, an appeal which was loudly and scornfully rejected; the man who lays legitimate claim to being one of our most important novelists found himself on the receiving end of a chorus of boos from a few hundred kids in the studio. This visibly upset Janet Flanner, who was making a rare television appearance and who perhaps believed, with many of us, that a writer has no business going public.

Going public. What do I mean by that? Essentially, what I'm talking about is a separation between the private persona—the individual who sits alone at his typewriter, composing the work that in a sense he exists for—and the public personality, a coarse distortion of some of his salient characteristics molded into a marketable commodity for the mass media. This personality is closely akin to that of other celebrities, such as show-business people, in that it is simplified—popularized, either by the writer himself or by the intellectual limitations of mass communication—for easy recognition and consumption, rather like the one-dimensional characters in cheap fiction who used to be identified by a single attribute—cowardice or gluttony—or a single repeated turn of phrase.

It's all very well, however, for a performer to be so identified; we expect Jack Benny to be miserly, Groucho Marx to be lecherous, Woody Allen to be pusillanimously concupiscent precisely because each of these stage attributes is an integral part of his *shtick*, or act, which we do not impute to him in his private life. For a nonperformer it's another matter, though; if a writer represents himself in public as a tosspot, a racist, a womanizer, or a glutton—to take a few foibles at random—we have every right to assume that these are his private attributes as well. Thus a writer goes public at his peril; whatever simplified self-image he projects to an audience, he is likely to be judged by that image in the future, to the detriment of the way his work is read—and sometimes to the detriment of the work itself.

Writing is a neurotic phenomenon. It springs from a kind of objectivity or insight generated by the attempt to mediate between the two extremes of the neurotic state of mind: supreme self-confidence and utter hopelessness. In the beginning, a young man or woman writes to establish a tangible identity, a credible persona somewhere between that of Sad Sack and that of Superman. The writing itself is a tightrope act, a feat of delicate balance, and its integrity, its equilibrium, is easily disturbed by extremes of public rejection—or acceptance. On the whole, I think it is probably better for a writer to go relatively unnoticed than to be acclaimed at the beginning of his career. Early acclaim is awfully hard to deal with, especially for a person in his twenties; given the terrible efficacy of flattery, it is likely that he will begin to believe that he is loved not for his writing but for himself. When that happens, the writing suffers; the writer is elbowed out of the room so that the performer may primp, before a many-lighted mirror, for his next appearance on the stage. In the truest sense, he becomes his admirers, as Auden wrote of Yeats upon his death; the private writer dies, and his place is taken by a public man who lives to gratify his audience.

America has a long history of lionizing its writers, turning them into caricatures of circus animals conditioned to do tricks in public, to give the gallery a specious peek at greatness. Mark Twain—white hair, white moustache, white flannels—was the first of these tame lions, and it is a tribute to the toughness of his early training (and the absence of mass media in his lifetime) that he was not as seriously deflected from his real work as some who came after him. Henry James was too cerebral and probably too private to become a personality; though, in his last years, he bitterly regretted the failure of the New York Edition of his novels to become a popular success, he had already achieved the greatest triumph an American writer can hope for: a long life of continuous creative development, a literary life with a second act—and a third. And, finally, an imperishable place on the bookshelves of posterity. But both Twain and James flourished before the days of personal publicity, the media hype, and mass communication.

Not so Scott Fitzgerald, the first important American writer demonstrably ruined by celebrity; the advent of sensational journalism and multimillion circulations barely preceded—and set the stage for—his popular eminence and personal downfall. A dazzling success in his early twenties, Fitzgerald was quickly and cruelly—with his own connivance, to be sure—turned into crude copy for the tabloids. Delighted to be designated as the spokesman of the Jazz Age, he lived the role to the hilt, depleting his physical and financial resources and depriving himself of the sobriety and solitude a writer needs to work. His gift burned out with the Jazz Age, perhaps appropriately; I am not one of those who believe that *The Last Tycoon* was the bright beginning of a second act.

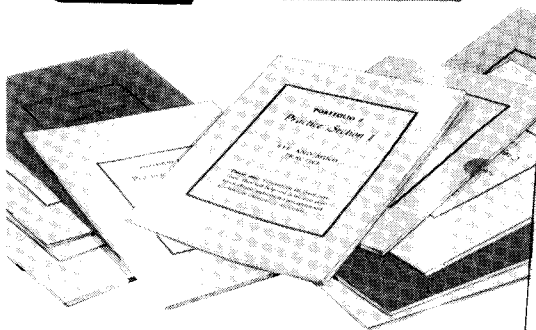
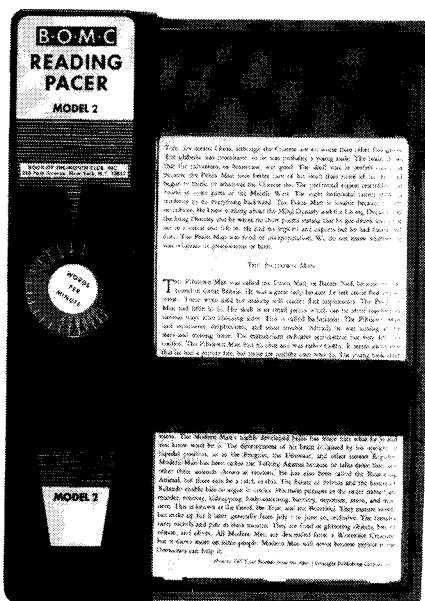
In the thirties, of course, poor Hemingway became the trashiest elements of his character—the man's man, the big-game hunter, the torero manqué. Painfully, he came to believe this debased version of himself; more painfully still, his writing showed it. I won't dwell on this oft-told story of decline—really a tragedy, for Hemingway was, at his best, a master—except to say that *Across the River and into the Trees* curiously and heartbreakingly reflects the cancerous

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The \$50 Reading-Pacer...yours
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Newspapers that took you an **hour** or more to read could probably be read in less than **15 minutes**. You could **breeze** through good **books** and **magazines** at a rate of **400 words per minute** or more.

In fact, the **importance** of **rapid reading** is so widely **recognized** that reading-improvement courses are part of **executive training** programs and **university curricula** all over the country. And now, through the **Reading Improvement Program**, there is a **proven way** for you to **learn rapid reading at home**. There are **no seminars** or **classes** to attend...just **15 spare minutes** of your **day**.

The Reading Improvement Program was developed over a period of **seven years** by a panel of reading **experts**. It is **sponsored** by **Rutgers University** and **administered** by the **Book-of-the-Month Club**. More than **100,000** people have taken it with **excellent results**.

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If you **read regularly** you may have **considered the idea** of **rapid reading before**. But perhaps **you have hesitated** because you are **not completely sure** of what it really is and **what it involves**.

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proliferation of these paltry ideals of machismo in the writer's mind.

Now there's a new pride—or shamelessness—of literary lions on the scene, men who are recognized as “famous writers” by millions who, assuredly, have never read a word they wrote. Mr. Mailer has reacted to his celebrity by riding off in all directions—reporting, movie-making, politics—with varying degrees of success. Fortunately, and exceptionally for a man in his position, he seems to have kept himself as writer alive and well and working in some compartment of his life, as evidenced by *The Armies of the Night* and *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*, though *Of a Fire on the Moon* and *The Prisoner of Sex*, his latest opera, could be taken to show a falling off of quality. Mr. Vidal, always threatening to become a novelist of the first rank, now seems too happily settled into his role of man-about-town and public controversialist to make that final effort. And Mr. Capote, whose taste for the limelight was advertised early and often by the notorious jacket portrait on his first novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, some twenty-five years ago, has become a kind of leader-cum-mascot of New York café society; it remains to be seen whether he will at last produce a first-class work of fiction. Messrs. Vonnegut and Dickey have also become public figures of a somewhat smaller order of magnitude, perhaps because their franchise resides more clearly with the young.

It's interesting to note that this list of literary superstars contains nobody under forty: dare one hope that the younger writers take a dim view of the blandishments of the media and prefer to stay at home and knit their art, or is it simply that none of them has the personal charisma to make the big-time grade? I'd like to think that the former is the truth; that the ethic of “making it” publicly and ostentatiously died with the previous generation, and that today's young literary men and women have learned a lesson from their elders—the lesson of privacy, of protecting and husbanding one's secret art.

Writing, to make a homely analogy, is the art of throwing hard—and accurately. A young writer, like a young pitcher, is strong but wild; his

speed is blinding, but he'll often miss the plate. Over the next ten to twenty years, he must perfect his aim while maintaining his power; beyond that, he must make craft and cunning take the place of youthful strength if he is to go on to a complete fulfillment. What I'm talking about is not just idle self-expression; it is the pursuit of perfection. Like a pitcher or a concert pianist who wishes to reach the top of his profession, a writer must take this high aim seriously. He must practice; he must work hard; he must sacrifice mere pleasure to the demands of art; he must be, in a sense, both single-minded and monastic. Unless he is a polymath of the most formidable proportions, he cannot afford or support a second career as a public figure. Even if it did not turn his head, even if it did not dilute the power of his talent, such a career would simply demand too much of his time and attention to permit his work to go forward at its proper pace.

In a word, the serious writer must take serious vows if he is to concentrate on his chief aim. A vow of silence, except through his work. A vow of consistency, sticking with writ-

ing to the exclusion of other fields. A vow of ego-chastity, abstaining from adulation. A vow of solitude, or at least long periods of privacy. A vow of self-regard, placing the self as writer before the self as personality.

I'm being a little ironically moralistic here; of course the writer should not become an anchorite; of course he should socialize; of course he should enjoy the respect of his family and his friends; of course he should have the pleasure of being lionized by his readers, his lecture audiences, and his students. After all, he's entitled, as long as he pays his dues by continuing to cultivate the one and only garden he grows well.

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THE MAIL

MARINE HYMNS

SIR: The article "A Conscientious Objector at Parris Island" (June *Atlantic*) is as misleading and poorly written as some of your new fiction. Steve Warner has deliberately slanted his piece on Marine boot camp training to vilify or demean drill instructors and the Marine Corps itself. And then he has the gall to say that—hell, I choke on that last paragraph—it isn't worth repeating.

To sum it up, the man is a coward, a liar, and his son will never make it in the Marine Corps either—not ever. But the sniveling creeps will yell for the Marines when there's trouble, you can bet your last Bible on that.

R. E. HALVERSON
Captain, USMCR, Ret.
Spokane, Wash.

Steven Warner replies:

For the record, I don't think I'm a coward, I'm not a liar, and as for "making it in the Marine Corps"—I was honorably discharged after two years of service with a final rank of corporal.

SIR: My congratulations to Steven Warner for his inspiring story, "A Conscientious Objector at Parris Island."

The Marines *do* have a heart; the drill instructors *are* people; and a conscientious objector at Parris Island is a brave man.

There have been other conscientious objectors in the Corps, but I have not met any with the fortitude of Mr. Warner.

J. B. SWARTZENBERG
Captain, USMC
Quantico, Va.

SIR: Steven Warner's reflections on his stay in the Marine Corps consti-

tute a remarkable moral and spiritual document. Never have I read of a clearer example of what Gandhi called "truth-force." The fact that Warner kept his moral integrity and his spirit of generosity under such conditions of stress gives us a vision of what man could become. Warner gives us a picture of man at his best; man as the force of evidence.

DONALD REINIER
Pueblo, Colo.

SIR: I would be proud to serve anywhere, anytime, with Steve Warner or his son.

CONGRESSMAN PAUL N. MCCLOSKEY, JR.
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

BLACK ENGLISH

SIR: William Labov ("Academic Ignorance and Black Intelligence," June *Atlantic*) argues that the schools are largely to blame for the low educational achievement of blacks because the schools force children to learn standard English. Yet it is the responsibility of the schools to teach all children those "middle-class" verbal skills such as "spelling, practice in handling abstract symbols, the ability to state explicitly the meanings of words, and a richer knowledge of the Latinate vocabulary," among others. Without these skills, however, Mr. Labov's article could not have been written, much less read and understood. Furthermore, if the Black English vernacular (BEV) is so complex, logical, and as understandable as standard English, then why didn't he write his article employing BEV?

Please explain how any person regardless of socioeconomic status can function as a knowledgeable and responsible citizen without an adequate command of standard English. Black

people vote, sign contracts, enter into agreements, avoid being persuaded into buying or accepting that which is useless or harmful. Anyone who has ever read ballot propositions, insurance policies, or even the daily newspaper has to be able to understand standard English.

Mr. Labov further states that teachers hinder the education of black students by repressing BEV as unsuitable and useless for learning. Mr. Labov has us teachers wrong. We don't want to stamp out BEV; we only want our students to learn standard English as well.

EDWARD A. PEREZ
Reading Specialist
Nogales High School
La Puente, Calif.

SIR: While I am glad that Dr. Labov attempted to clear up some of the misunderstandings about black intelligence, all of which I have known for some time, as a teacher of black youngsters, and white to boot, I deeply resent some of the insinuations Dr. Labov made about me. It's only fair that these be rectified.

I do not regard BEV as illogical, primitive, or nonlanguage. In fact, primitive was a word I never even thought of associating with BEV until Dr. Labov used it in his article.

I do not discourage BEV in my class. I do however let my students know that they will have to use "I have juice" rather than "Me got juice" in certain situations, like looking for a job. I also insist that students use the lengthened rather than the elliptical forms when writing. I am sure, however, Dr. Labov realizes that this is nothing against BEV. In many languages one commonly substitutes one series of forms for others in certain situations. In Japanese and Arabic, as well as English, there are

**We could have put out a Scotch
after the Second World War, too.**

But we couldn't have put out William Lawson's.

William Lawson's could have put out a quite decent Scotch. Just like a lot of others did.

But whisky men make the decisions at William Lawson's. Not eager businessmen.

So we didn't do what everyone else did.

Sure, there were some good whiskies available for blending then, but the Scotch that resulted wouldn't have been the same William Lawson's that had built such an enviable reputation in England and Scotland since 1849.

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(There are 107 different malt whisky distilleries in Scotland. We're interested in only 15 of them.)

So we waited. Patiently. Waited until William Lawson's could be bottled right. The only way we wanted. (With the malts

of those exceptional 15.)

It wasn't until 1959, 14 years later, that there was enough of a supply of those particular whiskies to make Lawson's again.

First for Scotland.

price for such a superior Scotch?

Well, remember, we were 14 years late. And there were over 250 of the other brands on shelves here already.

And money always gets peoples' attention.

We wanted to make it easy for America to try this pleasing Scotch.

But now it's 1972. And we've stockpiled enough of those 15 great blending malt whiskies to send considerably more Lawson's to America.

More, but still not a lot.

More, still with the modest price.

The same light, yet full-bodied Lawson's that didn't compromise.

And never will.

Ask for it soon. Today.

How long can you expect us to be so modest about a Scotch like ours?

William Lawson's.



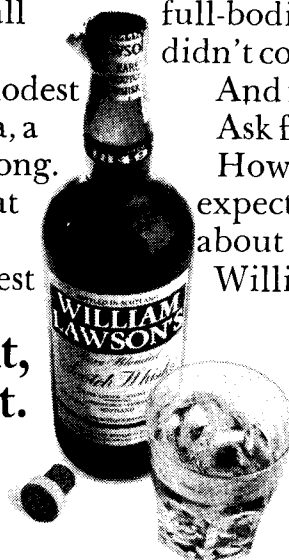
Later for England. Some for France. And a limited supply for America. (Just enough to send a small initial shipment.)

And with that modest shipment to America, a modest price to go along. (Lower than we get at home, in fact.)

Why such a modest

**If we can't make it right,
we just don't make it.**

86 Lawson



86.8 Proof Bottled in Scotland

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differences between the spoken and written languages.

I do not believe that my students are mentally deficient because of their language or race, or anything else.

Mr. Labov should realize that teachers generally pay little attention to what people at universities say. Why should they? Very few university Ph.D's have had any experience in the classroom. Those who have, have had less than five years, and usually in some suburban middle-class school. Therefore the teachings of Bereiter, Engelmann, and Jensen go in one ear and out the other, as do most of the things we hear at universities that are totally unrelated to our own experience.

It would be nice if Dr. Labov would give teachers credit for being at least half as bright as our students.

WILLIAM JOSEPH MILLER
Lynnwood, Calif.

SIR: I wish I could be sure that Mr. Labov's knowledge of language, acuteness of observation, and just plain common sense would lay to rest our currently fashionable notions about poor and minority group children, their "learning deficits," and so forth. But it will probably take much more firsthand reporting of these children's linguistic skills and resourcefulness to do this. Meanwhile, thanks again for a splendid article and a most interesting issue.

JOHN HOLT
Boston, Mass.

SIR: William Labov's fine article "Academic Ignorance and Black Intelligence" clarifies some of the misconceptions of psychologists who confuse judgments of a person's language with evaluation of his thought processes. However, in the course of the article Labov uses an evaluation procedure just as suspect.

He criticizes the speech of an educated black man for its verbosity, drawing a connection between it and the speech of middle-class whites, "enmeshed in verbiage," "who temporize, qualify, and lose their argument in a mass of irrelevant detail." The conclusion that this implies, that lower-class blacks are more logical and linguistically adept, is no more justified than the converse. It is based on the assumption made here and in

the "logical" summaries of transcribed speech, that highly competent speakers of a given language or dialect can express a large number of "ideas" in a small number of words, and that "good" language is language with a high "concept" to "word" ratio.

This is a very questionable method of evaluation. How does one decide what constitutes an idea or concept? What about nuances and connotations that aren't important enough to be considered ideas? And why does one measure the length of an utterance in words, when even professional linguists cannot arrive at a satisfactory definition of the term?

The truth is that there is, as yet, no satisfactory means of evaluating either linguistic adeptness or intelligence. William Labov is far too sophisticated a linguist to take his own suggestion seriously; but the danger is that others will do so.

R. P. DAVIES
Toronto, Ontario

SIR: One might note for the record that regardless of Labov's criticisms, the Engelmann program *works*. The children are taught a second language to enable them to function in the school milieu and the result is a bilingual youngster (Black Vernacular and Academic English) who reads and passes tests with above average scores. This is a viable option for dealing with these youngsters although some people may object. Personally, I am pleased to see so many options around.

WILLIAM F. BRAZZIEL
Professor of Higher Education
University of Connecticut
Storrs, Conn.

SIR: If William Labov's argument is sound, and the failure of inner-city schoolchildren is the result of inherent conflict between the life-style of the child and the culture of the school, then a clarification is needed of the alternatives left to the school.

What subject matter, if any, would Mr. Labov propose to replace the presently constituted school curriculum? (Or does he assume that "meeting the needs of the child" will result in a well-rounded academic education?)

EMANUEL STERNBERG
Bronx, N. Y.

ABIGAIL MCCARTHY

SIR: As a memoir, Abigail McCarthy's evocative, poignant portrait of her early teaching years in a prairie town in North Dakota (*June Atlantic*) rates at the very top of this genre.

More significant, however, is the contribution it makes to the riddle of Eugene J. McCarthy. He is portrayed as a brooding, contemplative, ambivalent young scholar whose greatest struggle was with himself. Even then he looked heavenward for surcease from earth's torments: when he ended their short engagement and entered a seminary, he urged his former fiancée to join a nearby convent, apparently on the assumption that if they couldn't go through life hand in hand they at least might do it halo to halo.

The enigmatic schoolteacher turned into the enigmatic presidential candidate.

JOHN W. NASON
New York City

SIR: "Out of Small-Town America" is the most stunning piece of writing, and one of the most beautiful love stories, I ever read.

JOHN F. MURPHY
Lawrence, Mass.

SIR: Abigail McCarthy's "Out of Small-Town America" is a beautiful biography of two devout and intellectual individuals. I enjoyed Mrs. McCarthy's ability to recount this segment of her life, filled with inspirational people and events, in such a moving and rich tone. Not only is Gene McCarthy better illuminated, but the woman who was *his* inspiration proves to be as deep a person as is he.

MRS. ANNE M. ROSS
Gorham, N.H.

TOO MUCH TU FU

SIR: "The Return," by Tu Fu, in the April issue of your magazine, is an example of how even a simple Chinese poem can become mutilated beyond recognition in the hands of unqualified amateur translators.

Here is my paraphrase, followed by the version you published:

Midnight, returning home, I slip past tigers./ The hills are dark; the folks at home will be abed by now.



on the Coast of Maine

As one's preference for a summer home location is such an individual matter, Whitecaps has tried to assemble land holdings in this coastal area of many different characteristics and prices.

Boatsmen might want to moor at their doorsteps, and we have several locations where that's possible. Some folks like the convenience of having all the central resort facilities nearby — shopping, theatre, concerts, etc., and some Bar Harbor locations serve that preference. For others, the more secluded and rural the better, and, of course, many of us are middle-of-the-roadsers.

Physical aspects of the land vary, too. For example, the typical Maine coastline is a rocky and rugged one, and some of our properties have such beautiful sandy beaches you'd think you were in the Bahamas (until you stick your toe in the chilly water). If the view gives you more pleasure than recreational use of the water, we can show you spots that will offer your eyes a daily feast.

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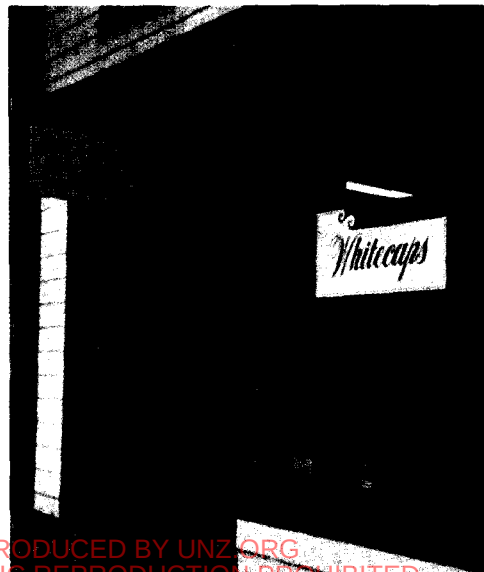
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Main & Cottage Streets,
Bar Harbor, Maine



Late at night I return home along Tiger Road./ The mountains are black, the people sunk in their sleep.

*

Glancing northward, I see the dippers slanting down toward the river./ Straight overhead, bright Venus looms large against the vastness.

At the horizon the Dipper descends into the river./ Above, the morning star blossoms in space.

*

Before my garden, holding the candle, I glower to see *two* burning wicks./ From up the gorge, Startling! the cry of just one single gibbon.

In front of my house I call for a pair of torches./ The flare startles an ape in the mountain pass.

*

This white-haired man, old and done, but he can dance yet and what's more, he can sing!/ Leaning on my stick, I won't go to bed; and who can cope with this exasperating old fellow?

"That white-haired dancing old man,/ singing and shaking his thorn staff./ At such an hour? Who can he be?"

Apart from their mistranslations and gaucheries (e.g., "Tiger Road," stars that "blossom," and Dippers that descend "into the river"), it is dismaying that your informants took no account of William Hung's standard work on Tu Fu (*Tu Fu: China's Greatest Poet*, Harvard University Press, 1952), in which an English version of this very poem occurs on page 252. Even beginning students of Chinese literature are aware of this work, but apparently word (these last twenty years) has not yet got around to the hack translators.

DONALD A. GIBBS
Department of Far Eastern Languages
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Mark Perlberg and Lee Feigon reply:

Professor Gibbs may be correct in his interpretation of the two wicks, although this is debatable. But what of his sensitivity as a reader of poetry in English? Our principal task was to take an ancient Chinese poem, which by its nature is impossible to render exactly, and turn it into a work of art in twentieth-century American speech, as close as possible in spirit to the original version. We leave it to the general reader to determine

which of the following are "gaucheries": our "At the horizon the Dipper descends into the river," and "Above, the morning star blossoms in space," or Professor Gibbs' "Glancing northward, I see the dippers slanting down toward the river," and "Straight overhead, bright Venus looms large against the vastness." Incidentally, Venus is known as both the morning and the evening star, depending on the time of its appearance in the sky; wicks can be translated as torches, as we did; and Webster tells us that the gibbon is a type of ape, which was the word we used.

Traditional Chinese scholars have debated the meaning of Tu Fu's ambiguities for a thousand years, and for the last century Western scholars have argued over methods of translation.

We feel that Professor Gibbs' name-calling and his tone of total surety only obscure complex issues and add an unfortunate note of acrimony.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: Reading John P. Sisk's "Strictly Personal" in the June issue, I was touched, amused, and inspired:

UNDERSTANDING empathetic female *NYR* and *Atlantic* "personals" reader shares Sisk's warm humanitarian interest in back pages speculation musing and sorrow for the lonely; wonders if avid "personals" readers and their commentators are even lonelier than their writers.

JANET FIREMAN
Fresno, Calif.

SIR: Referring to the short story, "Silver in the Cold Twilight," by H. L. Mountzoures in the April *Atlantic*, the author used some vulgar words in telling the story. It could have been told in a more subtle manner, and it would have been just as interesting without the so-called avant-garde phraseology; in other words just plain smut.

IRVIN H. CADY
Alpena, Mich.

The Atlantic welcomes communications from readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless stipulated, is free for publication in our letters column.

Contributors

ANTHONY LEWIS, London correspondent and author of the New York Times' column "At Home Abroad," has recently been in Hanoi.

STANLEY MEISLER covers Africa for the Los Angeles Times.

BERNARD MALAMUD is the author of *The Tenants* and other novels, and *The Magic Barrel* and other collections of short stories.

EDWARD HOAGLAND's latest collection of essays is to be called *Walking the Dead Diamond River*. His book *The Courage of Turtles* appeared last year.

MIDGE DECTER is discussed on The Editor's Page (page 4).

W. H. AUDEN's forthcoming book of poems is *Epistle to a Godson*.

MICHAEL J. ARLEN's books include *Exiles* and *The Living-Room War*. His "Notes on the New Journalism" appeared in the May *Atlantic*.

WARD JUST is also discussed on The Editor's Page (page 4).

RICHARD EBERHART's latest collection of poems, *Fields of Grace*, will appear this fall.

LEO JANOS is Houston correspondent for *Time*. His article "Georgia O'Keeffe at Eighty-Four" appeared in the December, 1971, *Atlantic*.

ROBERT COLES's most recent book is *Farewell to the South*. He is the author of *The Children of Crisis* series, and a biography of Erik Erikson.

JOSE YGLESIAS writes frequently about Latin America. His books include *The Goodbye Land*, *In the Fist of the Revolution*, and *Down There*.

L. E. SISSMAN, FERNANDO KRAHN, DAVID DENBY, EDWARD WEEKS, and PHOEBE ADAMS are appearing regularly in these pages.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			26	27	28	29
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

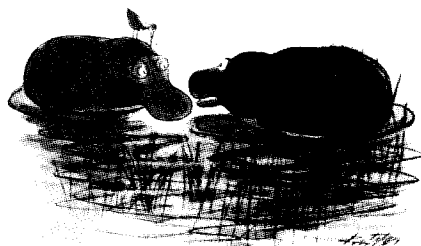
...In the modern campaign, the candidate himself becomes merely one of many public-relations men who are working together to improve his image. Sometimes the candidate is actually more of a hindrance than a help to the image. Often the advisers must wish they could get rid of the man altogether and run a composite....

THE SPORTING SCENE

MAINLY ABOUT JONES

...The odd thing about the 1972 Masters was that it started out as if a memorable tournament were in the offing. In the first round, for example, one of the great figures in American folklore, Samuel Jackson Snead, posted a three-under-par 69, which placed him only one shot behind the leader, Jack Nicklaus, and there was such snap to Snead's stride and such verve to his golf that although we all knew he was born in "19 and 12," as he puts it, and will turn sixty this May, he had the look of a true contender....

—HERBERT WARREN WIND



"I think I know what's causing your migraine."

THE PARTY

...The two sisters were waiting for me in the bedroom, on the bed, amidst the coats and hats, umbrellas, airline bags. I gave them each a drink and we watched the game together, the *Osservatore Romano* team vs. the Diet of Worms, Worms leading by six points....

—DONALD BARTHELME

U.S. JOURNAL: BREAUX BRIDGE, LOUISIANA

EATING CRAWFISH

...The world record at crawfish eating—the record, at least, according to Breau Bridge, which is, by resolution of the Louisiana Legislature, the Crawfish Capital of the World—was set by a local man name Andrew Thevent, who at one Crawfish Festival ate the tails of thirty-three pounds of crawfish in two hours....

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•• P R O F I L E S ••

ARE YOU THE ENTERTAINMENT?



Nicol Williamson

...A White House guard stops us as we enter.

GUARD: Are you the entertainment?

NICOL: I beg your pardon?

GUARD: I said are you the entertainment?

NICOL: Yes. To be exact, I am the entertainment. In just one moment, a dove will escape from my hip pocket and I shall pull the flags of all nations out of my mouth....

—KENNETH TYNAN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE RIVER WORLD

...I was going to St. Louis, to Cairo, to Memphis, to Natchez, to Baton Rouge, to New Orleans—I was going down the river as far as I could go. I was going as far as I could find a towboat to carry me. The packet boat has vanished from America. It has gone the way the passenger train is going. It was too slow, too comfortable, too restful. But freight still moves on the rivers. The volume, in fact, increases every year. And one can sometimes arrange for accommodations on a towboat....

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

...Wallace captured most of the Florida delegation not because he got most of the primary votes but because the majority of ballots was divided among ten other candidates, all of whom were liberals of one species or another, and some of whom differed in nothing noticeable except physiognomy....

—RICHARD ROVERE

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Alchemy



If ever there was a great example of how the best popular movies come out of a merger of commerce and art, "The Godfather" is it. The movie starts from a trash novel that is generally considered gripping and compulsively readable, though (maybe because movies more than satisfy my appetite for trash) I found it unreadable....

—PAULINE KAEI



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THE
NEW YORKER

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IF YOU HAVE A HARD TIME TELLING ONE WINE FROM ANOTHER, READ THIS.

First of all, don't feel alone.

Probably 99% of the population can't tell a Pinot Noir from a Zinfandel. Or a great Cabernet Sauvignon from a so-so one.

But where do you go to find out? You read what the wine experts have to say and they all disagree. You read all the wine advertising and everybody's trying to sell his own product.



Cyrano could have used a larger glass.

Or a smaller nose.

Nobody has really taken the time to sit down and explain even the most basic things about wine. Until now.

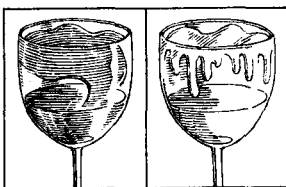
We at Inglenook Vineyards are doing it because it's in our best interest to have you know a great wine when you taste one. After all, that's what we have to sell.

HEIGHTENING YOUR SENSES.

First get yourself a wine glass that exposes the wine to plenty of air. The more air you can expose wine to, the better you can taste it.

And be sure you can get your nose in the glass. That's important because in wine tasting, the nose does 75% of the work. A glass with a 3-inch brim is best for most wines. But if you have a larger than average nose, you'll need a larger than average glass.

NEVER TASTE WINE OVER A CHECKERED TABLECLOTH.



Heavy wine forms "sheets." Light wine forms "legs."

Fill the glass about a third full and set it down on a white tablecloth. That's so you can see the wine's true color.

Now really look at the wine. Check its color. That's the first clue to a wine's taste. Usually, the darker the

color, the fuller the wine. This applies to whites too, which can go from a pale straw to golden. With rosé, look for a crystal clear light pink, with no muddiness.

Now swirl the wine in the glass. A full bodied wine will come down the glass in "sheets". A lighter wine will break into "legs". A good rosé should come down in thin "legs", which indicates delicate body.



Take a good sniff.

This is hard to explain but your nose should confirm everything you've seen with your eyes. A rosé that looks brilliantly clear and is of delicate body should smell that way too.

WHISTLING AT THE TABLE.

Now take a sip of wine, hold it in your mouth, and whistle. Whistle in, not out. Try to get a nice gurgle going.

This technique also allows you to taste the wine for a longer period of time. For it extends that single instant when wine, air, tongue, gums and nose come together for the first time. Thus, it enables you to have more time to make an initial judgment. Keep in mind everything you've experienced with your eyes and nose, should be confirmed with your mouth by this technique.

BUILD A WINE CELLAR IN YOUR BRAIN.

When you actually start your wine tasting education, be sure to follow the chart below. The order is important because you'll be going from light to full bodied in the white wine spectrum. The red wines are listed in a similar fashion. You should work your way through them after you've mastered the whites.

INGLENOOK'S SUGGESTED WINE PROGRESSION CHART

White	Red
White Pinot	Gamay Rosé
Pinot Chardonnay	Gamay Beaujolais
Grey Riesling	Pinot Noir
Sylvaner Riesling	Zinfandel
Johannisberg Riesling	Gamay
Chenin Blanc	Charbono
Dry Semillon	Cabernet Sauvignon

A WORD OF WARNING.

If you're going to put this much time and effort into learning something about wine tasting, then go for the most expensive wine you can afford. High priced wine is high priced for a reason. Namely, better grapes, and more care goes into the making of the wine.

That said, Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine is the most expensive wine made in America. It all comes from the Napa Valley, which wine authorities agree is one of the finest wine producing regions in America, if not the whole world. And it all bears a vintage date, which is a rarity in American wines today.

Estate bottling means we make it from varietal grapes grown in vineyards under our constant supervision.

So if you can swing it financially, get your wine education from Inglenook.

Any good education costs money.

INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America.

TALKING HORSE

A story by Bernard Malamud

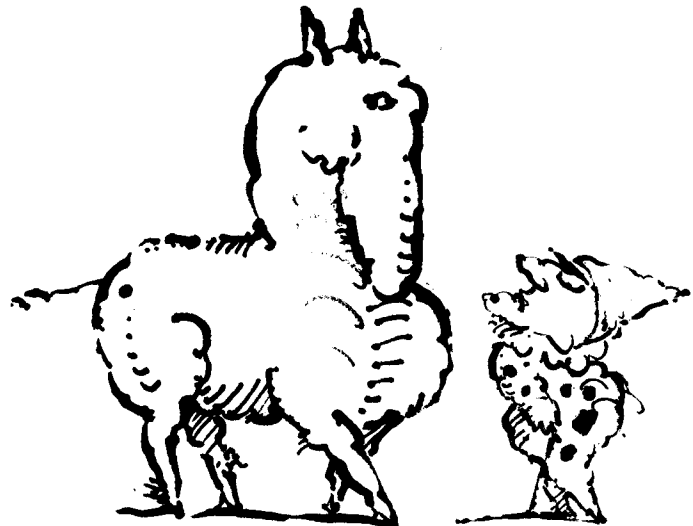
Q. Am I a man in a horse or a horse that talks like a man? If the first, then Jonah had it better in the whale; more room all around; also he knew who he was and how he had got there. About myself I make guesses. Anyway, after three days and nights the big fish stopped at Nineveh and Jonah took his valise and got off. Not Abramowitz, still at hand, or on board, after years; he's no prophet. On the contrary, he works in a circus sideshow full of freaks—though recently advanced, on Goldberg's insistence, to the center ring inside the big tent in an act with his deaf-mute master—Goldberg himself—may the Almighty forgive him. All I know is I've been here for years and still don't understand the nature of my fate; in short, if I'm Abramowitz, a horse; or a horse including Abramowitz. Why is anybody's guess. Understanding goes so far and no further, especially if Goldberg blocks the way. Maybe it's because of something I said or thought or did, or didn't do, in my life. It's easy to make mistakes. As I say, I have my theories, glimmers, guesses, but can't prove a thing.

When Abramowitz stands in his stall, his hoofs booming nervously on the battered wooden planks as he chews in his bag of hard yellow oats, sometimes he has thoughts, far-off recollections, they seem to be, of young horses racing, playing, nipping at each other's flanks in green fields; and other disquieting images that resemble memories; so who's to say what's really the truth?

I've tried asking Goldberg, but save yourself the trouble. He gets green in the face at questions, very uptight. I can understand—he's a deaf-mute from way back; he doesn't like interference with his plans, or thoughts, or the way he lives, and no surprises except those he invents. He talks to me when he feels

like it, which isn't so often—his little patience has worn thin. Lately he relies too much on his bamboo cane—whoosh across the rump. There's plenty of oats, and straw, and water, and once in a while a joke to make me relax; but usually it's one threat or another followed by a flash of pain if I don't do something or other right, or something I say gets on his nerves. It's not necessarily this cane that slashes like a sword; his threats have the same effect, like a zong of lightning through the flesh; in fact the blow hurts less than the threat—the blow is momentary, the threat you worry about. But the true pain, at least to me, is when you don't know what you wish to.

Which doesn't mean we don't communicate. Goldberg taps out Morse code messages on my head with his big knuckle—crack crack crack; I feel the vibra-



tions go through the bones to the tip of my tail—when he tells me what to do next or he threatens how many lashes for the last offense. His first message, I remember, was NO QUESTIONS. UNDERSTOOD? I shook my head and a little bell jingled on a strap under the forelock. That was the first I knew it was there.

TALK, he knocked on my head, “You’re a talking horse.”

“Yes, master.” What else could I say?

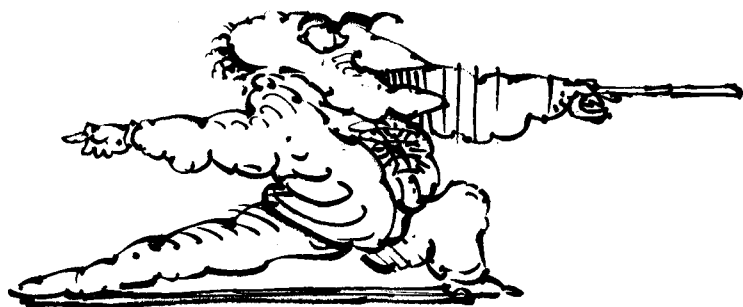
My voice surprised me when it came out high through the tunnel of a horse’s neck. I don’t exactly remember the occasion—go remember beginnings. My memory I have to fight to get an early remembrance out of. Maybe I fell and hurt my head on a rock or was otherwise stunted? Goldberg is my deaf-mute owner; he reads my lips. Once when he was drunk and looking for company he tapped me that I used to carry goods on my back to fairs and markets before we joined the circus; before that I thought I was born there.

“On a rainy, snowy, crappy night,” Goldberg Morse-coded me on my skull.

“What happened then?”

He stopped talking. I should know better but don’t.

I try to remember that night, and certain hazy thoughts cross my mind, which might be some sort of story I dream up when I have nothing to do but chew my oats. It’s easier than remembering. The one that comes to me most is about two men, or horses, or men on horses, though which might be me I can’t say except that Goldberg rides on my back ev-



ery night in the act. Anyway two strangers meet, somebody asks the other a question, and the next thing you know they’re locked in a fight, either hacking at each other’s head with their swords or braying wildly as they tear their flesh; or both at the same time. If riders, or horses, one is thin and poetic, the other a fat stranger wearing a black crown. They meet in a stone pit on a rainy, snowy, crappy night, one wearing his cracked metal crown that weighs heavy on his head and makes his movements slow,

and the other has his ragged colored cap; all night they wrestle by weird light in the slippery stone pit.

Q. “What’s to be done?”

A. “None of those accursed questions.”

In the morning one of us wakes with a terrible pain. It feels like a wound in the neck but maybe like a headache. He remembers a blow he can’t attest to. Abramowitz, in his dream story, suspects Goldberg stuffed him into a horse because he needed a talking one for his act and there was no such thing. I wish I knew for sure.

NO QUESTIONS. WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN?

That’s his nature; he’s a lout, though not without a little consideration when he’s depressed and drinking from his bottle. That’s when he taps me out a teasing anecdote or two. He has no friends. Family neither of us talks about. When he laughs he cries.

It must frustrate the owner that all he can say aloud is four-letter words like gee, gooo, gaaa, gaaw, and the circus manager who doubles as ringmaster, in for a snifter, looks embarrassed at the floor. At those who don’t know the Morse code Goldberg grimaces, glares, and grinds his teeth. He has his mysteries. He keeps a mildewed three-prong spear hanging on the wall over a stuffed pony’s head. Sometimes he goes down in the cellar with an old candle and comes up with a new one, yet we have electric lights. Though he doesn’t complain about his life, he worries and cracks his knuckles. Maybe he’s a widower, who knows? He doesn’t seem interested in women but he sees to it that Abramowitz gets his chance at a mare in heat, if available. Abramowitz engages to satisfy his physical nature, a fact is a fact, otherwise it’s no big deal; the mare has no interest in a talking courtship. Furthermore, Goldberg applauds when Abramowitz mounts her, which is humiliating.

And when they’re in their winter quarters the owner once a week or so dresses up and goes out on the town. When he puts on his broadcloth suit, diamond stickpin, and yellow gloves, he preens before the full-length mirror. He pretends to fence, jabs the bamboo cane at the figure in the glass, twirls it around one finger. Where he goes when he goes, he doesn’t inform Abramowitz. But when he returns he’s usually melancholic, sometimes anguished, didn’t have much of a good time; and in this mood may hand out a few loving lashes with that nasty cane. Or worse, make threats. Nothing serious but who needs it? Usually he prefers to stay home and watch television. He is fascinated by astronomy, and when they have such programs on the educational channel he’s there night after night, staring at pictures of stars, galaxies, infinite space. He also likes to read the *Daily News* but tears it up once he’s done. Sometimes he reads this book he hides on a shelf in the closet under some old hats. If the book doesn’t make him laugh outright it makes him cry. When he gets excited over something he’s reading in his fat

book, his eyes roll, his mouth gets wet, and he tries to talk through his thick tongue; but all Abramowitz hears is gee gooo gaaa gaaw. Always these words, whatever they mean, and sometimes gool goon geek gonk, in various combinations, usually gool with gonk, which Abramowitz thinks means Goldberg. And in such states he has been known to kick Abramowitz in the belly with his heavy boot. Ooof.

When he laughs he sounds like a horse, or maybe it's the way I hear him with these ears. And though he laughs once in a while, it doesn't make my life easier, because of my condition. I mean I think here I am in this horse. This is my theory though I have my doubts. Otherwise, Goldberg is a small stocky figure with a thick neck, heavy black brows, each like a small moustache, and big feet that swell up in his shapeless boots. He washes his feet in the kitchen sink and hangs up his yellowed white socks to dry on the whitewashed walls of my stall.

In winter they live in the South in a small, messy, one-floor house with a horse's stall attached that Goldberg can approach, down a few steps, from the kitchen of the house. To get Abramowitz in he is led up a plank from the outside, and the door shuts on his rear end. To keep him from wandering all over the house there's a slatted gate to just under his head. Furthermore the stall is next to the toilet and the broken water closet runs all night. It's a boring life with a deaf-mute except when Goldberg changes the act a little. Abramowitz enjoys it when they rehearse a new routine, although Goldberg hardly ever alters the lines, only the order of answer and question. That's better than nothing. Sometimes when Abramowitz gets tired of talking to himself, asking unanswered questions, he complains, shouts, calls the owner dirty names. He snorts, brays, whinnies shrilly. In his frustration he rears, rocks, gallops in his stall; but what good is a gallop if there's no place to go, and Goldberg can't, or won't, hear complaints, pleas, protest?

Q. "Answer me this, if it's a sentence I'm serving, how long?"

A.

Once in a while Goldberg seems to sense somebody else's needs and is momentarily considerate of Abramowitz—combs and curries him, even rubs his bushy head against the horse's. He also shows interest in his diet and whether his bowel movements are regular and sufficient; but if Abramowitz gets sentimentally careless when the owner is close by and forms a question he can see on his lips, Goldberg punches him on the nose. Or threatens to. It doesn't hurt any the less.

All I know is he's a former vaudeville comic and acrobat. He did a solo act telling jokes, with the help of a blind assistant, before he went sad. That's all he's ever tapped to me about himself. When I forgot myself and asked what happened after that, he punched me in the nose.

Only once, when he was half drunk and giving me

my pail of water, I sneaked in a fast one which he answered before he knew it.

"Where did you get me, master? Did you buy me from somebody else?"

I FOUND YOU IN A CABBAGE PATCH.

Once he tapped my skull: "In the beginning was the word."

"Which word was that?"

Bong on the nose.

NO QUESTIONS.

"Watch out for the wound on my head or wherever it is."

"Shut your mouth or your teeth will fall out."

Goldberg should read that story I once heard on his transistor radio, I thought to myself. It's about a poor cabdriver driving his sled in the Russian snow. His son, a fine boy, caught pneumonia and died, and the poor cabby is unable to find anybody to talk to so as to relieve his grief a little. Nobody wants to listen to his troubles. The customers insult him if he opens his mouth to talk. So finally he tells the story to his bony nag in the stable. And the horse, munching oats, listens patiently as the weeping old man tells him about his boy he has just buried.

Something like this could happen to you, Goldberg. Or something similar since you have no son. Maybe a nephew?

"Will you ever free me out of here, master?"

I'LL FLAY YOU ALIVE, YOU BASTARD HORSE.

We have this act we do together. Goldberg calls it, "Ask Me Another," an ironic title where I am concerned.

In the sideshow days people used to stand among the bearded ladies, fat men, Joey the snake boy, and other freaks, laughing in astonishment and disbelief at Abramowitz talking. He remembers one man staring into his mouth to see who was hiding there. Homunculus? Others suggested it was a ventriloquist's act even though the horse told them Goldberg was a deaf-mute. But in the main tent the act got thunderous storms of applause. Reporters pleaded for permission to interview Abramowitz, and he had plans to tell all; but Goldberg wouldn't have it. "His head will swell up too big," he had the talking horse say to them. "He will never wear the same size straw hat he wore last summer."

For the performance the owner dresses up in a balloony red-and-white polka-dot clown's suit with a pointed clown's hat and has borrowed the ringmaster's snaky whip, an item Abramowitz is skittish about though Goldberg says it's nothing to worry over, little more than decoration in a circus act. No animal act is without one. People like to hear the snap. He also ties something like an upside-down feather duster on Abramowitz's head that makes him look like a wilted unicorn. The little circus band ends its brassy "Overture to William Tell"; there's a flour-

ish of trumpets, and Goldberg cracks the whip as Abramowitz, with his loose-feathered, upside-down duster, trots once around the spotlight ring and then stops at attention, facing clown-Goldberg, his left foreleg pawing the sawdust-covered earth. Then they begin the act; Goldberg's ruddy face, as he opens his painted mouth to express himself, flushes dark red, and his melancholy eyes under black brows protrude as he painfully squeezes out the abominable sounds, his only eloquence.

"Geee gooo gaaa gaaw?"

Abramowitz's beautifully timed response is:

A. "To get to the other side."

There's a gasp from the spectators, a murmur, perhaps of puzzlement, and a moment of intense expectant silence. Then at a roll of the drums Goldberg snaps the long whip and Abramowitz translates the owner's idiocy into something that makes sense and somehow fulfills expectations; though in truth it's no more than a question following a response already given.

Q. "Why does a chicken cross the road?"

Then they laugh. And do they laugh! They pound each other on the head in helpless laughter. You'd think this trite riddle, this sad excuse for a joke were the first they've heard in their lives. And they're laughing at the translated question, of course, not the answer, which is the way Goldberg has set it up. That's his nature for you. It's the only way he works.

Abramowitz used to sink into the dumps after that, knowing what really amuses everybody is not the old-fashioned tired little riddle, but the fact it's put to them by a talking horse. That's what splits the gut.

"It's a stupid little question."

"There are no better," Goldberg said.

"You could try letting me ask one or two of my own."

YOU KNOW WHAT A GELDING IS?

I gave him no reply. Two can play at the game.

After the first applause both performers take a bow. Abramowitz trots around the ring, his head with panache held high, and when Goldberg again cracks the snaky whip, he moves nervously to the center of the ring and they go through the routine of the other infantile answers and questions in the same silly ass-backwards order. After each question Abramowitz runs around the ring as the spectators cheer.

A. "To hold up his pants."

Q. "Why does a fireman wear red suspenders?"

A. "Columbus."

Q. "What was the first bus to cross the Atlantic?"

A. "A newspaper."

Q. "What's black and white and red all over?"

We did a dozen like that, and when we finished up, Goldberg cracked the foolish whip, I galloped twice more around the ring, then we took our last bows.

Goldberg pats my steaming flank and in the ocean-roar of everyone in the circus tent applauding and shouting bravo, we leave the ring, running down the ramp to our quarters, Goldberg's personal wagon

van and my attached stall; after that we're private parties till tomorrow's show. Lots of customers used to come night after night, even following us to the next town to watch the performance, and they still laughed at the riddles though they had memorized them by now. That's how the season goes, and nothing much has changed one way or the other except that recently Goldberg, because the manager was complaining, added a couple of silly elephant riddles to modernize the act.

A. "From playing marbles."

Q. "Why do elephants have wrinkled knees?"

A. "To pack their dirty laundry in."

Q. "Why do elephants have long trunks?"

Neither Goldberg nor I like the new jokes, but they're the latest style. I keep in my mind that we could do the act without jokes. All you need is a talking horse.

One day Abramowitz thought he would make up a riddle of his own—it's not that hard to do. So that night after they had finished the routine, he slipped in his new joke.

A. "To say hello to his friend the chicken."

Q. "Why does a yellow duck cross the road?"

After a minute of confused silence everybody cracked up; they beat themselves silly with their fists—broken straw hats flew all over the place; but Goldberg, in unbelieving astonishment, glowered at the horse. His ruddy face turned almost black. When he cracked the whip it sounded like a river of ice breaking up. Realizing in fright that he had gone too far, Abramowitz, baring his big teeth, reared up on his hind legs and took several steps forward against the will. But the spectators, thinking this was an extra flourish at the end of the act, applauded wildly. Goldberg's anger eased, and lowering his whip he pretended to laugh. He beamed at Abramowitz as if he were his only child and could do no wrong, though Abramowitz knew the owner was furious.

"Don't forget WHO'S WHO, you crazy horse," Goldberg, with his back to the audience, quickly tapped out on Abramowitz's nose.

He had him gallop once more around the ring, mounted him in an acrobatic leap from the ground onto his bare back, and drove him madly to the exit.

Afterwards he Morse-coded with his hard knuckle on the horse's bony head that if he pulled anything like that again he would personally deliver him to the glue factory.

"Where they will melt you down to size. What's left over goes into dog food cans."

"It was only a joke, master," Abramowitz explained.

"To say the answer was OK, but not to ask the question all by yourself."

Out of stored-up bitterness the talking horse replied, "I did it on account of it made me feel free."

At that Goldberg whacked him hard across the

neck with his murderous cane. Abramowitz, choking, staggered, but did not bleed.

"Don't, master," he gasped, "not on my old wound."

Goldberg went into slow motion, still waving the cane.

"Try it again, you tub of guts, and I'll be wearing a horsehide coat with a fur collar, gool, goon, geek, gonk." Spit collected in the corners of his mouth.

Understood.

Sometimes I think of myself as an idea, yet here I am in this filthy stall, standing with my hoofs sunk in my yellow balls of dreck. I feel old, disgusted with myself, smelling the odor of my bad breath as my teeth in the feed bag grind the hard oats into a foaming lump, while Goldberg smokes a cigar as he watches television. He feeds me well enough, if oats is your dish, but hasn't had my stall cleaned for a week. It's easy to take revenge on a horse if that's the type you are.

So the act goes on every matinee and night, keeping Goldberg in good spirits and thousands in stitches, but Abramowitz had dreams of being out in the open. They were strange dreams, if dreams; he isn't sure what they are, or come from—thoughts of freedom, or maybe self-mockery? Whoever heard of a talking horse's dreams? This occurs to him now and then. Goldberg hasn't said he knows what's going on, but Abramowitz suspects he knows more than he seems to, because when the horse, lying in his dung and soiled straw, awakens from a dangerous reverie, he hears the owner muttering in his sleep in deaf-mute talk.

Abramowitz dreams, or does something of the sort, of other lives he might live, let's say of a horse that can't talk, couldn't conceive the idea, is perfectly content to be just a horse without problems of speech. He sees himself, for instance, pulling a light wagon-load of ripe apples along a rural road. There are leafy beech trees on both sides and beyond them broad green fields full of wild flowers. If he were that kind of horse, maybe he might retire to graze in such fields. More adventurously, he sees himself a racehorse in goggles, thundering along the last stretch of muddy track, slicing through a wedge of other galloping horses to win by a nose at the finish; and the jockey is definitely not Goldberg. There is no jockey; he fell off.

Or if not a racehorse, if he has to be practical about it, Abramowitz continues on as a talking horse but not in circus work anymore; and every night on the stage he recites poetry. The theater is packed and people cry out ooh and aaah, what beautiful things that horse is saying.

Sometimes he thinks of himself as altogether a free man, someone of indeterminate appearance and characteristics, who, if he has the right education, is maybe a doctor or lawyer helping poor people who need help. Not a bad idea for a useful life.

But even as I am dreaming, or whatever it is I'm doing, I hear Goldberg talking in my sleep:

As for number one, you are first and last a talking horse, not an ordinary one who can't talk; and I have got nothing against you that you can talk, Abramowitz, but on account of what you say when you break the rules.

As for a racehorse, if you could take a good look at the broken-down type you are—overweight, with heavy sagging belly and a thick uneven dark brown coat that won't shine up no matter how much I comb or brush you, and four hairy thick bent legs, plus a



pair of slight cross-eyes, you would give up this foolish idea you can be a racehorse before you do something ridiculous.

As for reciting poetry, who wants to hear a horse recite poetry? That's for the birds.

As for the third and last dream, or whatever it is that's bothering you, that you can be a doctor or lawyer, you better forget it, it's not that kind of world. A horse is a horse even if he's a talking horse; don't mix yourself up with human beings, if you know what I mean. If you're a talking horse, that's your fate. I warn you, don't be a wise guy, Abramowitz. Don't try to know everything, you might go mad. Nobody can know everything; it's not that kind of a world. Follow the rules of the game. Don't rock the boat. Don't try to make a monkey out of me; I know more than you. We got to be who we are, although this is hard for you as well as me. But that's the logic of the world. It goes by certain laws even though that's a hard proposition for some to understand. The law is the law, you can't change the order. This is the way things are put together. We are mutually related, Abramowitz, and that's all there is to it. If it makes you feel any better, I will admit to you I can't live without you and I won't let you live without me. I have my living to make and you are my talking horse I use in my act to make my living, plus so I can take care of your needs. The true freedom, like I have always told you, though you never believe me, is to understand that and live with it so you don't waste your

energy resisting the rules. All you are is a horse who talks, and believe me, there are very few horses that can do that; so if you are smart, Abramowitz, it should make you happy instead of always and continually dissatisfied. Don't break up the act if you know what's good for you.

As for those yellow balls of your dreck, if you will behave yourself like a gentleman and watch out what you say, tomorrow the shovelers will come, and after, I will hose you over personally with warm water. Believe me, there's nothing like cleanliness.

Thus he mocks me in my sleep, if that's what it is. I have my doubts that I sleep much nowadays.

In short hops between towns and small cities the circus moves in wagon vans. The other horses pull them, but Goldberg won't let me, which wakes up disturbing ideas in my head. For longer hauls, from one big city to another, we ride in red-and-white circus trains. I have a stall in a freight car with some nontalking horses with braided manes and sculptured tails, from the bareback riders' act. None of us are much interested in each other. If they think at all they think a talking horse is a show-off. All they do is eat, drink, piss, and crap all day. Not a single word goes back or forth among them.

The long train rides generally give us a day off without a show, and Goldberg gets depressed and surly when we're not working the matinee or evening performance. Early in the morning of a long train-ride day he starts loving his bottle and Morse-coding me nasty remarks and threats.

"Abramowitz, you think too much, why do you bother? In the first place, your thoughts come out of you and you don't know that much, so your thoughts don't either. In other words, don't get ambitious. For instance, what are you thinking about now, tell me?"

"Answers and questions, master—some new ones to modernize the act."

"Feh, we don't need any new ones, the act is already too long."

He should know the questions I am really asking myself, though better not.

Once you start asking questions one leads to the next and in the end it's endless. And what if it turns out I'm always asking myself the same question in different words? I keep on asking myself why I can't ask this coarse lout a simple question about anything. By now I have it figured out that Goldberg is afraid of questions because a question could show he's afraid people will find out who he is. Somebody who all he does is repeat his fate, if you know what I mean. It's thinking about his that made me better understand my own. Anyway, Goldberg has some kind of past he is afraid to tell me about, though sometimes he hints. And when I mention my own past he says forget it, think of the future. What future? On the other hand, what does he think he can hide from Abramowitz, a student by nature, who

spends most of his time asking himself questions Goldberg won't permit him to ask, putting one and one together, and finally making up his mind—maraculous thought—that he knows more than a horse should, even a talking horse, so therefore, given all the built-up evidence, he is positively not a horse. Not in origin, anyway.

So I came once more to the conclusion that I am a man in a horse and not just a horse that happens to be able to talk. I had figured this out in my mind before; then I said, no it can't be. I feel more like a horse bodywise; on the other hand, I talk. I think, I wish to ask questions. A. Not a man but a horse. Q. Who else does the same? So I am what I am, which is a *man* in a horse, not a *talking* horse. Something tells me there is no such thing, even though Goldberg, pointing his finger at me, says the opposite. He lives on his lies, it's his nature.

Abramowitz's four legs wobbled with emotion at the thought.

After a long day of traveling, when they were in their new quarters that night, finding the rear door to his stall unlocked—Goldberg grew careless when depressed—acting on belief as well as impulse, Abramowitz cautiously backed out. Avoiding the front of Goldberg's wagon van he trotted across the fairgrounds on which the circus was situated. Two of the circus hands who saw him trot by, perhaps because Abramowitz greeted them, "Hello, boys, marvelous evening," did not attempt to stop him. Outside the grounds, though exhilarated to be in the open, Abramowitz began to wonder if he were doing a foolish thing. He had hoped to find a wooded spot to hide in for the time being, surrounded by fields in which he could peacefully graze; but this was the industrial edge of the city, and though he clop-clopped from street to street, there were no woods nearby, not even a small park.

Where can somebody who looks like a horse go by himself?

Abramowitz tried to hide in an old riding-school stable and was driven out by an irate woman. In the end they caught up with him on a station platform where he had been waiting for a train. Quite foolishly, he knew. The conductor wouldn't let him get on though Abramowitz had explained his predicament. The stationmaster then ran out and pointed a pistol at his head. He held the horse there, deaf to his blandishments, until Goldberg arrived with his bamboo cane. The owner threatened to whip Abramowitz black and blue, and his description of the effects was so painfully vivid that Abramowitz felt as though he had been slashed into a bloody pulp. A half hour later he found himself back in his locked stall, his throbbing head encrusted with dried horse blood. Goldberg ranted in deaf-mute talk, but Abramowitz, who with lowered head pretended contrition, felt none. To escape from Goldberg he knew he must first get out of the horse he was in.

But to exit a horse as a man takes some doing.

Abramowitz planned to proceed slowly and appeal to public opinion. It might take months to do what he must. Protest. Sabotage if necessary. Revolt! One night after they had taken their bows and the applause was subsiding, Abramowitz, raising his head as though to whinny his appreciation of the plaudits, suddenly cried out to all assembled in the circus tent, "Help! Get me out of here, somebody! I am a prisoner in this horse! Free a fellow man!"

After a silence that rose up like a dense forest, Goldberg, who was standing to the side, unaware of Abramowitz's passionate cry—he picked up the news later from the ringmaster—saw at once from everybody's surprised and startled expression, not to mention Abramowitz's undisguised look of triumph, that something had gone seriously wrong. The owner at once began to laugh heartily, as though whatever it was that was going on was more of the same, part of the act, a bit of personal encore by the horse. The spectators laughed too, and again warmly applauded.

"It won't do you any good," the owner Morse-coded Abramowitz afterwards. "Because nobody is going to believe you."

"Then please let me out of here on your own account, master. Have some mercy."

"On that matter," Goldberg rapped out sternly, "I am already on record. Our lives and livings are mutually dependent, one on the other. You got nothing substantial to complain about, Abramowitz. I'm taking care on you better than you can take care on yourself."

"Maybe that's so, Mr. Goldberg, but what good is it if in my heart I am a man and not a horse, not even a talking one?"

Goldberg's ruddy face blanched as he Morse-coded the usual NO QUESTIONS.

"I'm not asking, I'm telling you something very serious."

"Watch out for hubris, Abramowitz."

That night the owner went out on the town, came back dreadfully drunk, as though he had been standing with his mouth open where it had rained brandy; and he threatened Abramowitz with the trident spear he kept in his trunk when they traveled. This is a new torment.

Anyway, the act goes on but definitely altered, not as before. Abramowitz, despite numerous warnings and various other painful threats, daily disturbs the routine. After Goldberg makes his idiot noises, his gee, gooo, gaaa, gaaw, Abramowitz purposely mixes up the responses to the usual ridiculous riddles.

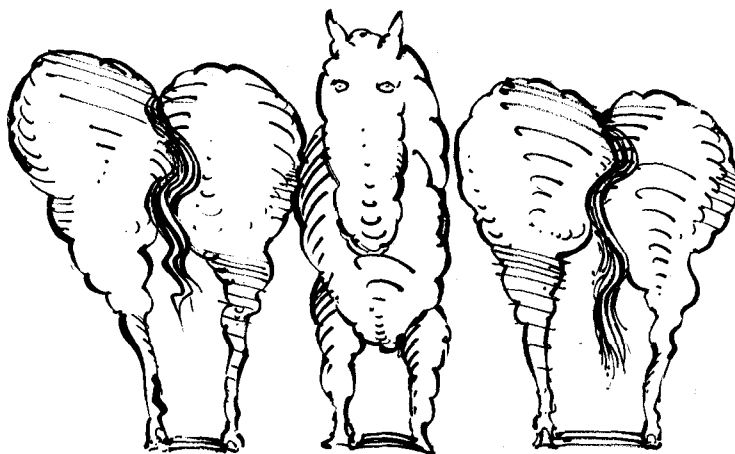
A. "To get to the other side."

Q. "Why does a fireman wear red suspenders?"

A. "From playing marbles."

Q. "Why do elephants have long trunks?"

And he adds dangerous A.'s and Q.'s without permission despite the inevitability of punishment.



A. "A talking horse."

Q. "What has four legs and wishes to be free?"

At that nobody laughed.

He also mocked Goldberg when the owner wasn't carefully reading his lips; called him "deaf-mute," "stupid ears," "lock mouth"; and whenever possible addressed the public, requesting, urging, begging their assistance.

"Gevalt! Get me out of here! I am one of you! This is slavery! I wish to be free!"

Now and then when Goldberg's back was turned, or he was too lethargic with melancholy to be much attentive, Abramowitz clowned around and in other ways ridiculed the owner. He hee-hawed at his appearance, brayed at his "talk," stupidity, tyranny. Sometimes he made up little songs of freedom as he danced on his hind legs, exposing his private parts. And sometimes Goldberg, to mock the mocker, danced with him—a clown with a glum painted smile waltzing with a horse. Those who had seen the act last season were astonished, stunned by the change. They seemed concerned, uneasy.

"Help! Help, somebody help me!" Abramowitz pleaded, but nobody moved.

Sensing the tension in and around the ring the audience sometimes booed the performers, causing Goldberg, in his red-and-white polka-dot suit and white clown's cap, great embarrassment, though on the whole he kept his cool during the act and never used the ringmaster's whip. In fact he smiled as he was being insulted, whether he "listened" or not. There was a sly fixed smile on his face, and his lips twitched. And though his fleshy ears flamed like torches at the gibes and mockeries he endured, Goldberg laughed to the point of tears at Abramowitz's sallies and shenanigans; many in the big tent laughed along with him. Abramowitz was furious.

Afterwards Goldberg, once he had stepped out of his clown suit, threatened him to the point of collapse, or flayed him viciously with his cane; and the next day fed him pep pills, and painted his hide black before the performance so that people wouldn't see the wounds.

"You bastard horse, you'll lose us our living."

"I wish to be free."

"To be free you got to know when you are free."

Considering your type, Abramowitz, you'll be free in the glue factory."

One night when Goldberg, after a day of profound depression, was listless and logy in the ring, could not get so much as a limp snap out of his whip, Abramowitz, thinking that where the future was concerned glue factory or his present condition of life made little difference, determined to escape either fate; he gave a solo performance for freedom, the best of his career. Though desperate, he entertained, made up hilarious riddles, recited poems he had heard on Goldberg's transistor radio which sometimes stayed on all night after he had fallen asleep; he also told stories and ended the evening with a moving speech.

He told sad stories of the lot of horses, one, for instance, beaten to death by his cruel owner, his brains battered with a log because he was too weakened by hunger to pull a heavy wagonload of wood. Another concerned a racehorse of fantastic speed, a sure winner in the Kentucky Derby, had he not, in his very first race, been doped by his owner who had placed a fortune in bets on the next best horse. One was about a flying horse shot down by a hunter who could not believe his eyes. And then Abramowitz told a story of a youth of great promise, who, out for a stroll one sunny spring day, came upon a goddess bathing in a stream. He gazed at her bare beauty in amazement and longing; seeing him staring at her she let out a piercing scream. The youth took off at a fast gallop, realizing, before he had got very far, from the noise of his snorting and the sound of pounding hoofs as he ran, that he was no longer a youth of great promise but a horse running.

Abramowitz then cried out to the faces that surrounded him, "I am also a man in a horse. Is there a doctor in the house who can help me out?"

Dead silence.

"If not a doctor, maybe a magician?"

No response except nervous laughter.

He then delivered an impassioned short speech on freedom for all. Abramowitz talked his brains blue, ending once more with a personal appeal. "Help me to recover my original form. It's not what I am but what I wish to be. I wish to be what I really am, which is a man."

At the end of the act many people in the tent were wet-eyed and the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Goldberg, who had been asleep in a sawdust pile for a good part of Abramowitz's solo act, roused himself in time to join the horse in a bow. Afterwards, on the enthusiastic advice of the circus manager, he changed the name of the act from "Ask Me Another" to "Goldberg's Varieties." And wept, himself, for unknown reasons.

Back in his stall after the failure of his most passionate, most inspired pleas for assistance, Abramowitz butted his head in frustration against the stall gate until his nostrils bled in his feed bag. He

thought he might drown in his blood and didn't much care. Goldberg found him lying on the floor of the stall, half in a faint, and revived him with aromatic spirits of ammonia. He bandaged his nose and spoke to him in a fatherly fashion.

"That's how the mop flops," he Morse-coded with his fingertip, "but things could be worse. Take my advice and settle for a talking horse, it's got distinction."

"Make me either into a man or make me either into a horse," Abramowitz moaned. "It's your power, Goldberg."

"You got the wrong party, my friend."

"Why do you always say lies?"

"Why do you always ask questions you can't ask?"

"I ask because I am. I wish to be free."

"So who's free, tell me?" Goldberg asked.

"If so," said Abramowitz, "then what's to be done?"

DON'T ASK. I WARNED YOU.

He threatened to punch his nose; it bled again.

Abramowitz later that day began a hunger strike which he carried on for the better part of a week; but Goldberg threatened force-feeding with thick tubes in both nostrils, and that ended that. Abramowitz almost choked to death at the thought of it. The act went on as before, and the owner changed its name back to "Ask Me Another." When the season was over the circus headed south. Abramowitz trotted along in a cloud of dust with the other horses.

Anyway, I have my thoughts.

One fine autumn day, Goldberg washed his feet in the kitchen sink and hung his smelly white socks to dry on the gate of Abramowitz's stall before sitting down to watch astronomy on educational television. To see better he had placed a lit candle on top of the TV set. But he had carelessly left the stall gate open and Abramowitz, surprised to discover he had not given up, hopped up three steps and trotted through the messy kitchen into the living room, his eyes flaring. Confronting Goldberg staring in awe at the universe on the screen, he reared with a bray of rage to bring his hoofs down on the owner's head. Goldberg rose to protect himself. Hopping up on the chair he managed with a grunt to grab Abramowitz by both his big ears as though to lift him by them, and the horse's head and neck, up to an old wound, came off in his hands. Amid the stench of blood and bowel a man's pale head popped out of the hole in the horse. He was in his early forties, with fogged pince-nez, intense dark eyes, and a black moustache. Pulling his arms free, he grabbed Goldberg around his thick neck with both bare arms, holding on for dear life. As they tugged and struggled, Abramowitz, straining to the point of madness, slowly pulled himself out of the horse up to his navel. At that moment Goldberg broke his grip and, though the astronomy lesson was still going on, disappeared. Abramowitz made a few discreet inquiries, later, but no one could say where.

Departing the circus grounds, he cantered across a grassy soft field into a dark wood, a free centaur. □

LOOKING FOR WILDERNESS

by Edward Hoagland

A bear needs five square miles of wilderness in which to live. If wilderness is worth \$1000 an acre, is a bear worth \$3.2 million?

For many years the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department has made a census of grouse along nine habitat routes, each about forty miles long, representing every variety of cover within the state. Lately new highways and real estate schemes in the southern counties have forced the biologists elsewhere, and some of their paths have been pre-empted by motorcyclists or Sunday walkers. I recently had the fun, though, of walking the wildest, northernmost Grouse Survey Line, which crosses the headwaters of the Connecticut and Androscoggin rivers, country as remote and untarnished as any in New Hampshire—owned by several lumber companies and by Dartmouth College. It's emptier than the much better known Presidential Range and the other mountains and valleys of the White Mountain National Forest, lying to the south. My companion was Karl Strong, who is the department's senior biologist north of Concord.

Though Strong's grouse path is mentioned in the Appalachian Mountain Club's *White Mountain Guide*, he hadn't been eager to have me accompany him because the trail is never hiked on, is marked only very obscurely, and could be destroyed for useful game observation if the outdoor fraternity ever really discovered it. A path through splendid country that is traversed only twice a year, not worn into ruts by a river of feet, is nowadays a great rarity and a

precious one. He said I could come along if I could keep up with him, didn't get blisters, and if I recognized to begin with that any account of the New England wilds must be something of an elegy to pleasures now past, not a current guide.

This walk used to be made in midwinter on snowshoes as well as during the summer, but now that life is softer for everyone, it's done instead twice in the summer. Strong and his partner used to pack in their supplies and sleep over, but first they dispensed with their packs, trucking their gear in ahead of time, and now they arrange to drive home each night. Strong was lucky we were doing it that way because on one of the nights, August 24, a freak killing frost developed that would have wiped out his vegetable garden if he hadn't been home to hose down everything early in the morning. Gardening is his passion, though one day in June when I talked to him he was also on a schedule of waking up every three hours at night to feed an orphaned puppy. He's a reserved, lean, soft-spoken man, pale in complexion like a Scandinavian, not in any sense a softie in appearance but a cold-weather man, and the depth of his affection for living things does not show immediately. In talking to paper company officials, I found he is called "the missionary." When I mentioned this to him he laughed and said that his grandfather was a minister and that, like a minister, he himself puts in lots of work and accomplishes little.

He's a deer specialist. He's uncannily attuned to deer and astonishes the paper company foresters because he can actually smell a deer two hundred feet off. A gland in the deer's heel cords gives off a sex scent which he describes as resembling the smell of a

certain fungus that is found in rotting birch stumps. Although birds aren't his specialty, this Grouse Survey Line is Strong's particular darling. He's walked it himself for fifteen years, watching his body gradually age when measured against its miles and seeing the trail and the rivers change as logging and even sport fishing become modern industries. Logging may soon be done with laser beams or pressurized thin jets of water. Already the more technologically advanced companies cut pulpwood with monster-sized timber harvesters that can shear a tract of forest right down to the level of its roots, and then the logs, right on the scene, can be fed into chippers which dice them into papermaking fiber, to be trucked to the mill like freight. This is not done in New Hampshire yet, but there have been plenty of changes.

We started at Second Connecticut Lake to go to Cornpopper Spring, which is under Magalloway Mountain. The sky drizzled intermittently, the temperature stayed around forty-five degrees, and we walked with clenched fists and "dishpan hands," as Strong put it. It was miserable enough, but the raindrops stippled the beech leaves beautifully, and the firs in the rain looked as gray as steel. My hat was red, which looks black to a deer or a bear but which birds, with their sharp color sense, are alert to, so Strong planned to be extra alert himself.

Once out in the woods, he seemed younger immediately, lighter and gayer than back in town, remarking on the balsam smell in a soft voice—and remembering a day in 1959 when he had caught his limit of big fish in a beaver pond that we saw on Smith Brook, using only the naked hook itself, which he had twitched like a fly. We saw a kingfisher plopping from high up to catch a chub there, and a merganser diving. The forests around the Connecticut Lakes are a baronial showpiece owned by the power companies that maintain the lakes as reservoirs, but we soon got into bushwhacking country where the tourists don't come. Strong says by nature he should be a Democrat, believing the Democrats are closer to the biblical injunction that we must be our brother's keeper, but that the tourists are making him more conservative. He walks with quick quiet strides because the grouse will try to steal away on the ground if they hear a man at a distance. When he thinks he has heard one of them call, creaky and peeping, he tramps noisily into the brush and claps his hands to scare up the covey so he can count it.

The low country was lush with raspberry bushes in hoops and flowers head-high. We saw a broad-winged hawk and saw beaver work in the sandy-bottomed brook that we crossed and recrossed—Strong said he thought the man who had laid out the trail must have been on snowshoes, unable to see the brook. Strong recently made the mistake of blazing it with a paint called International Orange, which in

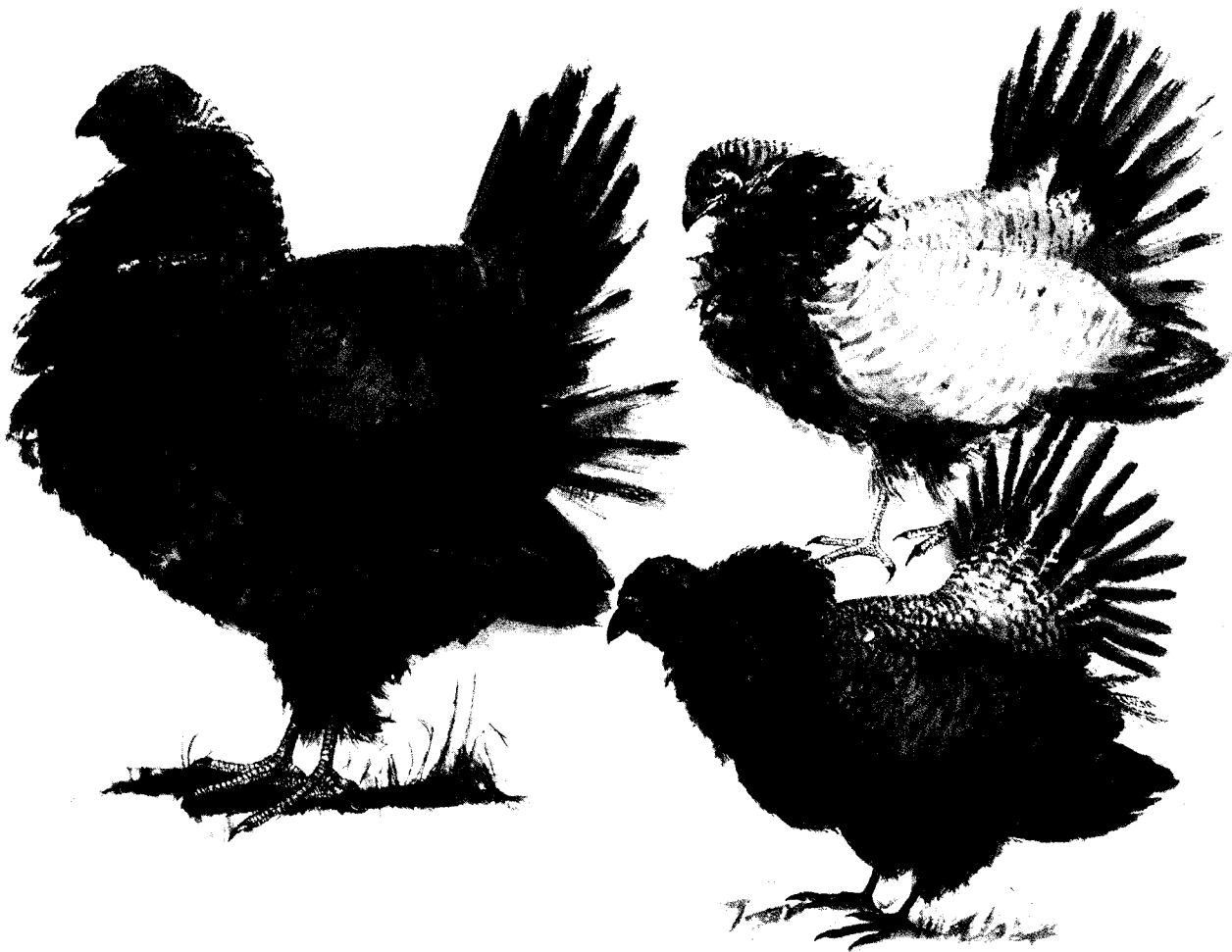
some way sets the bears off; nearly every blaze had been chewed. Up in the woods, the trail was cool and shadowy till we got into a logging area, where I learned from smelling the birch stumps that white birch is odorless (which is why it is used for Popsicle sticks), that black birch smells like wintergreen (and is a flavor for chewing gum), and that yellow birch has a delicate, mellow, somewhat minty smell. The stumps of the latter were a wonderful yellow-orange inside. We saw one a hundred years old, just downed.

In the rain the skidders, which are a kind of modified, big-wheeled tractor most effective at hauling logs, had churned several hundred yards of poor Karl Strong's trail into a comically mucky, concrete-colored soup; the ruts, four feet deep, were running with rain. Slipping like a monkey on roller skates and balancing wildly with his arms, he insisted on walking the route anyway, laughing because laugh was all he could do.

We descended to Smith Brook again, finding a clearing where five bunkhouses and a horse hovel had once stood, near the remains of a log-driving dam and a tote road, trestled and corduroyed. There was a grouse's scrape-hole in a dusty spot where the grouse had bathed itself. We saw a brood of three—our count was eight grouse for the thirteen miles that day. Up on Hedgehog Nubble we found the abundant turds of a moose that had wintered there. Moose winter high and deer winter low. New Hampshire has very few moose but if they were anywhere, they would be here. At the turn of the century the last three caribou in the state were sighted and shot close by.

The clouds swelled gray and silver, settling on us. We saw a waterfall, and moose and bear tracks, and more than one tucked-away valley with ferns, mosses, and snapdragons, and usually an old hunting cabin with the owner's army dog tags tacked on the door and some claw marks where a bear had tried to break in, hungry in the spring. The resident hummingbirds flitted close to my red hat, sometimes half a dozen in the space of an hour, to investigate why it should be the color of their own throats. Up on Diamond Ridge at three thousand feet was a cold fir forest, very remote. Karl Strong hunts from a cabin on Magalloway Mountain, using a muzzle-loader to make it a little bit harder for himself. Last year he and his friends had sighted in on a mama bear with her hackles up and three cubs, and there was lots of black smoke but no kill. He told me how tough it is to pull a three-hundred-pound bear out of the woods, or even a bear weighing two hundred pounds—they stretch when you pull, but they don't move. Boy, he said, they seem smaller, though, when skinned out.

He has no laws to assist him when he advises the timber operators on behalf of the wildlife (nor do they seek his advice—he just goes around offering it). He's always polite, the foresters say, and will come



into the offices of the Brown Paper Company and simply tell them, "Well, we blew it," when a key stand of evergreens has been cut and some deer are going to die as a result. The whole forest is wildlife habitat, of course, but he restricts his marking activities to the 10 percent of the woods where the deer winter, or he wouldn't get anywhere. Even so, he cannot expect that more than about three fourths of the trees he marks will be spared.

Deer must shelter under mature softwood growth like fir or spruce in a snowy climate. The boughs block some of the wind and catch part of the snow, holding it up where it evaporates. Deer don't browse on trees of this sort unless they are starving; they look for young hardwood saplings like maple, poplar, and birch to gnaw on and peel, trees of a size not yet worth harvesting commercially. But before any other consideration they must have shelter. Rather than freeze in a zero wind or flounder about in deep snow where a dog could kill them, they will stay in a softwood grove and slowly starve.

Strong's job is to intercede with the foresters so that a mix is left of clearings, glades, openings, and some sizable timber for shelter, too. Although the personnel are getting brisker, more impersonal, the companies, feeling the pressure of the times, make a big stir about "multiple use"—land with game on it, land lovely for hiking—and he can appeal to that. The traditional cutting cycle was seventy or eighty

years, and the best foresters cut only about a seventh of the timber at hand in a decade, so that timber of every age was growing. Now in the rush for fiber, younger and younger trees are cut, the cycle is down to forty years, and it's increasingly complicated to manage a forest so that the different requirements of dozens of creatures can be fitted in. Rabbits, for instance, thrive in an area five to fifteen years after the woods have been cut, and grouse fifteen to thirty-five afterwards, but some of the furbearers and birds need much older timber.

The next day we were back at Cornpopper Spring, starting from there by seven o'clock, with the weather a little colder but the sun a bit brighter, the wind having blown the rain away. We had ten and a half miles to go to Hell Gate on the Dead Diamond River, where the Fish and Game Department has a camp. Strong said he felt like putting his snowshoes on; the only way to get good and warm is to put on a pair of heavy snowshoes.

The first mile of the grouse walk today was a logging road. We met some loggers, Americans rather than French Canadians, who seemed direct but limited men. We stood at the edge of a clearing watching three of them work without being detected by them. Strong's lip curled in amusement—what kind of woodsmen were they? He waited for them to no-

tice us until he got tired and, like an Indian feeling benevolent today, simply walked peacefully away through the trees.

Since grouse usually run before they fly, a windy, disruptive day like this one was bad for hearing or spotting birds. They were plentiful, because June, when the chicks were new and likely to die of pneumonia if chilled, had been very droughty—a June without storms is not good for the trees but is good for the grouse. Once grown, they are rugged birds and winter right on the scene, eating birch buds and diving deep into the snow to sleep, leaving no tracks on the crust for a fox to follow.

Raw, deer-season weather. Strong blew his nose with his fingers, and pointed out where his nephew at seventeen had hit a bear with six shots, the bear dashing on till it finally dropped, nipping off strips of its own intestines as they fell out and trailed (the nephew has never come hunting since). We watched two hummingbirds feeding on jewelweed in a glade where Strong once saw twenty. We noticed a woodpecker hole high in a stub where two swifts were nesting. In the depths of the woods we came to a deer lick, with well-defined trails homing in like the spokes of a wheel; I heard one deer flee. The mud was white with minerals, and the roots of the trees had been exposed by the hooves. Strong used to lie here in a blind on moonlit nights to observe the goings-on—three or four deer at once drinking in the shallow pools.

We picked hatfuls of hazelnuts for Strong's teenage daughters, and saw lots of neon-red bunchberry and bear-chewed blaze trees, but the trampled-looking grass that I would have assumed was another sign of game turned out to be just a casualty of the hard rains. We talked about how most naturalist writers rate rather poorly with full-time workers in the field, Thoreau and Fenimore Cooper and Ernest Thompson Seton included. I was wearing Strong's spare pair of rubber boots, and their good fit seemed to represent the friendship budding between us.

We were on the grassy banks of the East Branch of the Dead Diamond River, whose headwater springs ten miles away we had seen the previous day. It had taken me until the late evening to get the bones of my hands feeling warm again, yet now we were sweating. The temperature was fifty-eight degrees (whenever Strong saw a grouse he took wind and temperature readings). We lunched partly on hazelnuts—a squash-and-seed taste—overlooking a sixteen-foot thunderous falls and its twisty catch-pool, a stretch where once in the 1950s Strong caught and threw back two hundred fish in a couple of hours. People had hiked in from what was then the closest road, in Maine, to catch four-pound brook trout. These holes were now empty of fish.

We watched a bulldozer cracking down trees for a winter haul road, which would need no gravel, only the natural mud architected into shape on the night of the first freeze, whereupon for the next five

months the log trucks would roar back and forth on the ice. This was a forest whose patterns Strong had helped to create, and even his management plans for the streams—that the skidders not silt up the spawning beds by operating along the banks—had been followed, so what we saw was not agitating to him. We followed the old tote road on the riverbank, used in log-driving days. We'd crossed from the township of Pittsburg (three hundred square miles) to the Atkinson and Gilmanton Academy Grant (fourteen square miles of woods, once sold by the aforesaid academy for four hundred dollars). Dartmouth, which owns the adjoining College Grant (forty-seven square miles) near Hell Gate, leases the recreational rights to this land at a dollar an acre annually so that its alumni and guests may feel free to spread out. Strong, like most other state people, resents the exclusion of the general public by these rich guys, but like me he had to admit to being glad that these woods would resemble a wilderness a little bit longer than unprotected forests. On the other hand, Dartmouth men kill only about seven deer for every ten square miles of land they have, in the fall, whereas the public on ordinary timberland kills twice that many. This is not favorable news to a man like Strong, who on his snowmobile tours finds twenty deer per square mile starved to death in the wintering yards on even the public lands.

We argued about hunting: not that I could sensibly oppose hunting deer, but there are other beasts. I teased him about whether this predatory "naturalness" he touted so highly wasn't downright dog-eat-dog Republicanism, but he wasn't to be hobbled by consistency, and pointed out again that too many tourists with city ideas were turning him that way anyway. Of course the yearly symbolic deer he killed was like his assiduous gardening or the cabin he'd built for himself on Magalloway, as I understood. He said, though, that wildlife was public property, for all the people, and that therefore he resented anybody who posted land against the free access of hunters. My answer was that, first of all, wild animals were perhaps the property of no one but themselves, a question I was willing to leave moot if he wished, and second, that I resented any man's going on any land, public or private, and shooting some creature, dwindling in numbers, whose like I might have trouble ever seeing in a natural state, and then tacking its hide on his living-room wall—that concept of private property was offensive to me.

Strong said, Well, if his hunting something really means that you may never see its like again, I agree with you, he ought not to be hunting it, it should be a protected species; that's what biologists like myself are for. What I'd left out of the equation, however, he said, was the fact that many people who post their lands do not do so out of any beliefs corresponding to mine. Rather, they seem to think that in buying a



piece of land they're buying the wildlife that lives on it too, along with the pines and the apple trees.

OK, that infuriated me too; we agreed. He'd started defining us as conservationist versus "preservationist," but I laughed and said, Look, if *you and I* name-call and can't get along, then what hope is there that the wilderness forces can ever combine? He smiled. I said, Bear in mind too that some of the people who object to hunting are not as ignorant about the woods as you think. What arouses them is not that a deer is shot which otherwise would eventually starve to death but that the hunter gets such a kick out of killing it.

Do you see hunters butchering cows for kicks during the off-season? Strong asked. It's not the pain, it's the death, and not the death but the stalk and the woodsmanship and the gamy wild meat the fellow is after: the completeness of each of these complemented by the others. I understood what he meant, but, to be one up, I asked why, if the woodsmanship is the heart of the matter, there are so very few archers in the woods—archery requiring a woodsmanship of such a high order that it does overshadow the kill. He said bow-hunting is just too hard to do for all but that handful of hunters. Success comes too hard, and most hunters are firearms buffs as much as woodsmen and enjoy the big bang and the bird-in-the-hand. Besides, he saw no reason why

the kill ought to be overshadowed. The naturalness of the kill was akin to all of the other pleasures one felt in the woods, and in no sense skulky or inferior. It was his business to see that no animal was hunted into oblivion if he could help it, but to have a deer herd protected like the animals in a zoo, just to be looked at, never shaken up by a hunting season as by the whirlwind of natural predation—this was not woods or wilderness, he said angrily; this kind of situation would arrive soon enough as it was, I should know.

We waded the East Branch just above where the Middle and West branches join, with a black-looking shapely knoll in front of us and a high hardwood ridge beyond, all forestland everywhere, with bluish tall firs in the foreground that Strong had managed to save. The day before I couldn't have believed today would bring prettier country, but it was like parkland in Colorado—forest and wild grasses interspersed. Though I was getting a charley horse, the marvelous ungrudging succession of Valhalla views—of black knolls, green grass and green trees, the forest unrolling—and the sandy-banked river bending alongside, and long-legged Strong, put energy into my strides. As he talked, it became evident that this wasn't just Dartmouth country; it was a private playground for a good many Fish and Game officers, too. They could get through the gates and could camp and fish where no one else could.

We saw a red-shouldered hawk, a meadow mouse, and bobcat droppings with a whole little mouse skull intact in one. We saw the tracks of a raccoon that had been hunting tadpoles, and two garter snakes, a goshawk's nest in a dead beech, and lots of deer tracks. Two big red deer bounded off, showing each other the way with their fleecy long tails. We were in the principal deer yard along the Dead Diamond now, country that Strong tours during the winter.

On a suspension footbridge we crossed to the Hell Gate Camp—four grizzled huts in a breezy hayfield. We watched a party of Fish and Game recruits being taught how to disarm a hunter. They had been issued bird books and were learning how to identify ducks. Strong, as a biologist, has no police duties. Most of the time he wears no uniform and, unlike the wardens who were instructing them, can drop in on a hunting or fishing camp in the guise of a hiker; even noticing a violation, he can move on if whatever is wrong strikes him as really not very important.

These hearties do not let you go before you've had coffee with them. The next morning we were delayed while pleasantries were exchanged. I met no woodsmen among them, but I did meet outdoorsmen who, feet up on the table, relished being here in this kingdom, with the white water hissing outside, instead of down at the office in Concord.

We waded the Little Dead Diamond, still steaming after the frosts of the dawn. It's a noisy, energetic tributary stream, chiseling potholes and digging rock sculptures in rhythmic curves out of the limestone strata above Hell Gate. We followed it uphill. Six or seven years ago Strong used to catch his limit of ten trout here in an hour while he ate lunch, or fed crumbs to as many as twenty that were visible in the clear water. Now he's lucky if he catches three little ones. The spring freshet, loaded with rocks and ice, wipes them out of the fishing holes, and the stream is too precipitous to be repopulated from the main river below. Until recently a new population would always wash down from the gentler stretches—the stream heads at Mount Pisgah—but now these nursery pools too are being heavily fished by people who reach them in rough-terrain vehicles. No surplus exists.

My left leg was swollen tight with various charley horses. Yet this walk of eight miles through dense, choppy, unpretentious country which had never been settled or farmed seemed like the best scenery of the trip and a kind of climax. It was ambush country; you couldn't see far, but hidden away there were several quite glorious wilderness elms that Dutch elm disease hadn't found. We saw a splatter of tracks left by a sprinting bobcat alongside the stream. The stream popped and sparkled in the sun, pincering past obstructions, cutting a hundred corkscrew twists.

Leaving the Little Dead Diamond, we took its

South Branch, ascending toward Crystal Mountain. Usnea moss (old-man's-beard) hung from the dead limbs in the stands of young fir, a delicacy for the deer. The masses of moss covering the ground which Strong remembered from some of his early visits had disappeared since the last logging, replaced by raspberry thickets. We ate as we walked and saw two broods of grouse, the first mother leading two chicks and the second five. It was a lovely high-ceilinged day, platter-blue, good weather for grouse to be out and about—our average count for the whole grouse survey was one bird for each mile and a half walked.

We crossed into Dix's Grant from the Atkinson and Gilmanton Academy Grant, both owned by the Brown Paper Company. Parts of the bed of the South Branch had been pre-empted by their logging trucks, so it was badly messed up. Where it forked, we turned from the South Branch to Lost Valley Brook, climbing south through a concealed niche in the ridge, a little lost valley indeed, very isolated in spirit, where a decade ago Strong was marking thirty-inch birch, and hemlock and pine forty inches through. Now even the six- and eight-inch pulpwood is being removed. We found a dead shrew with fine-grained gray fur; and lots of deer sign. The skidders had cut ruts waist-deep, partly overgrown, no joke to fall into.

At the source of Lost Valley Brook we entered a thick, dark, gloomy wilderness forest of pole-sized fir and paper birch that is one of the watersheds of the Dead Diamond and Swift Diamond rivers. The Swift joins the Dead fifteen miles or so below Hell Gate, and the waters of both go into the Magalloway River, then into the Androscoggin and finally the Kennebec, and on into the ocean at Bath, Maine. Even up top here it was swampy, though, with many toad polliwogs enjoying the bogs—frogs, which start bigger, would be out of the tadpole stage by now, said Strong. We saw hawks, garter snakes, hummingbirds, bumblebees, high phloxlike flowers, red mushrooms, and false Solomon's seal with red berries. Often the ground was cut every which way by beaver channels, like an obstacle course. Moss, muck and sucking mud, bank-beaver holes, wild grasses and sedges, poplars, cattails. The temperature, sixty degrees, up fifteen from when we had started, had me wet with sweat. Fourmile Brook, a portion of which was our destination, heads at a pond so remote it is stocked with trout thrown out of an airplane.

This brook drops away down the ridge at such a steep pitch that the water sounds like a pistoning motor. We found an antique axhead, broad, rusty as ocher. The last go-through by the loggers had been recent and the growth was jungly and low, with plenty of the bugs and berries and wetness grouse like, but the hauling for some reason had been done with a bulldozer, not a skidder, and the ground had not been damaged too much. There was a heady honey smell everywhere from the flowers—purple, blue, yellow—and millions of bugs. Big-toothed pop-

lar, willows and birch, moosewood and silver maples, alders, jewelweed and shadbush. More deer sign, more polliwogs; a grouse brood of four, cheeping like chicks, trilling like mice.

The wind from the south carried the smell of the pulp mill in Berlin, New Hampshire. If I stepped off into the brush for a minute Strong said, "Is that you or Berlin?" It's a nagging, boiled-cabbage, boiled-egg smell at best, carried also on an opposite wind from the Canadian mills sixty miles north, or, on an east wind, from the mills in Oxford County in Maine. A wet light snowfall in the winter seems to sharpen it even more, which for a man with Strong's educated nose must be disturbing.

A truck had been left for us. As we drove back toward town alongside the Swift Diamond River, we saw that it had turned the color of mud from fresh logging that day. So had a stream called Clear Stream. Under New Hampshire's clean waters act a fine of one thousand dollars a day can be levied for offenses like this, but it hasn't as yet been invoked.

Strong stretched his legs the next day on the last lap of eight miles. We both hoped we hadn't been chatting so much we'd spooked any grouse, so he stayed in front of me, letting me see if I could keep up. We went from Fourmile Camp up a steep hardwood ridge which is part of Crystal Mountain and down the other side. We saw many squirrel tracks at the rainpools, and a red squirrel and chipmunk confronting each other on a short log (the chipmunk the one with the food in its paws), and a rapid goshawk. Goshawks will plunge right into a pile of brush after a grouse, like an osprey hitting the water chasing a fish. Strong said he saw his last peregrine falcon in 1954. About then, he would see up to fifty horses going home at night on their own along these trails from the sites where logging was going on.

The ground where we climbed was heaped with slash sometimes five feet high, wet from the night's rains, and the skidders had cut tank traps everywhere, making walking a hot, sweaty struggle. The grouse we disturbed called to each other. The cocks live alone, each in his own territory, to which he tries to drum mates in the spring. The females nest on the bare ground, usually in some slight depression that they find at an elevated place near the base of a tree.

In a clearing we found the remnants of a loggers' supply wagon. Spruce had been the climax forest, and now that the big old second-growth hardwoods had been removed also, mostly fir was appearing, a short-lived, fast-growing species that buds very early in the spring, risking the frosts but shooting up, its root system shallow and its limbs flimsy. Yet a fir woods, too, requires at least forty years to reach a commercially plausible size, and in modern business enterprise who's going to sit around for the next forty years with real estate like this, watching the dragonflies? Every management shake-up brings a

change in plans, and Strong in his advocacy position with respect to the land is naturally on the firing line.

Understand that a bear, for example, needs a minimum of about five square miles to forage in for his food supply. This is not counting the extra land he will roam through in the course of a year, which might total seventy-five square miles, or more than two hundred if he is hunted hard. The five square miles is an irreducible wilderness area that will grow his food, and although other bears may overlap with him, he will include their territory in his wanderings. A single deer's primary range for feeding is forty or fifty acres. A mink's, in a fertile marsh, may be only twenty, and a raccoon's ten, though, like the deer, they will each ramble a mile or more on occasion, utilizing the foodstuffs and crannies of a very much larger acreage, and could not live in a wild state for long if really restricted to such a space. Yet if an acre is now to become worth \$1000 as recreational property, is that raccoon worth \$10,000? Is a bear worth \$3.2 million? As in the suburbs, a raccoon can parcel together a home out of snips and pieces of people's backyards, but otters, bears, bobcats, and so on cannot. I had teased Strong about hunting, but I hoped he knew that the teasing had been a result of my admiration, that I understood that hunting by men like himself was never the villain in wildlife management. Rather, it was the summer people like me, who come crowding in, buying up, chopping up the land after the loggers have skinned off the trees.

A brook going downhill gave us a steady grade to the Swift Diamond. The temperature rose to eighty in the afternoon, from forty-five. The Swift, like the Dead, was originally employed for freighting out the virgin softwoods, so that there was no need to build roads into this country at all until, scarcely ten years ago in the case of the Swift, the loggers came back again for the hardwood trees, which don't float as well.

We followed the road alongside the Swift for a half mile, then waded it and struck up Nathan Pond Brook, through a narrow wild brushy defile under Cave Mountain, with yellow birch and soft and hard maples and cone-bearing alders ten feet high. The hummingbirds swarmed to my red hat again and there were goldfinches, purple finches, and blueberry thickets where we stopped to feast, and shoulder-high joe-pye weed, fireweed, goldenrod, and beaver activity and engineered ponds. Legally as well as perhaps geographically it is no longer possible just to throw a pack on your back in the Northeast and hike cross-country for weeks, because casual camping has been prohibited, but here in this obscure little bypassed valley bursting with undergrowth the illusion of the old hiking freedoms persisted. Even the vivid fish in their pools didn't give me the feeling of claustrophobia and pity that I often get, looking at trout cramped into a brook. They had space and a churning current and complexity enough in their habitat to baffle a hunting mink. □

TOWARD THE NEW CHASTITY

by Midge Decter

“Sexual freedom has become a burden to Women’s Liberation,” according to the author, who says that the liberated woman covertly longs for maidenhood.



BY THE SIXTIES, there were numerous different notions in currency about the sex life of the American female, and while these notions did not altogether comfortably cohere, they did all stem from one basic assumption: namely, that sexual activity was less of a problem to her than to any other group of women since at least the onset of Christianity. We were, after all—so it was said over and over from every corner of the culture—passing through a sexual revolution, a revolution, moreover, of which she was proving to be the main beneficiary.

Thus the declaration by Women’s Liberation that women were nowadays more than ever mere sexual “objects” and that the sexual revolution was more than ever a sexual enslavement must have been experienced by many people, especially many men—but even by many young women—as a rude awakening. Far from being a newly conquered territory for women, sex was, it seemed, the absolute Devil’s Island of their isolation from power and from selfhood.

“Object” was indeed a key term in Women’s Liberation analysis of the sexual condition of women. Women had long understood, said the movement, that in seeking the small but necessary safety of marriage they were sacrificing their desire for a merely human authenticity. A woman might have been made in the image of the Victorian paragon of icy virtue and thus enhanced her husband’s property-

worshipping sense of having possessed the unpossessable, or she might, as now, have become a kind of playful hoyden, and thus have enhanced her husband’s Freud-inspired sense of having mastered an elemental force of his being; in either case, she was serving as a reflector of the demands of the male ego. Who *she*, in her own and absolutely individual right, was or how she was constituted was something no man would ever trouble himself to see. As a possessor of breasts, vagina, thighs, soft belly, tender arms, hairless cheeks, she had been rendered into a thing. His desire for her was a desire for these accidental parts; her individuality would stand apart and be invisible to him. As Germaine Greer put it in *The Female Eunuch*:

A full bosom is actually a millstone around a woman’s neck; it endears her to the men who want to make their maumet of her, but she is never allowed to think that their popping eyes actually see her. Her breasts are only to be admired for as long as they show no sign of their function: once darkened, stretched or withered they are objects of revulsion. They are not parts of a person but lures slung around her neck, to be kneaded and twisted like magic putty, or mumbled and mouthed like lolly ices.

What then of pleasure? What of the erotic longings it was now a woman’s right both to express and to satisfy? What of the orgasm it was now both her right and duty to demand? The sexual revolution, after all, had not simply freed her from the onus of dishonor in giving up her girlish chastity; it had done so in the name of distributive justice. She was, the sexual revolutionists had been declaring, now to claim for herself that which she had so long been providing for men.

The sexual revolution, answered the movement, was a sham. Worse than a sham, it was a male conspiracy to keep her more sexually submissive than before. To begin with—a truth so long and so hurtfully and so costfully overlooked by women themselves—the orgasm which had been thought to signal

her new accession to free sexuality had not been offered her unconditionally. It had been pronounced her "right" on the heels of a theory which had at the same time ringed it round with false obligations, namely, the theory of female sexuality brought to Western civilization by Sigmund Freud.



IGMUND FREUD had been the father of her oppressions, the movement argued, by providing the world with an idea of sexuality progressive in its appearance but hideously retrograde in its implications for women. Briefly stated, Freud had posited the

notion that all females suffer from a condition he called penis envy: the little girl comes to perceive herself as a mutilated boy, a trauma whose resolution could take the neurotic form of seeking for the lost member through an imitation of masculine activity or take the proper form of translating the wish for a penis into the wish for a child. This notion had all sorts of ramifications for the issue of the relation of women to men and society. As regards the question of erotic pleasure, in particular, it resulted in the assertion that the healthy, the mature—that is, the *true*—sexuality for a woman resided in her capacity to achieve a focusing of erotic response in the vagina: cavernous monument to her passivity. Whereas the authentically female organ of erotic sensation and release, the clitoris—now to be recognized as the hidden vestige of, shrunken surrogate for, the penis—was the instrument of an arrested childish narcissism. No acceptable female substitute for male aggressive power stretches and drives a way through the clitoris; no possibility for penetration declares its suitability as a symbolic affirmation of woman's passive, accepting role.

Thus the orgasm was presented to her in a hierarchy of virtue and achievement, clitoral the lesser, vaginal the only full testament to her womanly victory. To her outright manipulation as a sexual object, the sexual revolution had only succeeded in adding a new and generous measure of personal anxiety.

Contemporary men, the movement continued, were able to put Freudian notions about women to immediate and practical use. In exchange for undertaking to lead his wife or lover to vaginal climax, a man was to enjoy a vast new increment of power over her. The orgasm which was to constitute the necessary end term of her pleasure was one which depended on his own genital endowment. And anything other than, or short of, that end term was to be deemed—most contemptible of all possible female conditions—frigidity. He was essential to her. Furthermore, every single effort on her part to transcend

such dread frigidity could by definition only result in greater pleasure for him. No wonder that the clitoral orgasm, unfunctional, gratuitous, masturbatory, requiring no penis, leading to no possibility of conception, simple and independent, had been judged to be of no account by this bogus revolution.

The truth about female pleasure, said Women's Liberation, was that in its original, genuine form it had been the most accessible of all pleasures and therefore, in the ancient process through which women had been brought to the heel of masculine control, had had to be suppressed. In possessing a clitoris, woman had been endowed with the only organ whose sole function was the provision of pleasure. Penis and vagina had both been fashioned to the needs of impregnation: the penis bore the further purpose of containing the channel for urination. Only the clitoris existed merely to enhance the leisure of its possessor. Nor was the clitoris subject to the cycle of rapid detumescence and gradual recovery that set a limit to even the greediest erotic strivings of the penis. Historical evidence, said the movement, indicates that from 12,000 B.C. to 8000 B.C. women enjoyed complete sexual freedom, and because in this state of freedom the clitoris was allowed its primacy, the female sexual drive had been quite ungovernable. Clitorally, it was found by Masters and Johnson, a woman may achieve orgasm as many as fifty times in rapid succession. The only factor which need bring the spasmic marathon to a halt is simple body fatigue. Thus it was easy to see why men's earliest primitive need for settlement into some kind of fixed community resulted in a radical reining in of female sexuality. Without such a reining in, men, like male bees and spiders, would have existed either in superfluity or in mere reproductive service to the female. It was no accident, then, that sex, the means by which women might totally have enslaved men, should have become the primary means by which men sought to enslave women.

The sexual revolution was to be seen as only the most recent of many systems for oppressing women. All of them were based not just on the will to male domination but even more primitively on a terror of male obliteration:

Men fear that they will become sexually expendable if the clitoris is substituted for the vagina as the center of pleasure for women. . . . Lesbian sexuality could make an excellent case, based on anatomical data, for the extinction of the male organ. Albert Ellis says something to the effect that a man without a penis can make a woman an excellent lover. (Anne Koedt: "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm")

In truth, she was not dependent on, but only gracious hostess to, the penis. It was all too evident whence had derived the association of the clitoris with infantilism and incompleteness. Men had, either in full knowledge or in the knowledge of the bones, glimpsed in the offending organ their own extinction.

Freud founded the myth of penis envy, and men have asked me "But what can two women do together?" As though a penis were the *sine qua non* of sexual pleasure! Man, we can do without it, and keep it going longer, too! (Martha Shelley: "Notes of a Radical Lesbian")

If the idea of a woman's pleasure had been carefully limited only to such pleasure as would vastly enhance the pleasure of men, so perhaps to an even greater extent had the idea of her newfound "freedom" in general. If she was required to look the part of sexual aggressor, and if she was often expected to talk the language of the sexual aggressor, she was certainly not free to *be* the sexual aggressor. In this respect she had to continue as before, enticing, waiting for her invitation, and being acted upon. Woman was freer than ever to make herself into an image that would be pleasing to men, freer than ever to submit to their sexual advances . . . in short, freer than ever to be their servant and plaything. So much for the enviable freedom of the sexual revolution, said Women's Liberation.

CONJUNCTION AND DISJUNCTION

Women's Liberation calls it enslavement, but the real truth about the sexual revolution is that it has made of sex an almost chaotically limitless and therefore unmanageable realm in the life of women. A young girl begins in the awareness that she has a strange, abstract power over young men. The playmates of her childhood have ceased to be playmates, for they are in the grip of lust. The adolescent boy begins to react to, and to make judgments upon, the females around him in an entirely new way. He may like or dislike them, yearn for their company or flee from it in terror, but they are now necessary to him. For the young girl, the situation is exactly the obverse. She has no such lust—her yearnings toward the males around her are of another sort—and so, briefly, she is in a position of superior power. She has the control over herself that enables her to control the conditions between them. Her power on the other hand is not *personal* power; it resides in her femaleness. Her own erotic fantasies are entirely personal, her own need—precisely to the extent that she has now become an undifferentiated member of a species—is to establish herself as a differentiated individual. So she, too, but from the other side, places herself in a position of dependence on the other sex. Men have placed her in the crowd; thus they have unique authority to single her out from it. If she does not find the reflection of her individual value in their eyes, she will continue, perhaps all her life, to be uncertain about whether she has any. She must use the power of her abstract desirability to wrest the acknowledgment of her concrete irreplaceableness. She does this in anxiety, with all the means available. She tries to enhance her beauty so as to be more desirable than others. Or she may flirt so as to promise more

than others. Or dress so as to make those around her mindful of the delights it would be hers, if she chose, to bestow. In any case, her one trump card—for the time being—is that though her dependence may in the larger picture of life be of more lasting consequence, she is far less vulnerable to the sexual needs and pressures of the moment.

This imbalance and incomparability of needs constitutes the beginning of that which is sometimes referred to as the war between the sexes. As the armies for this war first mobilize, each has its own tactics, its own fortifications, its own natural weaponry of attack and defense. Moreover, the battle conducted by these armies was once a relatively orderly affair, culminating in a mutually recognized resolution—marriage. From generation to generation this warfare produced many casualties—young men whose lust had sickened and withered or scattered irretrievably—and young women whose sense of individual worth had been permanently shattered—but it continued at least to leave the possibility of an orderly procession of workable settlements.

At some relatively recent point, however, American society, through the combined offices of Freudian thought and liberal hubris, decreed that no further field of battle in life should yield up any casualties, and certainly not sexual ones. For every potential human wound there was now to be a preemptive remedy. Wherever possible, battle should cease altogether. With respect to sex, this meant that everyone, male and female, was to seek the experience of individuality in the same way. The young girl was no longer to withhold her sexual favors as a bargaining point for the right to impose herself, and the young boy was no longer to succumb to the blind dictates of lust without her private, individual assent.

She was to become the equal, the partner, and no longer the antagonist, of her male. Sex was to be taken for granted, like youth and energy themselves. It was to be deemed "good" for her or "bad" for her not on moral grounds, nor on grounds of its increasing or impairing her worth in the eyes of future candidates for marriage, but simply as it served or did not serve the imperatives of her being. These last were things that no one, not even her best friend, could tell her about. Sex became an issue of her private welfare, like her eating habits or her choice of friends. "It all depends on the individual," she was likely to be told if she were ever so innocent as to seek out advice in the matter. "For some it will be good immediately, for others, not yet."

Since there were no standards of conduct either to obey or to violate, since she herself was to be the arbiter and the standard, she was pressed into a species of self-knowledge it had once been one of the purposes of sexual games and encounters to help her attain to. Far from being a sexual object, as Women's Liberation claimed, she was a sexual subject *par excellence*. She had been deprived of a large measure of her accustomed power over men, the power in clear

conscience to withhold from them a sexual victory or save them from a sexual defeat; and she had in exchange been granted an unprecedented amount of power over herself, the power in equally clear conscience to accede to her own wishes. If, that is, she could know what these were.

For the problem of her having been left to the operations of her own lust is that young girls do not lust in any way that gives proper drive or guidance to action. Constructed to be the receptor, the reactor—and even all but the most homosexually frenzied of the advocates of the clitoris in Women's Liberation concede that the erotic force of that organ resides in its capacity to respond rather than to initiate—a young girl's sexual tendency is to deal with the alternatives set before her by others. Her "lust," insofar as it is proper at all to use that term, is for an image of herself as erotically aroused. Her erotic fantasies are not of the penis but of the man, complete with identity and personality, who is able to create in her and minister to an ever-growing feeling of arousal. This character of her eroticism need offer no difficulty in the actual event of sexual play or intercourse; she and her lover can then be in pursuit of a common quest and moved by a common erotic stimulant: namely, herself as an aroused female. (It is sometimes noted, and exactly as frequently misunderstood, that women are not moved by the sight of the male body as men are moved by the sight of the female body. This fact does not point to a different amount or strength of erotic fantasy between men and women, but to a different *kind*, the one precise and specific, the other diffuse and narcissistic. For this reason, on the other hand, women and heterosexual men are excited by the same pornography—heterosexual pornography focusing as it does mainly on images of a wildly stimulated and responsive woman.)



UT THE NATURE of her sexuality creates a great deal of difficulty within the new social dispensation that seeks to make her a free and autonomous being. She has been forced—at a time of life when she feels the greatest need for the protection of a

fixed set of manners—to make up her own code of conduct. Should she sleep with this boy or that—or with none? By what criterion? Should she claim a pure and indiscriminating lust—which she does not feel—or a genuine emotional commitment whose nature or requirements she does not yet understand or, in her orgies of self-consciousness, wish to be adequate to?

The imposition upon sex of her need to find her individual self, sex being, after all, among the least in-

dividuating of human activities, will only be the beginning of her difficulties. For however successfully or unsuccessfully she goes about fulfilling this need, sex itself, the mere fact of her involvement in it, is at first an adventure and a realm of new discovery. It engages her more intimately than ever before with the otherness of males, and it places her, at least in her own eyes, among the grown-ups—even if only to share in their miseries. But once sex has become a fixed element in her life—the adventure of the simple possibility of it departed—she is left to face yet another disjunction between her experience and that of men. And this disjunction will be a permanent, and a permanently experienced, one.

She will find, against the teachings of many a historical legend and certainly against the most prominent sexual teachings of her own time, that sex is something which requires no effort on her part. As she has become indispensable to men by nothing more than the accident of having been born female, so she is to give and, when such should occur, to take pleasure by nothing more than an offer of her assent. Wars had been fought, murders and suicides had been committed, great poems had been written, on the question of the momentary possession of that tiny bit of territory that for her could at best be only among the mundane accoutrements of her physical being. Even in the act of coition, when that hallowed tract might become the sole focus of her entire capacity for sensual response, its evident significance as a symbol of male striving and conquest would really, deep down, elude her. Women have been accused of an earthbound incapacity for the higher romance, of a sluggardly obtuseness in the presence of a male inclination to flights of the spirit. And this in turn has been chalked up to such grand womanly operations as keeping the species alive and the home fires burning. Whereas the truth is probably something far more intimate: namely, that a woman is a person who nightly, so to speak, witnesses a man in the grip of some kind or some degree of will to valor in an activity that for her is the very definition of ordinary natural function.

In her case, the real issues of the spirit are those of whether, and how—in what atmosphere, under the sway of which of the many possible fantasies—she will lend herself to lovemaking. Once these issues are settled and her body yielded up to the joint proceedings, the rest is simple. It may produce ecstasy in her, or well-being, or a number of lesser conditions all the way down on a sliding scale to nothing; in any of these cases it will have been something easy for her to do and thus of little impinging consequence to the other areas of her life. Unlike a man, she enters each sexual encounter with no pressure further than that of her willingness or unwillingness to do so. If she likes sex, does not mind it, or positively hates it, that which is basically required of her in its proper fulfillment will be the same and will present her—whatever complaints and claims of need she has lately been encouraged to give utterance to—with no difficulty.

Unlike a man, and the difference is absolutely crucial, she need never produce living, visible, upright evidence of her sexual potency. Regardless of the level of her potency, if such a term can even be applied to her, her performance will be just as successfully realized. Prominent among pornographic archetypes is that of the young virgin who, on being deflowered, immediately becomes a sexual glutton, heedless and insatiable. Only a slight adaptation would bring this fantasy into the realm of truth: for a woman the crucial sexual drama resides in her overcoming the initial, and largely social, resistance to having intercourse at all; once that drama has been resolved, she may become quite heedless (though certainly never insatiable) in the sense that she has no further obligation but just to be there and to open herself to the exertions of others. The very reason that women are able to dissemble and pretend to a sexual response they have not felt—the necessity that the Women's Liberationists find to be so deplorably widespread—is that nothing will involuntarily betray the truth. But what is to stop them then, it might be asked, from spending their whole lives lying about like the beasts in the field or the ladies in the pornographic stories, perpetually ready to receive the sexual advances made upon them? The answer is—nothing. Nothing, that is, but such entirely extra-erotic considerations as that there are other things they wish or need to do or that they fear pregnancy—and also of course the workings of such entirely extra-erotic forces of the ego as vanity, pride, ambition, or jealousy. For a man, sex is an attainment like the other attainments of his life; it is indeed often felt by him to be paradigmatic of them: each incidence of potency in bed providing some intestinal reassurance of his adequacy to deal with the world outside it. For a woman, coitus is a happenstance, roused and dispensed with on the same occasion, being only itself and touching nothing else. Since she has not been tested by it, it speaks very little one way or the other to the rest of her life. The heterosexual woman who struggles with a man frequently discovers that these struggles they undergo together, which can sometimes be heated nearly to the point of mutual destruction, concern two very different experiences, his and on the other hand hers, but not theirs. She does not understand how much of him is at stake; he does not understand how very little of her.

This natural disjunction between them has been exacerbated a thousandfold by the recent preoccupation with her pleasure—that is, the world-famous quest for the female orgasm. For implicit in this quest is the idea that a man and a woman locked in sexual intercourse are meant to be directly “equal.” This equality is to be tokened in their capacity to share very nearly the same rhythm of arousal, action, and release (a certain biologically determined difference in rhythm between them to be overcome by a number of disciplines enabling him to defer and her to accelerate). Thus under the right conditions—

for every act of sex its full mutual orgasmic consummation—sex would take on the same significance for women as it has for men.

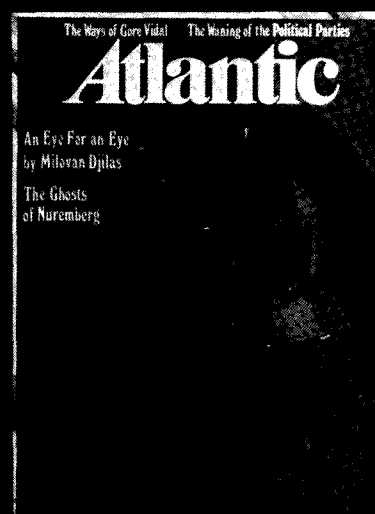
The truth is, of course, that the pursuit of orgasm for a woman is an entirely irrelevant undertaking. Not that she has no “need” of sex; nor is she indifferent to the “quality” of her sexual encounters. But what that need really is, and what the qualities really are which for her become the true determinants of pleasure, cannot be understood by an analogy with these terms in the experience of men. She may, for instance, have an orgasm in an unpleasurable way, or fail to have one in an entirely pleasurable way. Her need for sex is diffuse, not focused on its consummation but on a hundred different small reminders of the nature that is by daily circumstance mostly hidden from her. She needs, that is, to be reminded of the game for which so much of her existence is after all the candle. And her pleasure in sex is not found in, or determined by, explosive release—for that which is diffuse can never be decisively settled, even for a moment—but rather in the general erotic atmosphere: in the engagement of her fantasies, in the enhancement of her experience and sense of self, in the power to elicit affirmations of her worth and desirability, in the excitements of *giving* pleasure. The relative weights of such elements in the erotic atmosphere will vary from woman to woman or, within the same woman, from time to time. Sometimes, for instance, she will delight in the sensation that sex is a pestilential swamp in which she is helplessly enmired; sometimes, that it is the simplest of all simple human contacts. Always she will be playing out an inner drama whose pleasures will be available to her in exact proportion as she is enabled to feel and to taste the various subtleties of her role. Orgasm may or may not result; an *occupation* with it will be a distraction.



IT MAY BE that this very possibility for distraction is precisely one of the things that has set her on the quest at all—that the problem of having “good” sex has been introduced to substitute for the former limits, now removed, on her freedom of choice in sexual

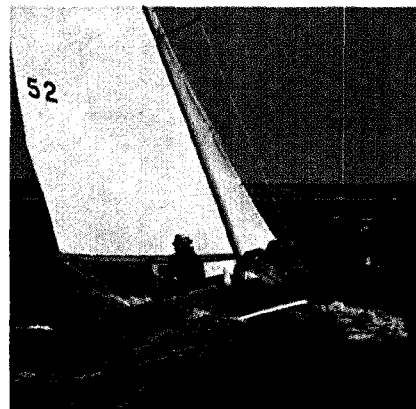
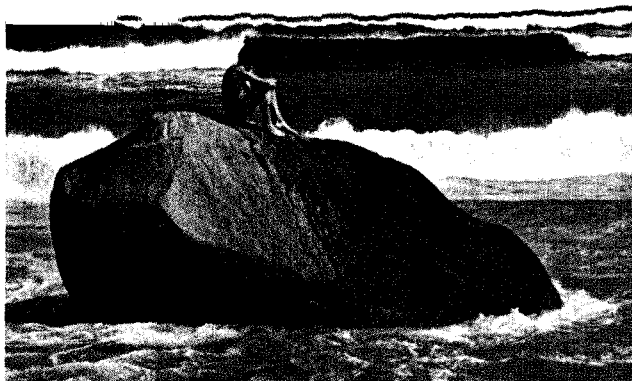
encounter. No longer expecting or expected to be chaste, and yet without the active force of lust to guide her, she finds herself without natural boundaries to set the term to her complicity. Where it was once required of her that she be married, it came then, by the earliest fiat of the sexual revolution, to be required of her that she be in love before putting herself in the way of sexual experience. Love itself, however, was now something circularly defined as an

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Mexico. Possession, 2 to 9 years plus fine. Trafficking, 3 to 10 years plus fine. Illegal import or export of drugs, 6 to 15 years plus fine. Persons arrested on drug charges can expect a minimum of 6 to 12 months pre-trial confinement. U. S. Embassy: Cor. Danubio and Paseo de la Reforma 305 Colonia Cuauhtemoc Mexico City, Mexico Tel. 511-7991	Sweden. Possession or sale, up to 19 months and permanent expulsion from the country. U. S. Embassy: Strandvagen 101 Stockholm, Sweden Tel. 63/05/20	Japan. Possession, pre-trial detention, suspended sentence and expulsion. Trafficking, maximum 5 years. U. S. Embassy: 10-5 Akasaka 1-Chrome Minato-Ku, Tokyo Tel. 583-7141	Denmark. Possession, fine and detention up to 2 years. U. S. Embassy: Dag Hammarskjolds Alle 24 Copenhagen, Denmark Tel. TR 4505	Bahamas. Possession, 3 months to 1 year. U. S. Embassy: Adderly Building Nassau, Bahamas Tel. 21181
Spain. Penalty depends on quantity of drugs involved. Less than 500 grams cannabis, fine and expulsion. More than 500 grams, minimum of 6 years in jail. U. S. Embassy: Serrano 75 Madrid, Spain Tel. 276-3400	Greece. Possession, minimum 2 years in jail. Trafficking, maximum 10 years plus fine. U. S. Embassy: 91 Vasilissis Sophia's Blvd. Athens, Greece Tel. 712951	Lebanon. Possession, 1 to 3 years in prison. Trafficking, 3 to 15 years. U. S. Embassy: Corniche at Rue Aiv Mreisseh, Beirut, Lebanon Tel. 240-800	Turkey. Possession, 3 to 5 years. Trafficking, 10 years to life. U. S. Embassy: 110 Ataturk Blvd. Ankara, Turkey Tel. 18-62-00	Canada. Possession, jail sentence and expulsion. Trafficking, minimum 7 years, maximum life. U. S. Embassy: 100 Wellington Street Ottawa, Canada Tel. 236-2341
Italy. Possession: Minimum: 3 years and 30,000 lire fine. Maximum: 8 years and 4,000,000 lire fine. U. S. Embassy: Via V. Veneto 119 Rome, Italy Tel. 4674	Germany. Possession, jail sentence or fine. Trafficking, maximum 3 years plus fine. U. S. Embassy: Mehler Avenue 53 Bonn-Bad Godeberg Bonn, Germany Tel. 02229-1955	Jamaica. Possession, prison sentence and fine. Trafficking, maximum 3 years at hard labor. U. S. Embassy: 43 Duke Street Kingston, Jamaica Tel. 26341	United Kingdom. Possession, use, trafficking: maximum 10 years and heavy fine. Possession of small amount for personal use usually punished by a fine or light imprisonment and expulsion. U. S. Embassy: 24/31 Grosvenor Square W.1., London, England Tel. 499-9000	France. Possession, use or trafficking: prison term of 3 months to 5 years and fine. Customs Court will also levy heavy fine. Minimum 3 to 4 months pre-trial confinement. U. S. Embassy: 19, Rue de Franceville Paris, France Tel. Anjou 6440
Iran. Possession, 6 months to 3 years. Trafficking 5 years to death and fine of 3,000 rials per gram. U. S. Embassy: 250 Ave. Takti Jamshid Tehran, Iran Tel. 820091, 825091	Morocco. Possession, 3 months to 5 years and fine. U. S. Embassy: 43 Ave. Allal Ben Abdellah Rabat, Morocco Tel. 30361/62	Israel. Possession, heavy fine and expulsion. Trafficking, maximum 10 years and 5,000 Israeli pounds fine. U. S. Embassy: 71 Hayarkon Street Tel Aviv, Israel Tel. 56171	Netherlands. Possession, fine or 6 months in prison. Trafficking, maximum 4 years. U. S. Embassy: 102 Lange Voorhout The Hague, Netherlands Tel. 62-49-11	Switzerland. Possession, maximum 2 years or fine up to 30,000 francs. Trafficking, maximum 5 years. U. S. Embassy: 93/95 Jubiläumsstrasse Bern, Switzerland Tel. 43 00 11

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emotion to be given full credence only after attaining to a state called "sexual compatibility." Thus it, too, could provide no prior guidance. Accordingly, love has given way to a whole range of even vaguer conditions—such as sexual attraction, personal "need," or even the momentary whim to seek experience—as limiting criteria for sex. She is left, in short, without any orderly or persuasive terms, save those she devises for herself, by which to arrive at any decisions about her conduct as a sexual being.

It is very likely that she will often now know whether she "wishes" to sleep with some man or not—or why, if she should decide in the affirmative in one case, she is entitled to decide in the negative in another. For her it is all so easy: she may in the end decide simply on the basis of which course of action presents the lesser social difficulty. There are occasions on which explaining oneself promises to engender far more of what Simone de Beauvoir would call an unwanted "struggle" than does offering oneself. And conversely, there are other occasions on which refusal, even should her desire be not to refuse, will seem to make matters a good deal simpler for her. The point is that each encounter with a man which contains in it the possibility of sex will be one in which she has full responsibility for herself.

Flirtation, for instance, has become, in an era which offers no sanction to chastity, an activity fraught with consequence. Which is to say, of course, that there is no longer by definition such a thing as real flirtation—whose purpose is to denote a relation between a man and a woman in which each offers full tribute to the presumed erotic attractions of the other, playfully, securely, if need be quite insincerely, freed by the assumption that nothing but conversational pleasure could or was intended to follow from it. The woman who flirts now labors under the consciousness that her behavior might easily be seen as an invitation, that it might, for all she knows, or ought to be an invitation, that it thus carries both for herself and her interlocutor either the possibility of sleeping together or of humiliating one another. She will, in other words, run the risk of being either a prig or a tease. Apart from the serious impoverishment of the everyday relations between men and women wrought by this new load of consciousness—for innocent flirtation has always been one of the mainstays of the peaceable and mutually helpful coexistence of the sexes—women have been prodded by it even further into an altogether inauthentic relation to the nature of their own sexual desires.

Nor, while considerably lessened, does the burden of decision disappear when she marries. Without chastity, marital fidelity, too, becomes a matter of individual responsibility and choice. Such fidelity, in order to be maintained, requires a rationale, a purpose, a justification that each individual marriage must now separately provide. She cannot tell herself that her husband is the only man in the world to whose caresses she can surrender, for her life has al-

ready shown this not to be so. In order to know why she must be a faithful wife, a woman must either define marriage in such a way as to set it off uniquely from all the rest of her experience or she must define herself as a person with her own special reasons, her own private, arbitrary moral feelings or ethical principles vis-à-vis her husband, for conducting herself in a new way. In either case, her exclusive sexual commitment as a wife will be *experienced* as something she has chosen by virtue of her own intention to make a certain kind of marriage or to be, from now on, a certain kind of woman.

Single or married, therefore, the lives of women have suffered certain inner distortion in the sexual revolution. For in seeking to free themselves from an unnaturally constricted relation to their bodies—constricted in the way they were permitted to dress them, to think of them, to feel about them, to experience them, or to bestow them upon the experience of others—women were, perhaps inevitably, led to give their sexuality a false importance. It is no paradox, though it may at first seem to be one, that in an age in which sex had been proclaimed to be as right, as taken for granted, as rain, sexual fulfillment should have taken on the aura of a holy grail. Giving up the harsh impositions of chastity, women took upon themselves an entirely new kind of accountability for their behavior—an accountability, moreover, whose main elements did not flow naturally from their own sexual nature and so had to be extracted from will and consciousness. They undertook the obligations of an impersonal lust they did not feel but only believed in; they set out in quest of a pleasure whose dimensions did not match their own and whose attainment was a willed accomplishment; they rendered up to the realm of active choice that about which they felt little genuine inner pressure to choose. Far from being mere objects—which Women's Liberation claimed the sexual revolution had reinforced their being—women had relinquished a good deal of their former right to trade on their sexual desirability as something apart from themselves. Far from having become merely the more available to men, women's availability or lack of it had now been given over entirely to their discretion. Sex may indeed have become a newly beneficent force in the life of women. It is, however, a force which is anything but taken for granted.

TO A NUNNERY

Has the sexual revolution brought women nothing, then—nothing but the anxieties and puzzlements of a life lived out of touch with one's authentic demands and feelings? Has women's experience of sex been given no richer coloration, opened to no greater release, softened none of their former crippling fastidiousness? Have all those couples working through all those long nights to attune themselves, both, to the special rhythms of her pleasure—all those dutiful

workers in the vineyards of orgasm—been simply duped and deluded, the objects of a vast and not very amusing prank? Who would think confidently and serenely to answer these questions in the affirmative must be very arrogant: as arrogant, indeed, as were the sexual revolutionists who once spoke so confidently in their new scientific wisdom of the universal frigidity and sexual loathing of all the generations of women before them; as arrogant as Women's Liberationists today, who dismiss such things as the relative comfort and good health in the life of modern Western woman as phony. It nevertheless cannot be denied—the much-hailed presence in our midst of busy sexual engineers like Masters and Johnson, the existence of Women's Liberation itself would confirm—that the promised dissolution of all erotic tension and hostility between men and women, the promised resulting happiness and completeness of women particularly, have failed to materialize.

What the new sexual freedom of women has indisputably brought them, however, is . . . new sexual freedom: the freedom of each and every individual woman to have a large hand in the determination of her own sexual conduct and destiny, the freedom to decide very largely for herself what to do, and that other freedom, which is its inevitable concomitant, to entertain the possibility of paying very dearly for her decision.

This condition of freedom Women's Liberation has called enslavement; this state of controlling one's choices Women's Liberation has called being a sexual object. Such an inversion of language bespeaks a rather different message to the world than that ostensibly being brought.

Women's Liberation is indeed nothing less than a demand on the part of those women most completely conditioned by it to repeal the sexual revolution altogether. It is a cry for the right of women to step back, retire, from a disagreeable involvement in, and responsibility for, the terms of sexual equality with men.

The volume and intensity of the hostility to men given utterance by this movement, for instance, go far beyond the bounds of any specific, definite complaint of mistreatment. Men are not charged with insensitivity to the needs of women—the charge which so many male sympathizers with Women's Liberation have been quick to embrace, beating their breasts with confessions of a former benightedness. Men are charged with being outright oppressors, with having made women subservient to their own social and erotic requirements, and what is more, with having duped women, through a conspiracy to warp their natures and twist their minds, into a willing complicity with these requirements. Sex understood as a coming together between two autonomous, consenting adults, male and female, for their mutual pleasure and advantage—however that pleasure and that advantage might be constituted—is said to be an entirely male conception, propagated for the sole

purpose of keeping men sexually supplied. The woman who engages in the effort to make herself sexually attractive to men is not only meeting a demand that she finds unfairly troublesome, she is doing violence, says the movement, to her own humanity. The woman who offers herself without resistance to the opportunity for sexual engagement is not only taking a certain risk with her pride and vanity; she is relinquishing, says the movement, the one small bit of personal power left to her in a transaction that is totally rigged against her, a transaction that is merely the paradigm of her general submission to needs and demands that are not her own.



CERTAIN MEMBERS of the movement—Germaine Greer perhaps most famously—do profess their opposition to the idea that men are the enemy. They do not seek to sever relations with men, runs the argument of these, only to alter them. They do not, they say,

seek to liberate women but to liberate men *and* women from a system of unbalanced heterosexuality that does damage to both. "It is dangerous to eschew sex as a revolutionary tactic," says Miss Greer, "because it is inauthentic and enslaving in the terms in which it is now possible, when sex is the principal confrontation in which new values can be worked out." Men are not necessarily the enemy: only men as they presently, that is, lustingly, heterosexually, are. If women found the means to overcome their own feminine sex role, men would be relieved of the after all burdensome need to play their masculine one. The "new values" to be worked out are to include a pattern of male sexuality relieved of its inconveniently thrusting, active, insistent spirit. Caroline Bird, author of a book called *Born Female*, believes she detects the beginning of such a development already, in a new kind of marriage she calls, approvingly, "androgynous." Many young educated married couples, she says, no longer view themselves as engaging in a traditional barter of his need for sex for her need for protection: "They think of themselves, rather, as companions, carrying the androgynous pattern of school life into marriage, family and work." Men and women can be friends, that is, when both are freed from the depredations of an undifferentiating lust—rather as the rich and poor alike were free to sleep under the bridges in Anatole France's Paris. Thus whether the enmity toward men is thought by Women's Liberationists to be fundamental or accidental—created by historical circumstance and so curable by an alteration in human behavior—this enmity is a basic, one might say founding, passion of the movement.¹

What this passion against men is about, what has aroused it, is quite simple. Though its source is never directly alluded to in any document of the movement that I have seen—one would wager half a lifetime that it is a recurring theme in private discussion and in the meetings devoted to consciousness-raising—the evidence is lying all about, unmistakable. Women's Liberationists do not wish to be free to bestow themselves sexually upon men. In being so, they have lost the sense of their peculiar womanly power to control the terms of the relations between them and have in exchange for that sense of power received nothing of any truly central value to them. In pronouncing men to be the enemy, they are expressing the wish to return to that state in which, or so they imagine, men were the enemy—the fabled beasts whose lusts brought women suffering and death—and women were protected by the moral imperative to struggle against them.

The renewed impulse to sororal solidarity, by whatever name it is called and in accordance with whatever political principles it is expressed, hearkens to a world in which women are once more banded together to protect themselves and one another from being taken advantage of. As a free person, each woman ventured out from under her mother's roof and into the path of sexual encounters whose consequences she was left alone to bear. As conscious members of a special human caste, or as the movement prefers to call it, "class," women would be able to return to their own chaste society there to reimpose their own collective sense of reality.

And in this connection it is interesting to note that the medieval institution of chivalry, with its exalted, if narrow, ideal of reverence for, and service of, womanhood, took its rise and flourished in times when the housekeeping and child-bearing trade was not the only occupation open to women; when, on the contrary, they had, in the religious life, an alternative career, equally honoured with, if not more honoured than, marriage; and when it was not considered essential to the happiness and well-being of every individual woman to pair off, after the fashion of the animals going into the ark. Whatever the drawbacks of conventional life . . . it was a flat defiance of the theory that she came into the world only to marry and reproduce her kind; it acknowledged and admitted the im-

portance of her individual life and conduct; in short, it recognized her as something besides a wife and a mother, and gave her other claims to respect than that capacity for reproduction which she shared with the other animals. (Cicely Hamilton: *Marriage as a Trade*)

There is on the face of it something laughable about speaking of the medieval convent in connection with a movement so profoundly secular, so up-to-the-minute and bold as Women's Liberation. Nevertheless, as it happens, the convent bears a not so very outlandish resemblance to some of the Liberationists' dreams of a future collective existence for women. Women's communes, for instance, of which there are already a certain number in existence, could be worse understood than by analogy to it.



AR MORE necessary, of course, to a proper understanding of this movement—and, most particularly, of its attitudes to men—are the place in and influence on its ideology of lesbianism. For some strange reason, even critics of Women's Liberation have found this issue

a rather touchy one and have gone to almost inconceivable lengths to avoid it. Take the example of one of the movement's most enthusiastically received propaganda pieces, the book called *Sexual Politics* by Kate Millett. As practically no literate American needs by now to be informed, Kate Millett set out in this study to illustrate the ways in which male supremacist (or, in the recently more popular terms, "male chauvinist" or "sexist") feelings and ideas about women had been woven into the fabric of our literary culture. The four main objects of her analysis were works of Freud, Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence, and Norman Mailer. Her specific assertions and points of attack—of a vulgarity² almost not to be credited in this age of mass higher education—are in this particular discussion beside the point. What is to the point, however, is that *Sexual Politics* closes with a chapter on Jean Genet which is intended to show that the higher truth about our sexual condition is to be found in his work—along with that of the Marquis de Sade, perhaps the most fervent apotheosis of buggery in the history of literature.

¹Many people will no doubt be surprised to discover that it was one of the major strains of early feminism—perhaps the most militant strain, whose slogan in England, for instance, was "Votes for Women and Purity for Men." One of the leading spokesmen for militant feminism around the turn of the century was Charlotte Perkins Gilman, a woman whose theory was that their dependence on husbands for support had, through the processes of natural selection, left them in a condition of exaggerated sexual development. (She was also, it is fascinating to note, to characterize Freudian psychoanalysis as a solemnly phrased version of phallus worship.) I mention the historical parallel here not because it is of any overriding significance in itself but simply as an illustration of the way certain central implications of the movements for women's rights have always tended to be overlooked in the popular consciousness of what these movements were actually about—even from the very beginning.

²One typical example will suffice. She speaks of the story of Adam and Eve, among other things, in her quaint view, "a narrative of how humanity invented sexual intercourse." In the course of her analysis she observes: "Adam is forbidden to eat of the fruit of life or of the knowledge of good and evil, the warning states explicitly what should happen if he tastes of the latter: 'in that day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.' He eats but fails to die (at least in the story), from which one might infer that the serpent told the truth." That such a mode and level of apprehending a text should have been treated by critics with anything but hoots of derision is a tribute to the power of the movement.

If anyone noticed this singular fact about Miss Millett's analysis—about what it might be thought to reflect on her previously expressed attitudes or on her views of women in general—he did not say. Her subsequent public announcement of her homosexuality—called, in current parlance, her “coming out”—made before a public meeting and reported on in the underground press, was allowed to take the world by considerable surprise—and considerable well-earned embarrassment. Other lesbians in the movement were more outspoken to begin with, sometimes offering themselves as case studies of oppression at the hands of society and its legal system, sometimes revealing their proclivities through the more indirect medium of poetry.

It is difficult to say just how large a contingent of lesbians has been exerting influence on and through Women's Liberation. One's impression is that it is quite large. And however large or small to begin with, certainly the movement promises to provide it with a rich new source of recruitment. But it is not so much in and of themselves that lesbians are an important constituency of Women's Liberation; it is rather in their guise as an advance guard for the movement's more general and more generalized rebellion against the enforcements of heterosexuality. Women's Liberation, that is, represents a demand for the return to female chastity.



OW, a straightforward return to chastity is reactionary. No more than any other species of radicals in our time can Women's Liberation advocate the course of reaction except by declaring it the more truly revolutionary. The refusal of sex, therefore, is

most often proclaimed in the name of a larger, freer, and “better” sexuality. The loathing of the going terms of a woman's independent sexual confrontation with a man is most often expressed as a determination—in the language of Anne Koedt, author of “The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm”—“to open up the whole question of *human* sexual relationships beyond the confines of the present male-female role system.” Here, lesbianism has been crucial. The flight from men can be seen not as a reversion but as a daring step forward if it hints at, and, as is often the case, if it actually results in making common cause with the sexually outlawed, with the supposedly forbidden or shocking (though the “shock” of female homosexuality is in all likelihood a response far more restricted to the lesbians themselves, and no doubt to their mothers, than they are pleased to suppose). Whether she is a lesbian or not, the main issue for the true Women's Liberationist is to create some

ground on which she need not, in her own eyes, be a willing and cooperative, giving and participating partner in a common, everyday, sexual enterprise. Homosexuality provides, far more than an actual, physical opportunity to do so, a very useful ideological underpinning for dispensing with men.

Aside from the strictly anatomical reasons why women might equally seek other women as lovers, there is a fear on men's part that women will seek the company of other women on a full, human basis. The establishment of clitoral orgasm as fact would threaten the heterosexual *institution*. (Anne Koedt: “The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm”)

What is referred to in this passage as the fear on men's part is actually a projection of the wishes of Liberationist women—that the “full, human” company of women together become something men might have good reason to fear. Hence the curious notion that the clitoral orgasm has yet to be established “as fact.” Despite the claims of the movement that the clitoral orgasm is the crux of a Freudian conspiracy to repress true female sexuality, neither this organ nor its capacity for pleasure has exactly been held in total abscondence from the consciousness of the ordinary nonscientific world. Most men seem to be agreeably aware of it; even pornographers, those blackened degraders of womanly selfhood, have by and large managed to take it in stride. By setting it against some putative male conspiracy for keeping women bemused with the chimera of vaginal orgasm, the movement is not simply reclaiming the charm and virtue of the clitoris as a sex organ; it is taking a necessary step in renouncing the intervention of men without, at the same time, appearing to be retrograde.

The clitoral orgasm is a masturbatory orgasm, produced by one or another means of external manipulation. Like any masturbatory gratification, it allows for, indeed depends upon, the absolute erotic passivity of the one who experiences it—even though this might tend to get confused by the fact that frequently the one who experiences it is also the one who produces it, split quite sharply, for the purposes of masturbation, into the actor and the acted upon. A woman (or a man) who prefers to confine herself to the attainment of what is essentially a masturbatory pleasure is a woman intent on making herself, in the only meaningful sense of the term, a complete sexual object. Thus for a woman to be an object, sexually speaking, means not that she has submitted to the penis but that she has escaped it, either spiritually or in fact.

Why should Women's Liberation have spent so much energy decrying the status of women as objects when its own analysis of what women need and must from henceforth demand points to exactly the opposite—that is, the kind of sexual pleasure that precisely objectifies them? The answer is that the entire discussion of orgasm is merely a symbolic representation, a stand-in, for the movement's real impulses

with respect to the problem of women and sex. The absurd crudity of its anthropohistorical theory—that from 12,000 B.C. to 8000 B.C. free women roamed the earth like a band of sexual marauders and had to be reined in so that male civilization might proceed—serves not as a scientific grounding but as a kind of subtle apologetics: when we were not being forced, the theory implies, to enter into full-blown, humanly direct relation with individual men, we had available to us a powerful lust of our own. The emphasis on the autoerotic or homoerotic pleasures denied women by a male culture intent on exploiting them (at one Women's Liberation demonstration young women were seen carrying placards on which was scrawled the motto "Don't fuck—masturbate") is not meant to set the scene for some sexual utopia of the future, but rather to drive an ideological wedge for the counterrevolution that Women's Liberation truly means to make. The fundamental impulse of the movement is neither masturbatory nor concretely lesbian, though it of course offers warm houseroom to both these possibilities; it is an impulse to maidenhood, to that condition in which a woman might pretend to a false fear or loathing of the penis in order to escape from any responsibility for the pleasure and well-being of the man who possesses it. Far from wishing not to be objects, the Liberationists appear

to be looking forward to the time when they can, freely and usefully, *become* objects—when, that is, they can once again control the use of their own bodies in the driving of a bargain with men that will seem better to them than the one they now have. This, too, I suppose, is a kind of freedom, but not at all the kind for which manifestos are drawn and banners raised. "Women," said Una Stannard, "are not free *not* to be sexy." The freedom not to be sexy is the freedom not to be free when one does not wish to be, or, to put it the other way around, to enjoy a publicly approved, culturally sanctioned right to be chaste. This right may be secured in one of two ways: by sequestering women or by taking the cutting edge off men. A number of Liberationists more brutally prefer the first; a number of others, for reasons of style perhaps, prefer the second, referring to the process by such dignified names as "the new values" or "the new androgynous life-style."

In any case, sexual freedom has become a burden to Women's Liberation. It is burdensome not so much because of women's difficulty with the performance of its specifics as because of the larger entanglements it represents: a life in hostage to the rhythms of time and mortality, to the needs and thus the ephemerality of flesh, and to the risks of making oneself available to the demands of others. □

SHORT ONE TO THE CUCKOO

No one now imagines you answer idle questions
—*How long shall I live? How long remain single?*
Will butter be cheaper?—nor does your shout make
husbands uneasy.

Compared with arias by the great performers
such as the merle, your two-note act is kid-stuff:
our most hardened crooks are sincerely shocked by
your nesting habits.

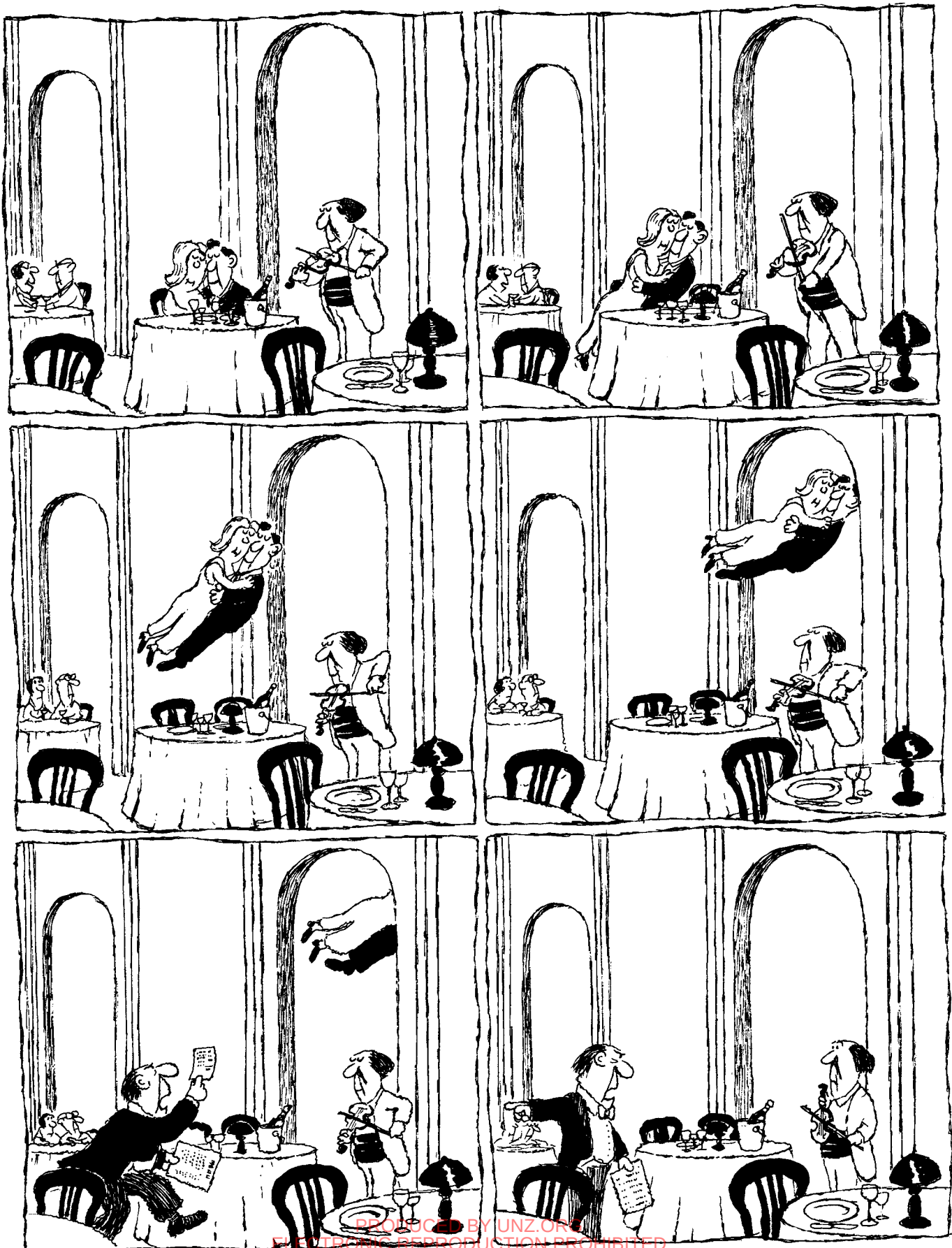
Science, Aesthetics, Ethics, may huff and puff but they
cannot extinguish your magic: you marvel
the commuter as you wondered the savage.
Hence, in my diary,

where I normally enter nothing but social
engagements and, lately, the death of friends, I
scribble year after year when I first hear you,
of a holy moment.

by W. H. Auden

THE LAST LAUGH

by Fernando Krahn



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395. Ariel and Crossing the Water Sylvia Plath (2 Volumes counts as one). Combined Publ. Price, \$10.90	487. Citizen Kane Charles McCarron
268. Duke! Richard Collier. Publ. Price, \$12.50	494. Body Time Gay Gaer Luce.
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215. The 12-Year Reich Richard Grunberger. Publ. Price, \$10.00	505. Cole Robert Kimball (Counts as two).
143. The Rocky Coast Rachel Carson. Publ. Price, \$6.95	507. The New City of Greek Mythology Catherine B. Averil
355. Ibsen, A Biography Michael Meyer. Publ. Price, \$12.95	511. Poe Poe Poe Daniel Hoffman.
102. Stories and Prose Poems	

196. Crisis in the Classroom
Charles E. Silberman
Publ. Price, \$10.00

328. The Citizen Kane Book
Pauline Kael, Herman J. Mankiewicz & Orson Welles.
Publ. Price, \$15.00

395. Ariel and Crossing the Water
Sylvia Plath (2 Volumes counts as one).
Combined Publ. Price, \$10.90

268. Duce!
Richard Collier. Publ. Price, \$12.50

035. The Myth of the Machine: Technics and Human Development
Lewis Mumford. Publ. Price, \$12.00

215. The 12-Year Reich
Richard Grunberger.
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GREEN DAYS AND PHOTOJOURNALISM, AND THE OLD MAN IN THE ROOM

by Michael J. Arlen

At *Life*, in the halcyon days, an apprentice reporter could encounter Henry Luce in his private elevator, and wind up with Margaret Bourke-White on assignment in the jungle.

I went to work for *Life* in the summer of 1952. I was twenty-one years old, just out of college (where I had majored indistinctly in Greek and Latin, and had stumbled my way through the usual writing courses), and felt that it was about time I had a job. It was June. My classmates were all being drafted, or were trying to shove themselves into graduate schools, or were getting married—often all three things at the same time. I had a rickety deferment of sorts through the Massachusetts National Guard, which I suspected wouldn't last, or last for very long. But I had a wondrous belief in my own invisibility—to the Army or to anyone else—and besides I too wanted to get married, or thought I did on the afternoon I went to see the personnel man at *Life*.

Life was in the "old building" then—one of the original gray-slab Leggo chunks of Rockefeller Center, currently occupied by General Dynamics. There was a wood-carved Mayan bird over the main entrance, which emitted weird whistling sounds on the hour—a demented tropical cuckoo clock—and a large marble information booth in the center of the lobby, called the "fishbowl," where Time-Life people used to meet before going to lunch. I thought it all very grand. In the corridor outside the personnel office, lean purposeful men in white button-down shirts, gray trousers—striped ties loosened, shirt sleeves rolled up—strode back and forth, carrying important-looking things under their arms. Mr. Bermingham,

who was in charge of hiring—and presumably firing—seemed undismayed by my lack of journalistic experience; at any rate not visibly dismayed. He said that I might eventually find a place for myself there as a writer. He said that they had their own approach to journalism anyway. He asked if I had any special feeling for picture journalism. Oh yes! I said loudly, in my most positive manner. He seemed reassured, if not by much.

I began work as a reporter-trainee, which is to say that I was one notch above the mailroom, and decidedly one notch below reporting. For the most part, I shuffled and sorted thousands of pictures. *Life* received virtually all the wire-service pictures each week, and it was my job to sort them out according to departments—National, Foreign, Sports, Medicine—and take them around to the various reporter-researchers. I'd also gather up the old pictures, for which I was given a supermarket cart; and periodically I'd make courier trips to the airports for incoming packets of film from the overseas bureaus.

There were two of us on the job. Sid Paul, the other trainee, had been there first, about a week before me (since some of the men and women in this story are still at work, in a number of instances I have given them other names). He was a few years older than I—thin, crew-cutted, with a moustache, which was rare in those days. He had had, clearly, substantial journalistic experience, and made it a point always to carry a reporter's notebook with him "in case something should turn up." He advised me to do the same, which I did for a few days, except that nothing turned up. Sid confided that he was on the edge of breaking "a big gangster story," although he would settle for lesser stuff in the meantime. I remember him coming in, as usual about forty-five minutes late—tossing his raincoat over the desk, joining me briefly at the picture-sorting counter. "Can you handle the pictures for a while," he'd say. "I

have a story idea I want to get into Carter." Carter was the soberly efficient young man in charge of the National Affairs reporters—or Newsfront, as it was called. Sid would flail away at the typewriter for a while, then hand me what he had written. "It's the tallest TV tower in the East," Sid would say. "It's a natural for Morse. I'm suggesting they use a helicopter and try for a full page."

I admired Sid Paul enormously. He knew all the ropes, all the tricks. He knew who Ralph Morse was. He could see *Life* stories in TV towers. Also he had a girl, and not just any old college girl—a girl called Francie, who, according to Sid, was secretly very wealthy, but worked in a nightclub in order to see how real people lived. I no longer had a girl, or was breaking up with mine, and was firmly convinced I would never find another. When Sid wasn't making me feel dim with his stories about TV towers, he was driving me mad with tales of Francie. "Guess what?" he'd say breathlessly, arriving at eleven in the morning, the pictures already shuffled. "Francie told me she was going to see her mother last night, but I followed her and . . ." "You what?" I said. "I followed her, and she went to a restaurant where she met this gangster, this old guy. I know he's a gangster. A big car. Rings all over his fingers. You know the type." "Oh yes," I said. Then: "I'm going to kill her," he'd say thoughtfully. "You're what?" "I'm going to kill her," he'd say. "What would you do?" "Oh, I'd probably do the same," I said. Sid picked up a couple of wire-service pictures off the Newsfront pile. "Hey," he said. "These ought to be going to Sports. They're doing a big takeout on politicians and athletes." "They are?" I said. "Sure," said Sid. "Kauffman is shooting in California." He gathered up the pictures and sauntered off. "Hi, Mait!" he called to an older and rather distinguished-looking man who was walking by. Maitland Edey was the assistant managing editor, I knew that much. "Hi, Sid," said Mait.

Life was a friendly, first-name sort of place, whose physical layout then was somewhere between that of a well-scrubbed newspaper office and a conservative ad agency. The Newsfront reporters worked in an open area, a "bullpen," as did the reporters in a few of the larger departments, such as Foreign and Entertainment. Writers and editors had small, wood-desk, linoleum-floor offices, which were virtually never kept closed. Sometimes, on a deadline night, a Newsfront writer might close his door. But that was only in an emergency. For the most part, the doors were always open. Everyone sauntered in and out. Everyone was pals.

In August, Sid Paul was promoted to full-fledged reporter in the Military Affairs department. We still saw each other a certain amount—lunches where Sid would fill me in on his various enterprises, and on his still tangled relationship with Francie. But clearly a professional gulf now existed between us.

"Just a minute, I have Admiral Vance on the horn," Sid would say as I stopped by his office. "It's rather top secret." I had been shuffling the wire-service pictures and pushing the damn supermarket cart for three months now, and was beginning to feel depressed about it—as if I had been hired and retired without having had a job in between.

Then, one day, Tom Cavanaugh, a Newsfront reporter, mentioned that he'd heard there was going to be a reporter vacancy in one of the departments. He didn't know which one. You ought to speak to Marian about it, he said—Marian being Marian MacPhail, chief of the Reporting staff, a kindly, bluff lady, daughter of Larry MacPhail, the sports impresario.

I went to see her after lunch, was in fact milling around outside her office, making chitchat with her secretary, Susan O'Reilly, a serious, square-shouldered girl from California who had nearly made the Olympics in the backstroke, and trying to arrange an appointment, which I thought would be the proper way to conduct such important business. "What in hell are you doing out there?" bellowed Marian. "If you want to see me, come in. If you don't, go away." I went on in, and muttered my information about the new vacancy. "It's in the Religion department," Marian said. "Do you want it?" It all seemed part of a subtle and ironic scheme—first the supermarket cart, now the Religion department, one of the classic backwaters of America's great weekly picture magazine. Still, it was a step up from picture-shuffling. "OK," I said. Marian looked at me. "What in hell do you want to do that for?" "Well," I said in my most mature and corporate manner, "it's a small department and I figure I'll have a lot of responsibility." I had apparently struck a key chord. "Responsibility," Marian said. "Well, I'm certainly pleased to hear *that*. I'll speak to Bill about it." She stood up. "It's not Newsfront, but I guess it has its merits. First, it's small all right, so you can do things pretty much your own way. Secondly, it's something Mr. Luce is interested in." She added: "I don't know whether that's a help or not."

The Religion department of *Life* was indeed a small, a very small office, tucked away beside a lot of other very small offices on the twenty-eighth floor—the floor below Newsfront and Foreign and most of the important people. Two wood desks. One window. A bookshelf crammed with dusty books. Papers and files all tumbled about. And at the desk by the window—the editor of the Religion department, Bill Thornton.

The instant Thornton and I met each other, we must have felt a mutual sense of dismay, although his I think was the more pronounced, and certainly the more plausible. Thornton was a Texan, but perhaps not most people's idea of a conventional Texan. At first meeting he seemed kindly, confused, soft-spoken, vaguely intellectual, and Catholic, a combination of qualities which had apparently resulted in

his being stuffed into the Religion department—clearly not the flagship department of the magazine. Doubtless, Thornton had counted on his new reporter being one of the recently hired hotshots from upstairs—some enterprising, aggressive, and orderly fellow such as Sid Paul, who would rescue him from his own disorder, and rescue his department from neglect. Instead, he had me. Not yet twenty-two years old. Probably wearing my J. Press brown suit, which was several sizes too small for me, but which I had found very natty at college and now wore nearly every day to the office. My hair fairly long, at least a good bit longer than anyone else had theirs. “I’m glad you’re getting here now,” he said, with obvious uncertainty. “The last fellow had to leave suddenly, and we have a big story about to close.” “That’s good,” I said, still trying to sound positive. Thornton smiled thinly. I smiled. “I think I better tell you,” I said, “that I’ve never closed a story before.” For a moment, Thornton looked sad. Then he recovered. “Oh,” he said. “Well, I *am* glad you told me. Yes. Well. It’s pretty simple. You’ll learn it fast enough. First off,” he said brightly, “I need you to go and interview a couple of people.” “Fine,” I said helpfully. “I’d like to do that. I’ve never interviewed anyone before.”

In the end it didn’t work out too badly, although I was scared as hell about the interviews. Norman Vincent Peale was one. Billy Graham was another. And Father Robert Gannon, who had once been head of Fordham but was now at St. Ignatius on Eighty-fourth Street, was the third. Peale and Graham went OK—they were smooth old pros, and I think if a neighborhood dachshund had shown up with notebook and pencil he would have emerged with a presentable statement from either man. The story, in fact, was on the subject of preaching, and preachers. “Twelve Great Spellbinders,” *Life* called it when it appeared. Portraits by Alfred Eisenstaedt. My job was to pick up a couple of hundred words of “background” from the three remaining Spellbinders, which could be used by Bill Thornton for his “text-blocks,” which ran alongside the pictures.

First, I had tea with Dr. Peale, who talked about interior goodness. Then, twenty minutes in a hotel suite with Dr. Graham, who spoke about the virtues of young people. Father Gannon was a bit more difficult, because he was a bright, impatient man, who seemed clearly more aware than the others that he was wasting his time on a young nitwit and a blather story. Also, heady from my relative successes with the Peale and Graham interviews—at least they hadn’t thrown me out—I had decided to vary and develop my newfound reportorial manner so as to give my next subject, Gannon, some of the benefits of my gifts. Thus *I* did most of the talking, or at any rate a whole lot of it. At the end, Gannon led me to the door. “I’ve certainly enjoyed our conversation,” he

said. A great compliment, I thought. I went back to *Life* and wrote it up. “What the hell is *this*?” Thornton said the next day. “Fr. Robert Gannon, S.J., expressed interest in your views on the ecumenical movement. Is this what I really see before me? Do I see it with my own eyes? Tell me no. Please tell me no.” Thornton was evidently flipping out. I must help him more, I thought.

Thornton himself went off to do another interview of Gannon, which was probably good for him, it being the first time he had been out of the office on a story in several years. The Eisenstaedt pictures had already been taken, processed, contacted, printed—were lying in piles on the spare chair and filing cabinets. The story was then ready to close—that mysterious and dreaded process.

“Spellbinders’ is closing tomorrow,” said Thornton one afternoon. Casual. Very professional. The captain takes command of his ship. Gone were the vagueness and disorder—only to be replaced, I discovered, by a gentle malaise of anxiety and worry. The next morning we were scheduled to show the pictures—with a commentary by the reporter, me—to Ed Thompson, the managing editor. Big Ed. The brusque, roughhewn managing editor from the Midwest, who had been hired a few years back to rescue *Life* from its too extensive dabbings in Culture and move it into News. Ed Thompson didn’t give a damn about the Renaissance Man series. Ed Thompson smoked cigars all day long. He swore aloud. He had been a colonel in the Air Force. He was the best damn picture man in the country, said hotshot News-front reporters admiringly.

“Are you sure you have all the pictures?” Thornton kept asking. “Better bring the contact sheets. Do you have the contact sheets? Do you have them in the right order?” Yes, I said. I was a bit offended by his anxiety. “What order?” he asked. I showed him. “OK,” he said distractedly. Then: “You have the research, right?” “Do I bring it with me?” I asked. “For God’s sake, *no*,” said Thornton. “You’re supposed to *know* it. Look,” he said, “it’s very simple. We go in to Thompson’s office. You start spreading out the pictures. You tell him who is in the pictures. Say it’s Billy Graham. You spread out the Billy Graham pictures. You tell him what Graham is doing in the pictures. You explain to him—from the research you already know—what relevance Billy Graham has to the story.” “Easy enough,” I said. I then stayed up half the night memorizing the research. We were going to be a great team.

The next morning at ten-thirty, Thornton and I went into Ed Thompson’s office. It was an enormous office—model airplanes on the large desk. Award plaques on the wall. One whole wall was covered with cork, and future *Life* covers were pinned to it; layouts; graphs. Thompson, a large man in a white shirt, sleeves rolled up, a rumpled look, a roundish face, was seated at a table beneath the cork wall, looking through color slides. He turned around.

"Hello," he said gruffly. "What do you have there?" Thornton stepped forward. "It's the twelve Spellbinders," he said, as if bearing gifts. "Jesus!" said Thompson. I was slightly in back of Thornton, holding a couple of hundred eight-by-ten enlargements. Thompson glanced at me briefly. "Hello," he said. "Let's see those." He reached for the pictures. For some reason, I held them back. Hadn't Thornton told me to spread them out? Thompson reached again. I clutched the pictures tightly. A strange expression came over Thompson's face. Suddenly I lunged forward, past him, and began spreading out my pictures all over his desk. "We start with Dr. Norman Vincent Peale . . ." I said. "I don't give a damn about Peale!" said Thompson. "We start with Dr. Norman Vincent Peale," I repeated. "Give me those pictures!" said Thompson. "Dr. Peale is presently chief pastor at the Marble Collegiate Church." I began, "at Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. He is one of the most notable . . ." "Will you give me those god-damn pictures!" Thompson yelled, leaping out of his chair and grabbing at the remaining prints, which started falling to the floor between us. He sat down again. There was silence. "Jesus H. Christ!" said Ed Thompson, the best picture man in America. "Ed, if you like, I can give you a brief rundown," said Bill Thornton, who was down on the floor picking up the fallen prints. Thompson stared at me. He was still clutching about fifty of the pictures to his chest, a prize dearly won. He started to hand them back to me, then thought better of it. "OK," he said. He seemed quite out of breath. "Just leave them here. I'll look at them later." He picked up his cigar. "Come on," said Thornton, and led me out. "You said to spread them out," I reminded him. We were back in our tiny office. One of the messengers brought in the new issue of *Jubilee*, the national Catholic weekly. Bill Thornton was staring moodily out the window. "Sometimes you have to be more flexible," he said.

In the six months or so that I worked for him, I never got to know much of Bill Thornton. He was generally friendly and easygoing when we weren't doing anything, which was most of the time; and friendly and worried on the periodic occasions when we were called into action. "Mait needs a page and two halves." Bill would say, rushing back into the office after some late-afternoon summons from upstairs. "What do we have that's ready? Worker Priests? The Argentinian Bishop?" "How about The Prophet Jones?" I suggested. "Father Divine meets The Prophet Jones. We assigned it last week." "Golly, we did?" Bill would grab up the picture folder and tear back upstairs—then back to the office. "OK," he'd announce dramatically—Hearst's star rewrite man—"I'm set to write. Feed me the research!" "Do you want some coffee, Bill?" I'd ask, always helpful. Bill was already typing from the few pages of research onto the special ruled paper that *Life* writers used in order to gauge their text-blocks accu-

ately. "I'd better not," he said. "I'm pretty stimulated as it is."

It was nearly spring. I continued in the Religion department. Thornton was working, not very surreptitiously, on an original (and unsolicited) screenplay about oil wildcatters. "It's speculative, of course," he would say. "But I think it's a natural for Walter Huston." Our department was in receipt of a few scattered stories, mostly on Southern revival groups and submitted by bureaus, and was engaged long-term on a dim and grandiose scheme about the Shroud of Turin, which required extensive cabling between Don Whitfield in the Rome bureau and myself and not much else.

My colleagues upstairs in Newsfront all seemed to be involved in distant and fine-sounding projects. Tom Cavanaugh was in Boston on a story about MIT. Bill Loomis had gone all the way to Detroit with Peter Stackpole, who was photographing the new car models. Sid Paul had departed for the Chicago bureau—a definite promotion. I, and Thornton, were clearly as far out of the mainstream as ever.

Then one day I ran into Mr. Luce in the elevator. This was not supposed to happen. No one was supposed to run into Mr. Luce in the elevator. In fact, a special elevator was set aside for him, and when he appeared within the building, the elevator door would be unlocked and opened, Mr. Luce ushered inside, the doors closed, and off he would whoosh to the silences and grandeurs of the thirty-third floor. But this one day, tearing back late from lunch as usual, I rushed through the lobby, glimpsed an elevator door closing, lunged past the starter, and there I was inside, the doors closing after me, the elevator in motion, with this tall, spectacled, balding gentleman, who appeared to be scowling and staring at the floor.

Presently he looked at me. Probably he thought that if he looked at me hard enough I would go away. I recognized our founder. The editor in chief. "Hello, Mr. Luce," I mumbled, or something like it, attempting to combine my best party manners with Time-Life camaraderie. "Who are *you*?" he asked. I told him. "Where do you work?" he asked. "The *Life* Religion department," I said. "Religion, eh?" he said, brightening for the first time. "Lot of big stories in religion," he said. I nodded. He looked at me. "You have any?" I don't know what prompted me to say anything at that point but no, which was the truth, not counting the Argentine priest and a nun's rock collection in Georgia. I said, quite wildly: "Yes. We're planning a big essay on the Jesuits." Luce stared again at me, and I realized why I had said it: two days ago I had come across a large photograph in the *Times* of Mr. Henry Luce and an important Jesuit monsignor chatting together at a theological gathering. The elevator started slowing down—my floor. Luce suddenly reached out and grasped my

arm. "I'm glad to hear that," he said solemnly. "There's a great story there." The doors opened and I lurched out. "Keep up the good work!" the founder called.

Back in the office, Thornton, as was his habit lately, was pacing the floor behind his desk—an area of about five square feet—declaiming tentative oil wildcatter's dialogue. There were several boxes of colored slides on my desk. "Shroud of Turin," said Thornton. "Whitfield may be onto something. Send him an encouraging cable." Thornton continued his pacing. "What do you think of the Jesuits as an essay?" I asked. "The Jesuits?" said Thornton. "What have they done lately? You have to remember that this is a news magazine." I began peering through the color slides. Thornton sat down and started typing. The phone rang. "Yes," he said. "Right away," he said. His aide-de-camp voice. He scooted out of his desk toward the door. "Ed," he said. "Probably wants to look at the Argentine priest layout. Make sure it's ready." In about ten minutes he was back. I had the Argentine priest layout ready for him. "I don't want that," he said. He seemed quite red in the face, whether from anger or excitement of some sort I couldn't tell. "Ed told me that he had just had a phone call from Mr. Luce. He said that Mr. Luce was very interested in our essay on the Jesuits. Ed, too, is very interested in our essay on the Jesuits." He paused. "Do we have an essay on the Jesuits?" I told him no. I told him what had happened. "I see," he said. "Well, I told Ed that it was 'in the works.' But I think you'd better do something on it pretty soon. You know, preliminary research. A script. They'll never assign it."

I did what Thornton suggested. I read a book about the Jesuits—a quite interesting popular biography by René Fülöp-Miller, which I found in the Time-Life library. I went to one of the local Jesuit offices and obtained a lot of pamphlets which told about the various Jesuit enterprises around the country—notable teachers, picturesque seminaries. I even spoke with a couple of Jesuits—one, a solemn, smooth-talking young man who intoned endlessly about the Jesuit retreat movement, and what a help it was to businessmen; the other, an elderly, bumptious Irishman called Duffy, who had been a missionary most of his life, and spoke glowingly of good works in far-off places.

"Ed asked me again about the Jesuit thing," said Thornton. "Better do the script. And play up the retreat movement. I was on one once. It was very inspiring."

I wrote the script that weekend—labored over it. Cups of coffee. Torn-up beginnings. I dredged a preamble out of the Fülöp-Miller book: the historic role of the Jesuits, their importance now, and so forth. I listed the various picturable enterprises they were up to, which was difficult, since most of them involved teaching. Of Father Hagerty, the eminent Tulane astronomer, I suggested that we take him out to Lake

Pontchartrain on a "moon-drenched night" (I believe that was the phrase) and photograph him beneath the stars. Of Dr. Spaulding, the California geologist, I suggested that we photograph him on a field trip in the Sierras. There were worker-priests in Philadelphia. A Jesuit vineyard north of San Francisco. A labor negotiator in Texas. I threw in a long thing on the retreat movement, which sounded deadly. Also seminaries. Toward the end—it was late at night—I remembered Father Duffy and his missions. I described Jesuits plying the shark-infested waters off Fiji in their sailing canoe. I described Jesuits hiking over the mountains of Central America, ministering to the chicle workers of Honduras. I described Father Archibald, the Alaskan missionary, taxiing his single-engine Cessna across the frozen tundra. I turned it in. One copy to Thornton, another to Ray Mackland, the assignment chief.

"It's certainly long," Thornton said distractedly. "What do you think we're running here—'True Adventure'? Anyway," he said, "that's done with." General silence. Cables from Whitfield in Rome expressing gratitude at our cables of encouragement. Cables from Whitfield requesting five thousand dollars in order to bribe one of the Knights of Malta. And so forth. One day, a phone call from Mackland's secretary: "Isn't there any place closer than Fiji where Father what's-his-name does, uh, you know . . . ?" I said I didn't think so. Silence. One afternoon a senior editor stopped me in the hall. "I hear you have a big story going on the Vatican or something," he said. Silence. Then, one evening, one Saturday, when I was home, the phone rang. It was Marian MacPhail. "I don't know what this is all about," she said, "and I certainly don't approve, but Margaret Bourke-White is flying in here Monday from California, and on Wednesday I gather you and she are going to some damn place in Central America. You better get a passport and your shots."

I did. And we left on Wednesday, a night flight on a DC-6 to New Orleans; and for a few weeks, almost two months, life was finally absolutely perfectly all that I had ever wanted it to be—as I look back on it, a sort of delayed schoolboy dream of adventure, travel, excitement, even professionalism.

In the few days before leaving New York, Thornton seemed more distracted than ever. For one thing, I think he was having trouble with his agent—he had recently acquired an agent—over the oil wildcatters screenplay. I don't know what the other things were. "Don't overlook the retreat movement," he said. "And make sure you get the captions right." My colleagues at Newsfront were full of expert advice. Tom Cavanaugh counseled me on the expense account. Jim Phillips had once had stomach trouble while on a story in Baltimore; he advised me not to eat anything while I was out of the country. Bill Loomis, and indeed all of them, commiserated on my having

Bourke-White as a traveling companion. I had never met Bourke-White. She had been traveling with a band of South Korean guerrillas recently, and had been resting up from that experience in California. Her nerves had been badly shaken in Korea, according to reports. She had been taken out of Seoul on a stretcher, someone said. My friends, however, seemed less concerned with her health than mine. "She'll work you to death," said Loomis. "All you ever do on a Bourke-White story is lug cameras. She has five cameras for every picture, and she shoots ten rolls of film for each frame they use. It's a real bitch of a job." I didn't know what he was talking about—a real bitch of a job. Clearly that was the professional view. I said that I wouldn't let her push me around. I didn't say what I thought: that it sounded like the best deal I'd ever had, and that I'd have gladly carried Bourke-White herself in order to go on it.

We met at the *Life* photo lab, just before leaving for the airport. Camera cases and equipment all over the floor. Bourke-White was a handsome woman, graying hair. She wore a peasant skirt, I remember, and was alternately worrying at and joking with two lab technicians who were trying to fix a tripod. Her manner to me was polite, almost formal at first, and enthusiastic about the story. "I think this is going to be fascinating," she said. "I want to know everything there is about the Jesuits."

The plan was that we would spend a few days in New Orleans, photographing the Tulane astronomer, and others, before heading down to Belize in British Honduras. Early summer in New Orleans. Hot, steamy—the first time I had been there. I was constantly excited—rushing between shooting dates to bars and jazz places, tearing around the tiny French Quarter as if the next turn in the street would doubtless reveal the never-revealed but always anticipated depravity of the city.

Bourke-White, I thought, was terrific. In the first place, she was intent on the Jesuit story, and so I didn't have to sell her on an idea that I was only dimly familiar with myself. In the sec-

Margaret Bourke-White

ond place (or maybe in the first place, after all), although she was then probably twice my age, she was nonetheless a striking figure—quite dashing, full of energy, and really very nice. She had been everywhere. She seemed interested in everything. Having a drink with Bourke-White at the Roosevelt after work seemed, in fact, a hell of a lot more fun than having a drink with Ralph Morse, or even with Alfred Eisenstaedt. She was also, evidently, a woman who had gone far in what was then very much a man's world by energy and skill, as well as by a very definite ability at handling men. She would take a great lump of a Jesuit, sitting in his chair in a university, and somehow get him not merely to *do* something, to move, but also to reveal something of himself, his buried life, in motion and expression. And when he didn't want any more pictures taken, when he proclaimed himself tired or late for something, and she still wanted more—then she would wheedle, joke, cajole, become aggrieved, dramatic, sexy, anything at all in order to get four more pictures. She would handle me too. "Don't you think it might be better to shoot



Father Hagerty in that fascinating astronomy lab, rather than by the lake?" And: "Don't you think what we want to do is go to that fine lobster place across the river?" And: "Don't you think we ought to tell the waiter to chill the wine a little longer?" And: "You just tell me when to be ready in the morning, and I'll be there. Probably about nine-thirty would be right, don't you think?" She was imperious at times, but (so I thought) graciously so. "Please take the Hasselblad case," she'd say, "and the two Nikons, and, oh yes, the tripod. Can you manage?"

Of course I could manage. At times I remembered what my colleagues had said about how I should stand up for my rights—that I was a reporter and not some photographer's assistant. But none of that seemed to make much sense just then. I cheerfully lugged the Hasselblad and all the rest of it, arranged to talk to Jesuits I needed to talk to in intervals when she wasn't photographing them, took down my endless captions in little notebooks, and felt finally almost professional and exhilarated.

We flew on to Central America. First, Belize in British Honduras. The hotel was on the water. White stucco. Neocolonial. It had just been completed, apparently, and we were among the first people to stay in it. Pelicans on the dock posts outside. Mangoes for breakfast. We had two rooms on an upstairs floor. "Two rooms?" the desk clerk had said. "Yes, of course," the clerk said. Sometimes I felt like her son. Mostly I did not.

We were together most of the time. In the evenings, after work, sitting in the near empty patio of the hotel, the air heavy and sweet, she told me snatches of her life—of starting to take photographs in Cleveland, of traveling with Erskine Caldwell, whom she'd been married to, and of a trip to Russia, something about India, where she'd been on assignment during the civil war, about music, or anyway musicians. I gave her selections from my life, conscious that it had not yet existed, or perhaps had just then begun to exist: the girl I had broken up with; journalism, about which I had many grand ideas; even Jesuits. I remember walking back with her one evening—we had been having dinner with the Jesuit bishop, a kindly, intelligent man, covered in robes and rings despite the hot night. Stray dogs trotting down the empty streets. Buzzards sleeping in the trees. I was aware of Bourke-White beside me. She was certainly not my mother. I was certainly not her son. What were we? No, certainly not what the desk clerk had thought. In truth, never in my life up to then, what with boarding schools and all those later variants of schoolboy-conceived conquests, or thoughts of conquest, had I ever felt open or at ease with a sexually attractive woman. Possibly, then, we were friends.

In Belize, I remember the mission schools we photographed—she photographed. I remember breakfast

on the hotel balcony, drinking sweet, gritty coffee, reading the local morning paper, full of alternating accounts of agricultural committees and violent crime. I remember the heat. A group of German machinery salesmen. I remember Bourke-White seated on her bed, loading film. And I remember the balls of crumpled paper that were always in the wastebasket, on the floor beside the wastebasket. "Are you writing something?" I asked. "Yes," she said. "I'm not an easy writer."

We left Belize to go down the coast. Two Jesuits had a small mission in a fishing village. Dugout canoes. Choppy blue water. The smell of seaweed. There was a colony, perhaps a dozen families, of Carib Indians who lived on an outlying island. The Jesuits visited them each month. We went along. A sailboat filled with camera equipment. The water was full of salt, light blue, and looked quite evil. We were shown a grinning man who had had his arm taken off by a barracuda some months earlier. An enormous feast of fish upon the beach. Blessings from the Jesuits. Toothy laughter and hoarse, crackling singing.

We went inland now toward the chicle plantation. More Jesuit schools along the way. The chicle plantation had been closed by some disease. Father Hertzberg—tall, fierce, unshaven, Germanic—took us down a winding river in a rickety motorboat. He had an old handwinding gramophone along, and played jaunty 1920s music into the silences of the riverbanks. We spent the night in a clearing beside the river. The next morning about a dozen women and children appeared out of the foliage. Father Hertzberg said a small Mass, and heard confession. The women grinned disbelievingly at Bourke-White. Back on the coast, we heard of yet another mission, a small remote outpost of Jesuits, high in the mountains near the Guatemalan border. "How do we get there?" Bourke-White asked. "You go through the jungle. It takes about two weeks," the Jesuit said. Instead, we walked on a dirt road for about five miles, and then took a rickety bus back down the coast to San Jacinto, a province seat. I had thought we would then work our way back to Belize. Bourke-White asked me to call an air-charter service in Belize and charter a bush plane to fly us over the jungle. The charter service said they wouldn't do it. "Then we'd better try to get Pan Am in New Orleans and see what *they* have," said Bourke-White. "Don't you think?" Unbelievably, it was arranged. ("Ask them if Ed Joyce is still around," Bourke-White said. "He flew me in a bomber over Anzio.") Two days later a DC-6 landed on the primitive grass airfield at San Jacinto. It seemed a big plane—occupied by the two of us, and three gangling young men carrying the equipment, and by the Pan Am crew, which included a steward and what seemed at least a forty-day supply of Argentinian champagne.

We sipped the champagne and flew above the jungle, above the foothills of the mountains, above

the mountains. We were told the village was near a plateau, and that there was an airfield. We circled over seas of grass and treetops. The pilot had a map. I had a map. "This must be the place," the pilot said. "It doesn't look like an airfield to me." "Of course it's an airfield," Bourke-White said. "Just put us down. You're terribly good. You'll see how easy it is." We circled down over an expanse of grass, lying between mountains. On the side of one of the mountains were white houses, even a church. "See, how lovely it is!" said Bourke-White. Then: "Oh, you *are* such a good pilot." We came in low. "My God, planes have landed *here*?" the pilot said. "Now, don't worry," Bourke-White said. "It's all grass." We thumped along the field, or mountain, or whatever it was, bouncing at times into the air—then stopped. "Jesus," the pilot said. "That was just wonderful," Bourke-White said. Stairs were put down. In the distance, across the waving grass, a man in a pith helmet was leading a team of mules toward us. "Now be sure to send us the bill," said Bourke-White, going down the stairs. "*Life* magazine. Rockefeller Center." "The bill?" the steward said. "Well, you didn't expect us to pay cash, did you?" said Bourke-White.

We climbed all afternoon on donkeys up into the mountains. There was a trail of sorts, mostly loose stones, and at times very steep. I thought it terrifying—bumping along atop some tiny steed, its feet periodically stumbling, slipping, my own hands clutching the pommel, the burro's mane, anything. Bourke-White seemed quite at ease, invigorated. We went through a tropical cloudburst—a sudden darkening of the sky, wild lightning in the distance, and then torrents of rain. We put our ponchos over the equipment. Everyone was soaked, then steaming in the sun that followed. Bourke-White was whistling. "Isn't this marvelous?" she said.

It was, too—especially when we reached the village, San Miguel. White buildings scattered against the side of a green mountain. Red tiles. Atop the mountain there was a flat area with a church, and several other buildings. Father Timoney's parish. It felt like the top of the world—sky and clouds just above one's head, and green, dark green mountains, and then jungle rolling off in either direction as far as the eye could see. We were billeted in the schoolhouse. Two tiny rooms upstairs. Cool wooden floors. The smell of plaster. A large shy woman brought us tortillas and a kind of tea.

At night I couldn't sleep—the room seemed hot and airless—and went outside. A full moon in the sky. Someone was standing on the far side of the courtyard, near a fountain. I went over. Bourke-White. "I guess I couldn't sleep," she said. She looked strange in the light. "Is there something wrong?" I said. "Of course not," she said, almost annoyed. We went back in. The next morning the sun already was burning hot when we woke up—eight o'clock or so. We went with Father Timoney, once again on muleback, to follow him on his rounds. The

four of us—Timoney, Bourke-White, myself, and Joaquin, one of the boys—trotting along on mules down one small valley, up again to another hillside. Clusters of small houses. Shacks really. Tin roofs. Papery walls. The children seemed scrawny and listless. Bourke-White took pictures everywhere. There was one old man, evidently dying, whom Father Timoney stopped a while to talk to. The shack was so dark inside that you could barely make out his face, which was old and gaunt and yellowed. Bourke-White wouldn't allow us to leave. "I need more pictures," she said. I had seen her aggressive before, but somehow not like this. A woman, the old man's daughter, motioned to Timoney. Timoney said that we must leave or anyway stop taking pictures—the old man felt that the camera would steal his soul. Bourke-White began to cry, or something like crying. "But this is so good," she said. "We must stay longer. We must."

That night, back at the mission, I woke up once and heard her pacing the floor. Some other time I thought I heard someone outside my door, but nothing happened and I was too deep in sleep. The next morning she was sick—the large shy woman told me. I went in to see her. She seemed feverish, pale. The room was hot. I noticed more crumpled balls of paper on the floor. "Were you writing?" I said. "Writing?" she said. She seemed not to understand. "It's just a bug," she said. "It will pass in a day or less." I spent the day talking to Father Timoney, and working over my notes in the shade of the courtyard. I found a bottle of native rum and brought it to Bourke-White. She still seemed feverish but less pale. That night there was some sort of native celebration—singing, the music of guitar-like instruments, a kind of wailing, much drinking, dancing, loud voices. In the middle of the night, half asleep, I heard something fall in the next room. I went in. Bourke-White was sitting at the side of her bed. "I'm sorry I woke you," she said. "It was a jar or bottle. Clumsy of me." I picked up the jar. There were more balls of paper beside the bed. I picked one up. "I'm not writing anything," she said. "There's something the matter with my hand or arm. I'm trying to fix it." "Does it hurt?" I asked. "No, it doesn't hurt." She laughed. "But it makes me clumsy. Now go to sleep."

In the morning she was better, but not really well. Father Timoney came by. The old man in the nearby village was going to die soon, he said, and he was going back to him. We all went back. Bourke-White no longer seemed fragile and I wondered if she had ever been. The room was dark as before but now there were candles. The old man lay upon the bed. His eyes were open. He spoke in a soft but rasping voice to a woman beside the bed. There were other people in the room. A child was lying down at the foot of the bed. Father Timoney said some words in Latin. One of the women started to sing what sounded like an

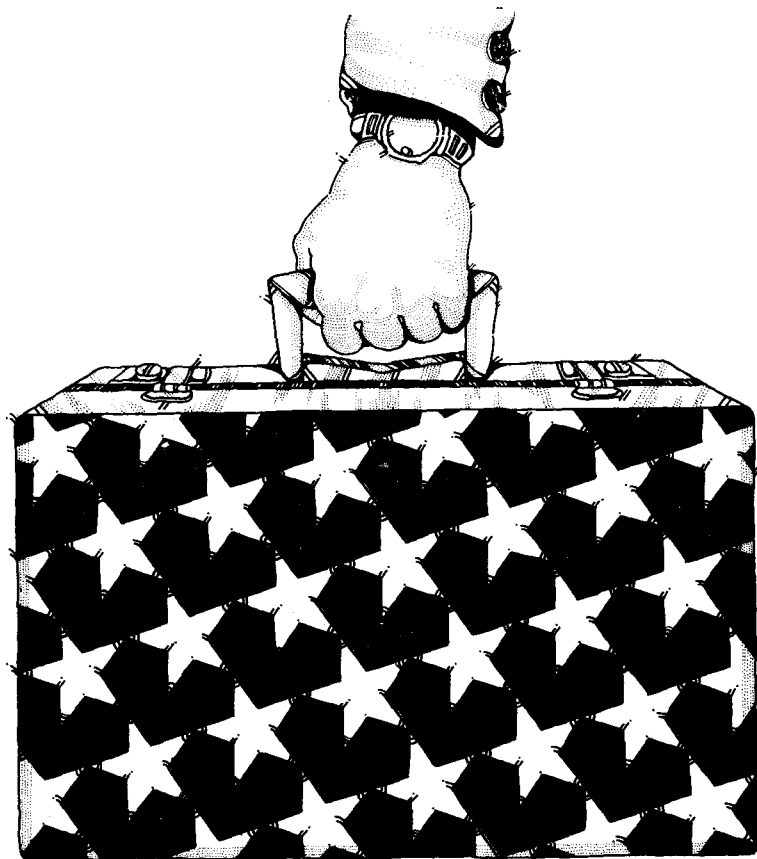
Indian song, which others joined in. At one point the old man smiled, or seemed to smile. I looked at Bourke-White. Not having cameras, or at any rate not holding, working a camera, she seemed grave and uncertain. We went outside. "My God," she said, "how is it possible *not* to be afraid of death?" "I don't know," I said—it wasn't a subject I thought much about. "That room was so hot," she said. Then: "Don't you think somebody here might have some water, or one of those cold teas?"

The old man died that afternoon. We stayed with Father Timoney another two days in order to photograph the funeral: a strange, colorful procedure, half pagan, half Catholic. Bourke-White by then was completely professional, which I found reassuring. I remember her the last day there, an afternoon when we were taking photographs of Timoney against the tiny church. He was seated on a low wall, the range of mountains stretched out behind him. It was as always a sun-filled day, but this time there was a breeze, the sun felt cooler. A nice day. Bourke-White stood atop the wall, surveying the scene, her scene. Her head was very erect. Her eyes bright and close to laughing, as they often were. She jumped down from the wall. She had nice legs, I thought. "Come on," she said to me. "We've done it. Let's go."

I remember the trip back down the mountain. Parrot-like birds in the trees. The air still cool. The mules slipping and sliding, but I was an old hand at mules by then. It seemed like a marvelously happy time. We detoured several hours to see some ruins of a Mayan temple, a huge thing like a hill now, covered with vines and leaves, green, beautiful. Bourke-White took more photographs. We were in no hurry, nothing seemed to require any hurry, and for a moment there I had the feeling that we would never leave (perhaps as a child feels on vacations), that this is how it would always be, forever, Bourke-White taking photographs, and I munching dried fruit and chocolate and scribbling captions. But then we left. Back to the coast. Back to Belize for two hours. Back to New Orleans. In New Orleans we were to rest a few days before continuing to Texas and California and Alaska for more Jesuits. Instead, I had word waiting for me, via Bill Thornton and Selective Service, that I had been drafted. I went back to New York and to the Army. Bourke-White continued herself on the story, which appeared the next fall in *Life*.

Fourteen pages. Photographs by Margaret Bourke-White. I had a Christmas card two years later from Father Timoney. He had been transferred to Samoa. He said we should visit him.

I have thought of Bourke-White often since that time. I saw her again briefly, right after the Army—I had already departed from *Life*, and she was on her way that afternoon to California. She was going to photograph the coastline from a helicopter, I think. We said a cheery hello, good-bye on the street. I remember the wind was blowing her hair, gray hair. The usual camera cases were on the sidewalk. I saw her once after that, about seven years ago, not too many years before her eventual death from Parkinson's disease, which had been the paper-ball disease that neither of us had known about in San Miguel. I was visiting a friend in Connecticut. "Do you remember the photographer, Margaret Bourke-White?" my friend said. "She lives down the road." I went by there on impulse. I knew she had been very sick, had nearly conquered Parkinson's, had *nearly* conquered . . . She was different that day in Connecticut—so many hard things had happened to her. She was also much the same—the eyes, that brave look. We talked briefly about the old days at *Life*—that distant place or country where we had both once met, where she in fact had spent, or given, much of her life, and which I (on another orbit) had been passing through. The old days. Old friends—many of my old Newsfront colleagues indeed were now running the place, although the mood of the place seemed to have changed. They were now tilting at television, shaving costs, worrying about the advertising. Bourke-White sat in a chair in a dark corner of the room. She seemed tired, but still with such vibrance. I remembered the old man in the dark room. I said then: "That night in the village, late at night—were you afraid?" She nodded. "I didn't know of what. Later, I wasn't afraid." I said: "It must have been hard on you that I was so very young." She smiled a bit. "No, that wasn't the hard part." And: "You really were so green." And then: "But the old man frightened me. I thought I had seen everything, but I had never seen *him* before." Shortly, I got up to leave. She waved. "Good-bye." I said good-bye. Good-bye. □



BURNS

A Washington story by Ward Just

Anonymous then, Burns joined the State Department in May of 1959, the week John Foster Dulles died. He carried with him a letter of introduction from his history tutor at Columbia, but was never able to use it because the dying Secretary was refused visitors. Burns tucked the letter away, sad because he admired the old man's Bourbon audacity (nothing learned, nothing forgotten) and wanted to meet him; he disapproved of the *weltanschauung* but liked the *geist*. He'd arrived in Washington with two suitcases and a half dozen cartons of books, all of it stuffed into the rear seat of a red Volkswagen. An officer of the Foreign Service of the United States of America. Diplomatic immunity. A black passport. He and a friend from Columbia rented a small furnished house in Foggy Bottom, within easy walking distance of the Department, and the summer passed pleasantly, without incident.

Burns was eager, trained in economics, and an accomplished linguist as well: excellent German, French, and Italian, passable Russian. Intelligent, watchful Burns had a thoughtful nature, and his career proceeded logically and without sensation. The first year, he was assigned to the European section as a cable clerk. Burns found the State Department agreeable, he liked its stillness and atmosphere of deliberation, quiet days broken only by the odd hasty moments when the entire section would turn to, drafting instructions for an ambassador or a memorandum for the Secretary. The Department was a

forest of hat racks, scholarly in its way; Burns was reminded of low-keyed university seminars. That first year, he spent much of his time with the head of the German desk, listening to droll stories of Berlin in the 1930s; the head of the German desk had known Dorothy Thompson and Christopher Isherwood, and was a nimble raconteur.

The second year he was posted to Turkey, stamping passports, and the next three years were spent in Bonn, in the office of the economic counselor. These were rewarding and exciting years; Burns felt he was doing useful work and was wise enough to take frequent holidays throughout Europe. He saw all of Germany and the Low Countries and most of Switzerland and France, and passed one Christmas in Rome with friends. In somnolent Bad Godesberg he lived in a small suite in the Yankee ghetto, the large bleak block of flats near the embassy that the American government had built as a communal residence. No living off the land! The staff hated its isolation. Burns did not mind; he could walk to the Rhine, and he had a girlfriend who lived on the Nibelungenstrasse. The ghetto was amusing in its way, Mother America caring for her children, the government surrounding you even as you slept; but the building was truly inelegant. The part of the job that he hated was the necessary contact with traveling American businessmen, many of whom thought that the State De-

partment was a division of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Burns cultivated objectivity: he was no good at all out front.

His record was excellent and studded with commendations. He was discreet, reliable, and hard-working. By the time he left Bonn, Burns knew most of the important older German labor leaders and all of the unimportant younger ones. Burns was building for the future, for the day ten years hence when he'd return. He got on well with the younger Germans, finding to his surprise that he shared their taste for the livid and the grotesque: gargantuan meals, carnival sideshows, Grosz and Brecht, and the underground university theater. Burns often filled in for the cultural attaché at benefits and openings, and at embassy receptions for visiting American artists and writers. Through his contacts in the German labor movement and his skillful analysis of the direction of the German economy, he was brought into frequent contact with the Deputy Chief of Mission, a diplomat of long and varied experience. The DCM encouraged his career and coached him in the ways of the Department. Burns particularly remembered one bit of advice, given late one night over schnapps:

"The Department values loyalty, intelligence, and calm—in that order. The Foreign Service is something apart from the run-of-the-mill American bureaucracy. Remember that. We are not action people, we are analysts. Leave the action to the pickle factory and the Pentagon, they are the ones with the resources (and the ones who'll evade the blame). Stay close to the bureaucracy," Burns was told. "It is an elite, and the better for it. Not as elite, mind you, as it was. But elite nonetheless. Study diplomatic technique. Read history. Always be cautious, always be firm . . ."

"Firmly cautious or cautiously firm?" Burns inquired with a flicker of a smile.

"Very," said the DCM.

Burns was surprised and disappointed in the fall of 1965 when he was ordered back to Washington and informed he was being loaned to CIA. He was told only that the agency had a major project underway, which required the participation of many of their economists. It left them shorthanded, and meanwhile the State Department had been directed by Congress to cut its own budget. The loan would not be for long, perhaps no more than one year. Burns should think of it as a net plus, if not a clear advantage; he could have been transferred to AID. He'd been requested by name, and the transfer had the blessing of the Department.

The first day at Langley he was shown his office, and it was not in the German section, as he'd been told.

"Here you are," the chief of section said. "Everything you'll need. Paper, pencils, slide rule, computer room down the hall. Filing cabinets there. Toilet

down the hall and to your right. Staff meeting every day at nine, and sometimes again at six."

"I thought it'd be the German . . ."

"This is not the German."

"Yes, but I was told the arrangement."

"That is on another floor. That is on the third floor, quite different and apart from this. That is another section, something distinctly separate from what we do here."

"I know, but . . ."

"You can ask them about it. You'll get an answer. Perhaps there was a snafu. There sometimes is. Are. Snafus."

"Son of a bitch," Burns said.

"You were in Bonn?"

"Three years."

"Well, they probably thought that a change of scene . . ."

"But I am an FSO."

"You'll come to like it here," the chief of section said.

The first year at Langley was disagreeable in all but one respect. Burns watched the bureaucratic gavotte as it was danced by experts, and learned lessons he never forgot. They were lessons in bureaucratic technique, and the uses of firmness and caution. At first, Burns told himself that these were lessons he wished he did not know, but he found out that once known they were impossible to ignore or forget; in the beginning, he thought it was like learning something damaging or unpleasant about a friend. The friendship changes, usually for the worse—and yes yes, he knew it was naïve and unrealistic but it was the way he felt nevertheless. He found himself admiring the small ways a man moved ahead, the ways in which a man identified the winners and then placed his bets. There was no question of political or ideological conflict—the agency was too sophisticated for that; it was mainly a matter of technology and the skill with which a bureaucrat managed to force his ideas, and thereby gain a purchase on the future. In CIA Burns was able to learn with a clear and objective mind, because he was a man on loan; in time he would be returned to the State Department, where he belonged.

Burns had no ax to grind, but the Department dawdled amid procedural inertia and the budgetary restraints imposed by Congress. Burns remained at Langley although he yearned for the security and familiarity of the Foreign Service, the satisfaction of fashioning American foreign policy; he felt himself an artist among artisans, made few close friends, and denounced (privately) the rules and regulations, which seemed to him frivolous when they were not corrupting. The spooks ran as a pack, and considered him an outsider. But the job had its moments. Paper. He tried to explain it, his life inside the bureaucracy. Burns translated French documents relating to the

economy of a small African nation, a small, *pivotal* African nation, in the vernacular of the Board of National Estimates. Every day the documents arrived in pouch, and Burns would translate them and summarize the contents. Some of them were official, some not; some of them were agents' reports. The précis went to the chief of section, who would include it in the running commentary on the economy and politics of the country.

"Think of yourself as Charles Dickens," the chief of section told Burns. "Writing a novel, a new installment every month. Odd turnings of plot. But a bold metaphor. Except that this novel goes on forever and forever, of course."

"A sort of *Pickwick Papers* in triplicate," Burns said.

"You've got it exactly," the chief replied.

The government of the small, pivotal African nation was fledgling and incompetent, and one week, the reports said, owned by the Russians, the next by the Chinese. Conscientious Burns received State Department cables as well (there were channels), and these he eagerly awaited, particularly the commentary of the chief political officer, a sardonic and witty diplomat who doubted everything, including agents' reports: "Buy the government? You can't even rent it for an afternoon." For the first two years the work was interesting, and even valid in a perverse way. The Prime Minister had committed "significant errors" in the management of his country's finances, and it was beguiling—often amusing—to try to put the pieces of fact together to make a comprehensible whole. Burns threw himself into it, juggling trade figures, cash flow, tax revenues, production, employment, resource management, inflation, and all the other classical indices of economic fortune. One afternoon he created an entirely fictitious Gross National Product, which he dropped in his out box on a lark. It turned up later in the National Estimate, and that worried Burns. At the time, the country was on the verge of collapse, indeed the statistics indicated the country had collapsed. According to the numbers, the bottom line as Burns called it, the country was bankrupt and not functioning—except that it continued as before, the vitality and innocence of the people defying all known economic laws, or anyway those laws that were promulgated by American economists. Burns conceived the novel idea that his statistics had nothing whatever to do with the situation. Novel to Burns, not novel to his section chief.

"You're learning," the chief said.

"Remember the GNP figure?" Burns was in the mood for a confession.

"Four hundred eighty-two point something-something million? Sure."

"It was all cock," Burns said. "Doesn't exist."

"Strange," the chief mused. "It seemed to fit in so well."

"Some of the figures were real. But I made most of them up. The GNP is meaningless."

"Yes," the chief said sadly.

"I'll play around with it again, if you'd like me to. Perhaps a new figure . . ."

"Please do."

"I suppose I shouldn't have said anything."

"It doesn't matter," the chief said. "So long as I know."

"Well, I'm sorry if it's embarrassing in any way."

The chief looked at him, surprised. "Why should I be embarrassed?"

Burns was nearing the end of two years in National Estimates, and most of his friends were overseas, some of them in Southeast Asia where the wars were being fought, and their infrequent letters home made him long for the symmetry and rhythm of the State Department, anything real. He became a nostalgic, recalling the details of his flat in the ghetto and the look of the Rhine at dawn, during his salad days in Bonn. He remembered the long talks with the DCM, and his satisfaction at filing skillful reports. Now he'd been passed by. One man he had known briefly in the embassy at Bonn had actually been a member of the Working Party negotiating the test ban treaty with the Soviet Union. His former roommate was ADC to the Ambassador in Saigon, and that man was Burns' own age and grade. Other friends were in Europe or the Middle East, living well in Amsterdam or Beirut. Meanwhile, Burns reflected bitterly, he pushed paper at CIA and watched experts maneuver the bureaucracy. His polite requests for return to the State Department elicited polite replies, mere acknowledgments, no more.

In the evenings in Washington, home alone with his drinks and his dog, Burns would undertake National Estimates of his own life. A personal GNP, entirely factual and aboveboard. Big, bearish, awkward Burns, b. 1937 N.Y.C., father an M.D., mother a psychologist, "professional people." Medical talk at the breakfast table, mind-numbing Saturday afternoons at Yankee Stadium: good father, obedient son. But his childhood and adolescence were mostly blank, seventeen blank years until he entered Columbia University, became fascinated with economics and history, graduated with honors, and joined the Foreign Service. This became the central objective of his life, membership in the Diplomatic Corps, and an understanding of the interplay ("the confusion") of politics and economics. The stress was on manipulation and management—of national interests, of alliances, of various political and economic crises, all of it huddled together under Reason and the Rule of Law. It was no place for an eccentric. Burns admired professional diplomats—men who were cool, collected, in control, rising to a geopolitical *crisis* (he liked the word—his doctor father first defined it for him as the point in the course of a disease when the patient either recovers or dies). He saw himself as one of a dozen men in a small room, an anteroom in

a foreign chancellery (Belgrade? Helsinki?) conducting secret negotiations, ADC to a giant, Bohlen or Kennan, taking on the Russians and, by sheer force of logic and remorseless dialectic, arguing them back, turning their own deceptions against them. Forcing an agreement, and then a laconic cable to the Department: *Negotiations concluded* . . .

But that was a joke now. What he had to show for eight years in the Diplomatic Service were a few commendations, and some flimsies of cables he'd sent. He had a Q Security Clearance; now he could read intercepts from anywhere, from Havana or Hanoi or Pyongyang. And he had a filing cabinet full of economic analysis of a wretched country which had, if the analysis were correct, collapsed. He had all those things plus a flat stomach, owing in part to his noontime squash games with an overweight colonel who was, similarly, on loan to CIA. He did not know the colonel's job, and did not want to know.

To an empty room, at midnight on a Monday night: "Celebrated Diplomat. Superspy Burns, the hired gun. The cloak-and-dagger man from National Estimates. A fast man with a document, that Burns. Hard. Resourceful. Adroit."

Burns was a man of routine, at home as at his office. There were no crises in his section of the agency, so he arrived home in Foggy Bottom punctually at seven each evening. He'd feed the dog, and select a recording with great care; a different recording each night. He prepared a shaker of cocktails, and at nine would put a steak on the grill and frozen potatoes in the oven. He stood at the counter in the kitchen, drinking his drink and slowly breaking lettuce into a salad bowl. As the steak cooked, he selected his wine. The wine selected, Burns moved to his bookcase for the evening's read. Something British, he thought, and ran his thumb along the spines of his books. Disraeli. Cromwell. Melbourne. Yes, Melbourne—William Lamb, alone and distracted at the end of his life, the affections of Victoria detached from him and fastened on another. Melbourne, the quintessence of controlled inaction. He prowled among the books, glass in hand, then paused. He had not read his latest issue of *Revue de Défense Nationale*, the authoritative guide to the thinking of the French general staff. It was there now, arrived in the morning mail, on the coffee table, unopened, waiting. He glanced through the table of contents. Arms control. The Indian subcontinent. Ah, General J. Nemo would bear careful evaluation: "Étude sur la guerre de Vendée (II)."

Burns smelled the steak and the potatoes and returned to the kitchen. He uncorked the wine, and set it gently on the table. He'd set his place that morning, the knife, fork, and spoon on one side of the plate, the wooden salt and pepper shakers to his left, the white napkin folded just so, a fresh candle in the silver holder. Then Burns sat down with the steak and the potatoes, the salad and the wine, and began

to read "Étude sur la guerre de Vendée (II)." Inside his mind, General J. Nemo competed with the memory of a candlelit dinner in Munich four years ago. The dinner was followed by visits to half a dozen nightclubs, ending at dawn. Burns finished in thirty minutes, then slowly washed and wiped the dishes and the silverware. He spoke to the dog and returned to the living room, where the backgammon board was waiting.

He carefully prepared his pipe with the tobacco purchased that evening, and bent over the board, playing both sides, but mentally betting on white. He smoked three pipes, then lay back on the couch, thinking.

"Nemo appears to have got hold of something interesting in the new *Revue*. Pertinent to our own situation, it seems to me."

"I haven't seen . . . that number."

"I recommend Nemo and Mourin."

"Ah, Mourin. The historian."

"Some new insights into the Sovs on the subcontinent."

"How much time do you spend on that stuff?"

"Well, not much; I read it, is about all."

"Blast, I wish I could find the time."

"Important stuff."

"Burns, you're bullshitting me."

Every Friday night Burns and five others gathered at one house or another to play poker or backgammon. Except for Burns on loan, all of them were State Department people. By civil servant standards, the stakes were high: at backgammon, a dollar a point; at poker, a ten-dollar limit. Burns, bearish over the backgammon board, was the big winner. He played a loose conservative game—with occasional light and daring moments, when he felt the dice were right or when he found himself in untenable positions. He lived on the backgammon board, absorbing himself in the moves, studying probabilities, odds this way and that. Straitlaced men tended to be erratic at games, and Burns watched for the break, the wrong move when the dice were cold or the odds close, but not close enough. More interesting than chess, because the dice were 30 percent of it—all other things being equal, which they never were. The edge was in the double; he paid attention to the utility of the double. The psychological double or the administrative double or the deceptive double.

It was rather like diplomacy in that way, and as interesting, because Burns had learned the fanciful nature of world affairs. A carapace of madness, concealing the tortoise beneath; the revisionists saw it the other way around, but the revisionists were wrong. He inspected the men around the tables, all of them young like himself and ambitious in diplomacy; they had outflanked him, their careers were

secure. The dice rattled, the counters flashed: doubled here, redoubled there. Acceptance. Refusal. Failure of entry. He played backgammon now as a substitute for diplomacy. Dulles was dead, had died the year he came to Washington. The letter of introduction hadn't been worth a damn.

2.

They knew *what* had happened, that was clear enough. They also knew, within limits, *how* it happened. They were less certain about the *who* and the *why*. But the government of the pivotal African nation had fallen, and the capital was now in the hands of insurgents. These were insurgents from the army and from the economics ministry, something of a queer alliance: the army officers were presumed to be reactionaries and the economists Communists. At ten in the morning they met in urgent session, representatives from the Agency, the Pentagon, the State Department, and the White House. They met downtown in the Executive Office Building, entering underground. Burns was in on it, as the Agency man closest to the economics ministry. They had tried to hash it out beforehand.

"Names, Burns, do you have names? You can bet your booties that the Pentagon will have names. Christ, they'll have a file on every colonel in that ragtag army. Half of them probably attended Leavenworth."

"I'll ransack the files."

"You do that, Burns. Do that right away."

But in Burns' section they had not concentrated on names. They had assembled numbers, numbers of bewildering variety and degree. They knew the names of the economics minister and his deputy, and the chief adviser to the Prime Minister. But these were not men who would participate in a revolt. These were men who were in the pay of others, or were said to be. So Burns went to the files, and spent a feverish hour rummaging through them. The warning—the opportunity!—rang in his ears.

"Burns, we want control of this operation. If there is an operation. We've got men on the ground, we've got very good op-con. American interests are involved, and don't forget that. This is what the Deputy Director wants, and that is what we will have. But you've got to find the names. And give identity to the names . . ."

The meeting began slowly. Burns noted with satisfaction that there were two dozen men in the room, four or five from each agency. It meant there would have to be a second meeting. The Pentagon man, an Army general, spoke first, and it was an astonishing stroke of luck because he was inarticulate and ill at ease with the Gallicized African names. The Deputy Director scored a point straightaway.

"Our intelligence indicates that the leader is a major," the Pentagon man said. "Name's Hubert . . . Fooshing?"

"Ah yes," the DD said. "Ooo-bear. Foo-saw."

"You know him?" the Pentagon man inquired politely.

"Burns knows him," the DD said. "But we'll get to that later."

Rattled, the Army general continued with his briefing. It was a disorganized briefing, but the names had been there. There were about two dozen names in all, mostly mispronounced. All the facts were there—ominous, compelling—but it required an effort of will to organize them. Burns saw the DD smile and make notes on the back of an envelope.

The representative of the State Department followed, and Burns sat back in his chair and listened. It was a *tour d'horizon*, the politics and economics of the country briefly, brilliantly, sketched. The geography and demographics of the country, its relations with its neighbors, its natural resources, its investments. There was a side excursion into cultural anthropology, a long reach back into prehistory for the national metaphors. Burns was dazzled; the State Department man had them in the palm of his hand. Finally, almost casually, he brought them up to the present moment, and the question of the American interest. This was done lucidly and skillfully, a history of diplomatic relations between the world's most powerful nation and one of the world's weakest. The diplomat stood at the head of the table, his hands in his pockets, speaking without notes. A low, musical voice: "The truth of the matter is this, gentlemen. The United States has no interest in this country. Sad, but true. Lamentable if the country falls to the Communists—Russians, Chinese, Cuban, whomever . . ." Burns noted the correct "whomever," and nodded in appreciation. "But in any serious analysis, not important. Too much risk against no gain. Gentlemen, let us leave them be. And remember the Armenian proverb: *A thousand men cannot undress a naked man.*"

He'd taken it all, ears and tail, hooves and bull.

The DD said nothing for a moment; Burns watched his jaw work. In the general conversation that followed the State Department presentation, he heard the DD mutter, "Oh fuck," but no one else heard. Now he was in a jam: not only had he to outmatch the diplomat's logic, but his elegance of speech as well. Burns watched the DD rise, and pause for dramatic effect.

"I hope none of us falls into the trap of disregarding the fate of a sovereign nation simply because it is small," the DD said. "Or black. Or without resources. Or generally friendless in a hostile world. Or in the fist of revolution"—not bad, Burns thought—"its national identity not yet fully forged from the tangled threads of its own tribal history, and the odious legacy of colonial exploitation. A nation without a center of gravity. A nation which looks to the United States of America for leadership . . ."

"Last month they burned down the embassy," the

State Department man murmured, just loud enough to be heard.

"... They didn't, the *Communists* did. And that's the difference. Easy for us here in the capital of the United States to shrug off this *minor*"—the word was spoken harshly—"country's agony, these infaust events..." *Infaust*, Burns thought: the DD was pulling every lever he possessed. There weren't a dozen people in Washington who knew what the word meant—except the diplomat, who nodded, slight smile.

Burns was anxious, the DD made a good case. He was pulling the levers available to him. The diplomat had not been specific, he'd given them a brilliant *tour d'horizon*, nothing more. Presently the DD lapsed into fact, so much American investment, the strategic value of the Nbororo river, the threat to peaceful neighbors.

"I think we ought to very carefully consider putting a team in on the ground. Civilians, no more than forty or fifty. But before we come to that, I would like Burns to say a word, about the sort of men who run the economy of... this 'naked' country."

Well played, Burns thought. He rose, a tightness in his throat. The DD had them now; they could not ignore the facts. Facts were the DD's strong suit, and now he was calling on Burns to back him up. The DD looked at him, encouraging a strong response. Burns stared across the table at the diplomat, hands loosely clasped on the table. The diplomat's expression was benign; he'd made his case. That was the trouble with the State Department. They didn't *fight*; they were gentlemen. They didn't read each other's mail. Well, they deserved what they got, Burns thought. If they did not control events, events would control them. *Laissez-faire* had its limits. For Castlereagh, Chamberlain. Burns cleared his throat.

"There is no question they will expropriate American properties," Burns said. Then he named the economists, two who had received instruction at Lumumba University, Moscow; a third from Havana; two or three others who'd cruised through the L.S.E. "One of these"—he mentioned a name and an age—"has unusually strong ties with the... black movement... in the United States. So there is a domestic political spin to all this..."

The agency, at that meeting and at later meetings, carried the day. Forty men were dispatched up the Nbororo river in rafts. They landed, and reported the town quiet. There was no shooting, nor any signs of upheaval. The communications worked splendidly. In time, most of them returned. There was a different government, but no expropriations.

They were good about it. They wanted him to stay, to "pack it in" for keeps at the State Department and become permanently attached to the Agency. They liked him. Burns did intelligent, careful work. Sometimes, when the problem truly interested him, he was

brilliant. They indicated to him, but delicately, that his habits were somewhat bizarre—but fully within the...

"Ah, parameters."

"Of what?"

"Behavior, acceptable."

"Oh, yes."

"Look, Burns. If you will do no more than trouble yourself to get an M.A., preferably in your field, economics, the future here is very bright, very very bright. Limitless, really."

"Forget economics, how about this, something stronger? An M.A. in the diplomatic history of Europe."

"Not as good, but acceptable."

"The... eastern religions?"

The personnel man smiled. There were already more ersatz Buddhists than the Agency could comfortably tolerate. SEA Section smelled like an incense factory, gnomic sayings sprouted like tulips. No, definitely not "the eastern religions."

"Too bad," Burns said.

"Look, if you're tired of Africa, we can..."

"I am tired of Africa, Africa is tired of me," Burns said.

"All right, we understand that. Like pinning Jell-O to the wall, no?"

Burns smiled.

"So let us turn elsewhere."

"The field," Burns said, and the personnel man shook his head. No, not possible. Burns was an inside man, an analyst from the inside; anyone could see that. Outside men were something else altogether. Burns wasn't one of those, probably wouldn't ever be.

The personnel man was encouraging. He tempted Burns. "Look. One immediate jump in grade. That's a couple of thou a year more for you. What will it be? Seventeen, seventeen-five. You have another income. You can move to Georgetown. Or Chevy Chase, and really go with the high rollers."

Burns was expressionless, though surprised. But of course they would know about the gambling.

"... A couple of thou more a year."

Burns smiled bleakly; he had no need of money.

"And a change of venue." The personnel man mentioned two countries, one in Asia and the other in Latin America. The Latin American country was an interesting proposition, no doubt about it. Its economy had even less to recommend it than the African. But other aspects were more favorable. It was clearly a nation in crisis.

"Not exactly the Soviet Union, is it?"

The personnel man smiled and shrugged.

"Or Germany."

"You know the ropes here now. You know us, we know you. We all get along together. We don't have to finish sentences, do we? Saves us a lot of bother both ways, no?"

"I suppose it does."

"There's another compensation. If you take the LatAm job, you can go down there for six weeks, see the place yourself. Eyeball it firsthand. We'll set you up. We're very liberal about that sort of thing, as you know. On your way down you can stop off at Puerto Rico, Freeport . . ."

"For the casinos?"

The personnel man smiled.

"Who do you think I am, Nick the Greek?"

". . . Break up the return trip in Jamaica, Tobago."

"Six weeks, you say."

"More or less."

Burns mused: "It takes time to really get into these countries. They're complicated. The people, the statistics. It takes time to know what makes them tick . . ."

"This place is no Girard-Perregaux, Burns."

"And when I get back?"

The personnel man explained the job again, and its title. The location of the office, and the men immediately above and below him. His superior would be a man sixty-one years old, near retirement. Burns would be in line. From there would come a shot at the Secretariat itself, the Board. If everything broke right, Burns would be on the front line, on the inside, at forty-five, forty-six years old.

"I've always thought about the field."

The personnel man said nothing, and looked at the clock on the wall.

"Give me a week to decide?"

"Of course."

"I want to check in with some friends at State. Get another opinion. It's a radical move."

"State's agreeable," the personnel man said quickly.

"Oh?"

"Quite agreeable."

Burns shook his head. His old friend the DCM in Bonn was correct. Once he'd left the Department, there was no returning. He'd left their files, become a memory attached to another agency. Others now competed for attention. It always happened in government; once you broke your career chain it was curtains, and you ceased to exist. You were elsewhere, no longer in their control. Burns supposed that the State Department suspected that he'd picked up bad habits at Langley; they assumed no one ever *quit* the place, as indeed no one ever did. The procedures were different, and these would become habits that would divide his loyalties. That was the other thing they thought about, the loyalty of the man to his agency. That was critical, particularly if you were truly of the bureaucracy and on your way up, not an inner and outer, but a career professional man. If your loyalty were divided, there was no end of potential disagreement and therefore of conflict and strife. You were not a man whom they could count on in a crisis.

"I'll tell you in a week," Burns said.

"I don't understand this one thing," the personnel man said. "What exactly is your reluctance? You've a clear shot here."

"I always wanted to be a diplomat."

"Well, there's a lot of action here. More than the other place. You're doing essentially the same thing, analysis. It's just going into a different pipeline. And of course . . ."

"You know, the Congress of Vienna."

". . . you're anonymous."

"That's the only thing that appeals to me," Burns said. □

BROKEN WING THEORY

The poet comes with his white pain to save mankind.
Few heed him. Necessity grips the neck and foot of each.
I see them pouring through the streets of years and decades
Bent on the tasks assigned them by necessity.

Most in words, most are wordless.
They do not think through, and if they thought
The specter of death would arise to throw them down.
The poet comes with his broken wing to teach them flight.

by Richard Eberhart

OFFSHORE

by Leo Janos

Of oil rig drillers, roustabouts, and roughnecks, and a life that resembles a cross between the Navy and a penal colony.

For the past ten years George Barker has been in the middle of a round trip between his Mississippi farm and more than a dozen oil rigs and platforms in the Gulf of Mexico. With a rhythm as certain as the ocean tides, Barker spends two weeks working offshore for each week he spends working his land, year into year. "A week or two at sea is plenty," the offshoremen say, "but so is a week at home." It was a comfortless adage as Barker left his farmhouse near Columbia, Mississippi, to relieve his fatigued colleagues on the Gulf.

The drive from Barker's farm to Morgan City usually took four and a half hours. But tonight, about two hours from his destination, the crisp, clear night suddenly disappeared in a thick coastal fog. Barker inched along the way, arriving safe but exhausted at the docks shortly before 5 A.M.

The drive had taken about eight hours, and ahead lay a six-hour boatride on the Gulf to the edge of the outer continental shelf where George worked for slightly more than the minimum wage as a roustabout, or manual laborer, hoisting onto his shoulders an endless succession of 100-pound bags of chemical mud to be pumped continuously into the drilling hole.

The ocean trip would be long and exhausting, but George's day would really not begin until the platform loomed out of the mists like a giant barstool and he went aboard. Then, as his impatient home-

bound colleagues were lowered to the boat which had brought him, Barker would quickly change into overalls, grab a hot meal, and immediately begin his first twelve-hour work shift. At the end of his twelve hours (which could stretch to fourteen or sixteen or even twenty-four hours if a supply ship was being unloaded during his shift) he would take a hot shower, eat another meal, and numb with fatigue, finally crawl into bed for what remained of twelve undisturbed hours, before being awakened by the duty man to begin another shift. This twelve-hour work and sleep cycle would be repeated continuously for two weeks, synchronized to the round-the-clock, 365-day demands of life offshore.

On his last evening aboard, he would laugh at the dirty jokes and wait impatiently for the relief crew to arrive so that he could reverse his trek and rejoin his wife and three kids on their eighty-acre farm. There he would spend his seven days off tending his herd of dairy cattle and working his land.

At the moment, though, he was walking uncertainly through the dense fog toward the dock, searching for the mast lights of a twin diesel, 105-foot motor launch named *Joy Tide*, which would carry him to sea at 6 A.M. Suddenly the ship's lights weakly flared through the mists and a shadowy figure offered a hand to help George jump from the dock onto the low rear deck of the moored launch. "Hey, man," a young deckhand said in greeting, "you might know, our radar is busted." This news meant that there could be no real rest from this day until that first shift ended.

Inside the close and steamy cabin lounge, a group of big, raw-boned men did their best to doze in rows of seats discarded from a Greyhound bus. Even in the dim light, the rural, Protestant faces of

the Mississippi farmers, with grit-swollen bellies ballooning their overalls, contrasted starkly with their darker, more sinewy colleagues, the Louisiana Cajuns, but they work together in harmony and satisfy their employers, the oilmen, who look for reliable, obedient labor, sufficiently motivated to do hard and dangerous work. The Catholic Cajuns of southwestern Louisiana and the Baptist backroad Mississippians are just plain hungry. Many of them are veteran oil-field workers, who for years worked oil patches across the Southwest, moving their families from job to job every few months in battered car trailers. Now, offshore, their families are anchored, their take-home pay the envy of their dirt farmer neighbors, as are their second cars, color TVs, Maytags, and freezers. At home, life is poor and hard. Offshore it is harder still, but all they ask for in return is good pay, and no unions need apply. The bosses don't want unions, and the workers seldom argue with their bosses.

George Barker liked the Cajuns, although he never has learned to pronounce correctly the names Guidry, Arceneaux, Boudreaux, Thibedeaux, Broussard—names as common as Smith, Jones, Baker, and White—or really appreciate their taste for rice and beans and spicy gumbos. You can call them coonass to their faces if you do it in a friendly way. They get the name because most of them were at one time raccoon trappers in the Louisiana bayous. They are generous and friendly men, although George could do without all that yammering in French, especially when they look in his direction and then burst out laughing. “But, by God,” he once told a Mississippi neighbor, “those Cajun boys are as hardworking and reliable a bunch of white men as you’ll find anywhere.”

Barker stepped over the outstretched legs of a dozing roustabout named Malloy and sat down heavily in a seat in the last row. From the galley below came muffled laughter and the slap of cards. A game of bourée was in progress, a Cajun concoction, mixing semblances of hearts, rummy, and poker, with furious bets and yelps of outrage from big pot losers. He began to wonder who was playing, but for the first time that he could remember he immediately fell asleep on one of those goddamn boats.

When he next opened his eyes it was morning; a hot sun had burned through the fog, but the boat was still tied at dock. Repair on the radar circuitry was proceeding slowly, and *Joy Tide* would not be under way until noon, the time they would normally have arrived at the platform. The men waiting to be relieved aboard would keep working until the fresh crew arrived, probably putting in eighteen hours before starting their six-hour voyage home to Morgan City. Meanwhile, in the cabin the men shifted restlessly in their seats while a roustabout briefed a visitor on some of the inner workings of offshore life. “Everything is contracted for by the oil company that leases the land out in the Gulf,” he said. “The com-

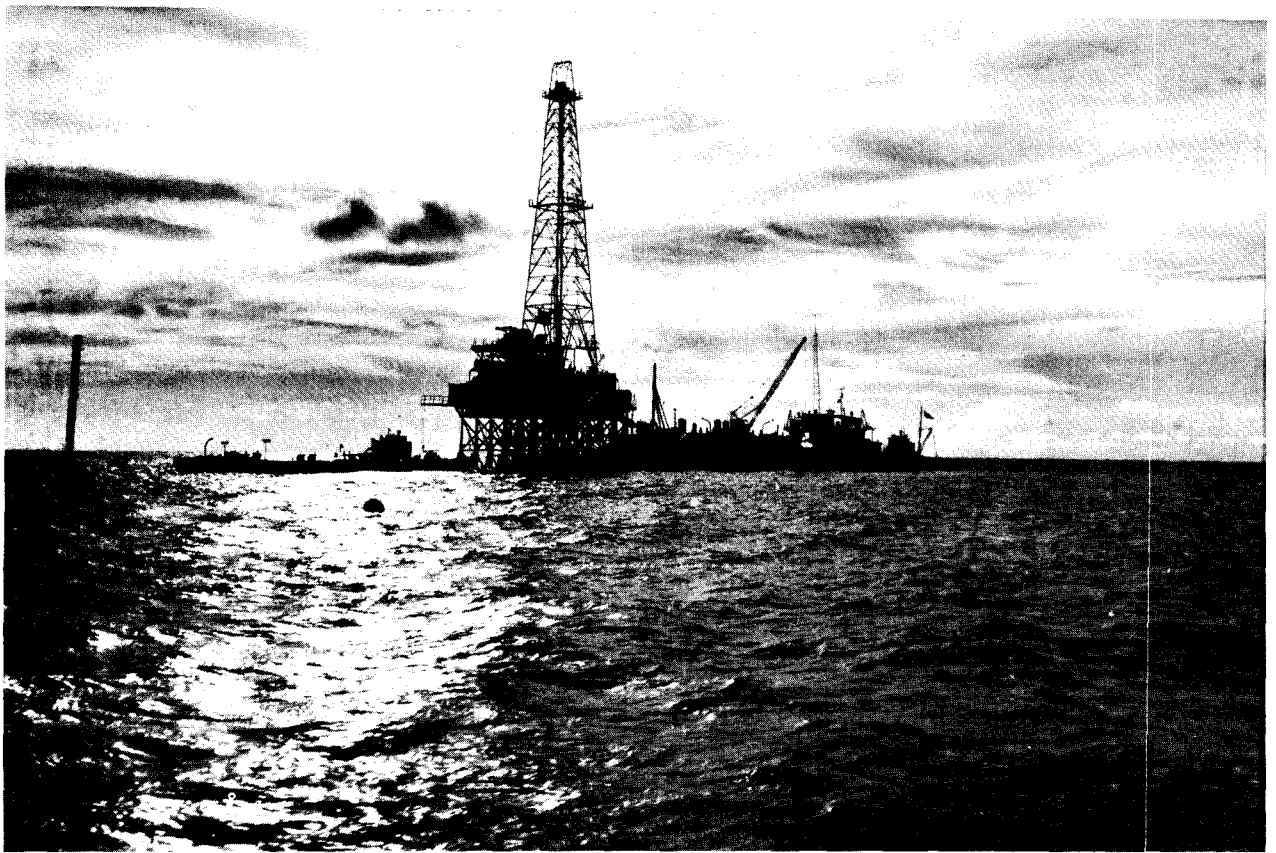
pany, in this case Humble Oil, owns the platform and any oil that comes up. The rig is contracted for, as are the men who work on her, called roughnecks. The drillers, the derrickman, the roughneck helpers—they are all employees of Loffland Brothers Drilling Company, in our case. The roustabouts, who do the heavy labor on the platform, are contracted to the oil company by Brown and Root. The Brown and Root guys work fourteen days straight. The Loffland Brothers roughnecks work seven and seven. The cooks, the mess hall, this scow that gets us there are all under contract, because it's cheaper for the oil companies than having to own and operate all that equipment and directly employ all those extra men.”

On Humble's platform the employee who served as foreman was known as the tool pusher, or straw boss. He was directly responsible for everything that happened aboard.

“Hey, George,” a balding, middle-aged roustabout with enormous shoulders half-shouted, leaning over his bus seat in the next row, “did ya’ll ever work under ol’ Sweet Williams? That ol’ tool pusher had the loudest voice on the Gulf. I swear, that man shook a rig when he just whispered, because he had a chest like a rain barrel and the biggest belly I ever saw. I remember one time when he almost tore up our radio with his screamin’. Hurricane flags were up, and we were goin’ to evacuate. The crew boat was hours late gettin’ to us, and the Gulf was really churnin’. Sweet gets on the horn to some ol’ boy at the home office and demands to know where the goddamn hell that boat is. The ol’ boy says it’s on its way, be patient, and anyway there’s plenty of time because the seas are only about ten feet high. And ol’ Sweet yells like thunder: ‘BULLSHIT, I’M GETTIN’ TWENTY-FOOT SEAS IN MY COMMUNE.’”

Suddenly, *Joy Tide* sounded a warning horn which brought many of her passengers running with food in hand from a nearby café where they had gone to get some lunch. Moments later, the mooring lines were cast off, caught on the dock by an old codger who shouted, “Remember, boys, getting there is half the fun.” A group of roustabouts assembled on the afterdeck merrily cursed him. More than six hours late, the launch swung up channel, setting its course for Humble Oil's combination production platform and drilling rig—officially designated as South Marsh Island 73 on the Bureau of Land Management charts—and one of the furthest points for oil operations on the outer continental shelf. At a distance of 103 miles from the Louisiana coast, this location left far behind most of the 6300 platforms and rigs working the Gulf. (The locale dictates the method of transportation; on many other platforms and rigs closer to shore, crews enjoy the comparative luxury of helicopter service, weather permitting.)

“Everytime I get off this damned boat, I swear that I’ll never get back on,” said a sad-faced Cajun engineer named Tony Rogers. “I ride this bucket twice a



month for more than twelve hours, and I have nightmares about her all the time. She's built too shallow, and you feel every swell right in your stomach. She's so damned slow, about 15 to 20 knots, you never get where you're going."

He sniffed the air with a practiced nose. "Won't be much wind today, so it will be pretty good out there. The last hour before we get to the platform is always dippy-do because the Gulf runs deep. Going out is always the worst. If a man gets through this first day back on the job, what with the trip and all, then having to put in a twelve-hour shift, why, there just ain't anything left on earth that a man couldn't get through. Not anything I can think of anyway."

Rogers' forecast proved on the mark. The Gulf remained a placid pond for the better part of five hours, after which the wind freshened from the north, producing six-foot swells that pitched the launch at outrageous angles and caused her engine to sputter and protest. After several more minutes of jouncing, a deckhand, his shirt drenched from flying spray, stuck his head in the cabin to announce that the platform was in sight. "Be there in about ten minutes, boys," he shouted. The time was 6:20 P.M. In less than an hour the forty-two-man relief crew would be aboard the platform to start their day's labors, while the launch would turn homeward, her seats now filled with tired, grouchy, and horny members of the old crew aching to reach land.

From a distance South Marsh Island 73 stands triumphant above the waves, a miraculous two-level tabletop of 4000 tons of steel, 20 stories high, her claw legs embedded in 135 feet of water. She has weathered nature's worst lashings: hurricane-frenzied waves fifty feet high have crashed thunderously against her sturdy frame. Roaring

winds have swept her decks clean of anything—man or machine—not bolted in place. She has shuddered against such onslaughts, swaying slightly, but held firm. Platforms have occasionally been toppled by great storms, but more have died at the hands of careless men. Through inattention or mistakes, they can cause devastating blowouts, which occur when pressures below a drilling hole deep in the earth are allowed to become greater than pressures from above. The result is a roaring, volatile eruption of gases and oil blasting to the surface, its friction igniting flames of such intensity as to reduce a mighty steel fortress into a melted, twisted ruin.

Surrounding the platform, about 7000 feet deep in the primordial ooze beneath the Gulf, are seven discovered reservoirs of crude oil. Twenty-two producing wells are supplied by these oil pools, their pipelines fanning out like a giant, multilegged starfish, stretching thousands of yards under the ocean floor. On the platform's first deck, thirty feet above the waves, powerful pumps separate the oil from seawater and natural gas (burned off through a pipe flare one hundred yards away), and 13,000 barrels of crude are sent back to the mainland each day via a single seven-inch pipeline.

The machinery-cluttered top deck, sixty-eight feet above the Gulf, is capped by the 150-foot tower of the drilling rig. Although a fierce gale will produce only a gentle sway atop the platform, the powerful drill throbs and beats in every rivet and bedpost aboard. A visitor inside the two-story cement block-house where the crew lives experiences a queasy feeling akin to seasickness from the drill's centrifugal motion, as it rotates 140 revolutions a minute, pushing nearly 45,000 pounds of pipe against a chewing three-clawed bit.

Drilling is under way aboard the rig. The new well will be located 1000 yards to the north 8000 feet be-

low the seabed. At the moment, the hole is at the 6500-foot level, and special measuring devices show the drill's aim to be perfect. The hole will take a month to complete and will cost \$140,000. At all times while drilling is under way a trawler lies anchored about 100 yards from the platform ready to move in and pick up survivors of a blowout.

Fred Hohenschutz, the tool pusher, is a quiet and aloof forty-four-year-old with a vague resemblance to Ralph Bellamy. He runs a no-nonsense operation: drinking or fighting brings instant dismissal; malinger or back talk, a severe reprimand. But since the oil companies protect their four-billion-dollar investment on the Gulf by manning their operations with older, proven, and reliable workers, discipline is not a major concern for "Mr. Fred," who knows most of the men aboard from other platforms during his seventeen years offshore. He focuses his experienced gaze on a few of the younger men, watching them closely, especially after recently confronting a new roustabout reading a comic book behind a large generator. The young man had been sent off on the next workboat, undoubtedly blackballed from ever working offshore again, because he had been defiant, not contrite.

"Hey, Mr. Fred, the news good or bad tonight?" asked a newly arrived roustabout. "Looks rough, I'm afraid," Hohenschutz replied. "A supply ship will be coming in in about an hour." The roustabout shook his head and hurried to the blockhouse to change clothes and eat. A supply ship's arrival meant a twelve-hour shift or longer, offloading tons of chemicals and cement. Meanwhile, the news was good for incoming roughnecks, the men who work the drilling rig. There would be no pipe to pull tonight. The roughneck's nightmare is to start back to work at the moment when a new bit is being replaced on the drill. Then, they spend their twelve hours wrestling with thirty-foot lengths of pipe, each weighing more than 300 pounds, that are withdrawn from the hole three lengths at a time, disassembled, and racked. As many as 240 pipe sections were now in the hole.

The drillers and their roughneck crew are the highest paid aboard for their tough, demanding, and dangerous work. Tobacco-chewers all (no smoking around the drill) they work in tandem much like a veteran basketball team, anticipating instinctively one another's moves as they tighten or unseal pipe with the help of a derrick operator high overhead. The driller is the captain and play-caller, working the hand brake to control drill speed, watching for danger signs at his dialed console, sensing by experience when a bit needs to be replaced. A veteran driller earns as much as \$18,000 for what amounts to six months of work, but he is worth much more to the oil companies, who save considerable cost if a hole is drilled quickly and cleanly. Any roughneck or roustabout with a sliver of ambition aspires to become a driller. On many rigs the drillers hire the roughnecks, a new recruit being contemptuously

called a worm or a weevil until he proves himself.

Not long ago, a worm on this first day aboard a rig accidentally dropped a hammer down the shaft of a drilling hole. All the pipe had to be pulled and a crew of extractors was sent for. In all, a full day's work was lost and the "fishing," as it is called, cost \$30,000. Finally, the hammer was extracted, and the disgusted driller handed it to the worm, telling him to pack his bags and leave. "Well," said the worm, "if that's the case, I won't be needing this hammer anymore." And he nonchalantly tossed it back down the drill hole.

Many of the roughnecks aboard have fingers missing, the penalty for being too slow when 300-pound joints of pipe are being moved into place. Last September, aboard this rig, a worm named Owens was putting in his first week offshore. On his third day, he told one of the roughnecks, "I had a terrible dream last night that something real bad was going to happen to me today." Fifteen minutes later, a large section of pipe suddenly toppled from its mooring and crushed his skull. (All told, there were thirty-seven deaths on drilling rigs, both on land and sea, last year. And there were 2700 injured.)

The drilling rig is the center of danger not only for the roughnecks but for everyone else on the platform. Although drilling is a rather precise science, the danger of blowouts is as likely as the possibility of human error or carelessness. To ensure that pressures above the drilling hole are greater than the pent-up pressures below, two massive pumps circulate 240 gallons of mud clay through the drill hole each minute. The mud consists of clay, silicates, and seawater, and actually lubricates the drill bit while forming a wall around the pipe so that the well will not collapse when the drill is removed.

"The most dangerous moment is right before we hit the oil," says the rig's drilling supervisor, a white-haired Texan named E. E. "Brigham" Young. "That's the time when gas pressures below the hole tend to build up rapidly. But when you think about it, there's just no damned excuse for a blowout. With all of the safety devices we have now, all of the monitors and warning alarms, we have at least half an hour to see a blowout coming and do something about it." Young has intense personal reasons for being extremely wary of a blowout. Three years ago, his nephew died aboard a drilling barge on the Gulf when a blowout rushed tons of natural gas to the surface. The bubbling gas was lighter than the water, causing the ship to settle instantly. In those final, terror-filled moments, a crewman lit a match when the lights failed belowdecks, and the barge exploded, capsized, and sank, killing thirty men.

The general alarm rings often aboard the platform since Mr. Fred believes in fire drills. "It's a long, long way down," he acknowledges, jerking his thumb toward the top deck railing and the surging sea far

below. In the event of a blowout an emergency switch strategically located around the platform is pulled, automatically shutting down all operations. Rope nets along the side of the living quarters are lowered, and the men have the option of climbing down, hand over hand, or risking a perilous sixty-five-foot jump into the ocean. "Some of the jumpers would make it, some wouldn't," Mr. Fred admits. "We tell them to tie their life vests to their wrists when they jump; otherwise the vest can strangle after hitting the water."

"It does no good to think about what you'd do in a blowout," said a crewman. "The boys argue about it all the time—whether to jump or take the nets down. But I seen one of them buggers hit a rig. I was a mile away at the time, and the roar and shock knocked me down. I tell ya'll, when them flames start ticklin' your ass, ya ain't gonna think about nets, you're gonna jump for your life whether you can swim or not."

Until a few years ago, wells would be saved by capping off the blowout, a process that invariably led to pouring tons of crude into the open seas. Nowadays, blowouts are almost always fatal to the production wells, which are allowed to burn out in order to avoid pollution and even worse heat from environmentalists and politicians. Last year, for example, Shell allowed a blowout to burn away, losing 16 producing wells and about \$35 million in the process.

"Humble," Mr. Fred insists, "simply won't tolerate pollution here in the Gulf. If there is a spill off this platform, there is simply no excuse I can give them that will save my neck. They won't even listen to me." Hohenschutz is constantly running tests on the twenty-two production wells operating on the platform, making certain that accumulated sludge and paraffin that could block the lines are regularly scraped away, and compulsively monitoring and testing five safety systems installed to help ensure trouble-free production. In the old days, slops and garbage were merely tossed into the sea. Now they are stored in large bins and collected weekly by a scow and returned to the mainland. The result is that the waters around the platform sparkle and teem with fish, feeding off the plankton growing on under-sea pipes. Off-duty crewmen use the lowest catwalk, about 10 feet above the sea, to fish for red snapper; enormous catches are not infrequent, and the cooks clean and freeze the fish for the men to take home.

But some roustabouts claim to remember a more exotic use of that catwalk, known as a plus ten, than for mere snapper fishing. Having kicked off their work clothes, caked with sour-smelling chemical mud, showered, and eaten, they sat in the mess hall reminiscing about one of the Gulf's most legendary characters, a dark-haired Morgan City saloonkeeper known as Black Mike. "Back in the fifties," one of the men recalled, "when most of the rigs were only about twelve or fifteen miles from shore, ol' Black Mike got hisself a stable of whores and packed them onto a launch. He'd make regular runs to the rigs, tie the

launch onto the plus ten, help the gals up, and line up the men at ten bucks a turn. He did a real good business, you can be certain, until one foggy night when ol' Black Mike thought he was tying his floating cathouse to a rig and it turned out to be a Coast Guard cutter."

"What do you think ever became of that ol' boy?" someone asked. No one knew; like so many other colorful characters who had worked the Gulf in the past, he had disappeared without trace, as if his exploits had been a wispy wishful dream all along.

God knows, no whores have visited South Marsh Island 73, far out in the Gulf, where daily life resembles a cross between the Navy and an old-fashioned penal colony. In their concrete bunkers, the men sleep four to a small room in double-decker bunks. Those listed for the day shift are awakened by the cooks flicking on their lights at 5 A.M. The workday starts at 6 A.M. Lunch is from 11:30 to noon. The day ends at 6 P.M., when the night shift takes over. The night men have lunch at midnight and end their day at 6 A.M.

Most of the men prefer to work the night shift during the summer months when, under a fierce sun, the simmering steel decks scorch to the touch. But in winter and uncertain spring, nights can be a chilling ordeal, especially when northern gales rake the open decks, the damp cold cutting through the heaviest clothing.

In the bayou barrooms of southwest Louisiana the Cajuns are irrepressible hell-raisers, but there is no swaggering or horseplay offshore. The living quarters are as quiet as a hospital ward. Even in the mess hall, the center of communal life, voices and laughter are subdued. "It is eerie, this silence," said a young Belfast Irishman named James McAlister, who escaped the civil wars raging about him by seeking his fortune in America. His travels had taken him to Louisiana, where he was testing his mettle with a stint offshore as a roustabout. "I didn't understand the silence at first, but now I do. There are always exhausted men around you trying to sleep. No matter the time of day or night, men are sleeping, and outside, they are working," McAlister said.

"I'm twenty-two and I'm strong, but I never realized that human beings could work this hard. At six in the morning, it's dark, wet, and cold. You begin sweeping the water from the decks which accumulated from the night mists. The deck must be kept dry so that the work crews don't slip and fall. Everything is steel, so a fall can really do damage. Every bump leaves a bruise and I have seen men in the shower after work who look like they have been in a saloon brawl. Whatever work you are doing, you get filthy. Your hands, your face, your shoes, trousers, and shirt become smeared with grease, rust, and that bloody chemical mud. You smell sour, and so does everyone else. The worst part is when the supply

ships come in. Yesterday I figured that each man in our crew of six lifted 12,000 pounds of chemical mud sacks. Each sack weighs about 100 pounds. When the day ends at 6 P.M., you just want a hot shower, some food, and sleep. And that's exactly what we all do. Two straight weeks of it. I never knew that fourteen days could take so long."

On his second day aboard, McAlister stood too close to a chain sling attached to a winch. The snapping chain smacked him in the mouth, cutting his lip and cracking two teeth. Mr. Fred immediately radioed for a helicopter and McAlister was whisked on a forty-five-minute flight to a hospital in Morgan City. "The dentist saved my teeth, thank God," he said. "But I don't think I shall return after this two-week hitch. It's simply staggering to think that most of these roustabouts have been doing this work for years. Imagine spending your life in such awful drudgery."

A huge bearlike roustabout named Smiley Dunaway nodded in agreement as McAlister spoke. "The boy ain't wrong in what he says," Smiley said softly. "I put two boys through college with this work, but it cost me two thirds of my life on the Gulf to do it. And it's a fact that no money can buy you back your prime. I been at this business twenty years. When I began, the pay was ninety cents an hour. Now, I'm gettin' two dollars fifty cents an hour. Well, that's somethin', but the work seems harder because I'm gettin' older."

In his prime, Smiley's strength was unrivaled. Once when he was helping to unload a supply ship, the crane broke down. Two decks above, the rough-necks were calling for a new drilling bit, so Smiley placed the 250-pound bit on one ample shoulder, climbed two steep flights of stairs onto the floor of the drilling rig, and gently placed the bit at the feet of the astonished driller. "Ya'll take it from here," he said. His wife died five years ago and Smiley lives alone on his farm in Mississippi. "I worked to death to build that place," he says. "I ain't gonna quit now. I'm still here on the Gulf because I need the money to buy more cattle. It makes no sense for me to let up now even though no one's left at home but me."

Men less strong or persistent than Dunaway ache to quit but find themselves trapped in situations familiar to just about every wage-earner. "The boys often talk about getting out of this," said roustabout Bill Kyle, "but what happens is that they earn good money out here—anywhere from \$6000 to \$8000, on up to \$20,000 on the rig—a damned fortune in comparison to what they can earn back home. So, the next thing you know they begin running up credit and big debts. You know, the wife wants a freezer and washer. Maybe the guy goes into business with his brother-in-law and buys a filling station or grocery. The only way to pay off these bills and debts is to keep making that good platform money."

Kyle is a motorman, maintaining nearly a dozen big generators aboard. He farms about ninety acres

in Brookhaven, Mississippi, and is trying to add to his herds. He has three young kids. "I hope to God that my son will never have to work out here. I want him to go to college and become somebody in the world. Folks shouldn't have to work this hard to earn their bread, but I wouldn't mind for my boy to put in a summer on a platform. I guarantee he'd learn the value of a hard-earned dollar."

The midnight lunch is now being served, and the night crew troops in wearing glistening rubber slickers. Outside it has begun to rain, and a cold wind is gusting out of the north. The men line up cafeteria-style, choosing between Cajun fare of rice, beans, and thick, rich gumbo, and a Mississippi menu of ham, greens, and potatoes. The food is delicious and ample. A few Cajun workers are chattering in French, and a friendly translator turns to a visitor and laughs: "The moral of this story is that a coonass never knows when he's well off. He's telling about his brother, who has been sleeping with his wife's sister for nearly a year. The wife doesn't know, and now he's begun to sleep with his wife's cousin as well."

Are there any blacks working offshore? the visitor asks. "Naw, not many, maybe five or six," one of the Mississippians replies. "Anyway, that NAACP is opposed to it." Why? "Well, hell, they fighting to free the slaves, not make more of them." The men laugh, and a few say that they have worked on a platform where there was a single black roustabout. "They never put two on board at the same time, which is probably smart," said a roustabout. "Anyway, the men don't love it, but they don't mind much either, workin' with them, as long as they do their share like everyone else."

It's 2 A.M., and gale winds are now blowing at better than 30 knots, driving a rain as fine as needles. Terry Rogers is checking on the consistency of the chemical mud near one of the big pumpers. "I'm damn glad we got here before this gale hit," he says, the ordeal of *Joy Tide* still much on his mind. Over at a tool shed, George Barker is sorting through a box of wrenches. His face is beet-red from the cold wind, but there are deep circles under his eyes and he looks like hell. "I've got my second wind now," he says. "I was pooped before the midnight meal, but I think I'll make it now till morning."

Up on the drilling rig, work proceeds smoothly. The bit will probably be changed by late tomorrow afternoon. At the moment, it is burrowing into the hole at the rate of about ten feet every hour or so. A roughneck spits his tobacco juice at the question whether the drill is ever stopped because of very bad weather. "Ain't enough wind or rain, ice or fog to ever stop that son of a bitch," he grins. The driller on the hand brake overhears and spouts a loud laugh. "Out here," he says, shouting in the wind and over the roaring drill, "there ain't no Sunday, no Thanksgiving, no Christmas even. Every day is the same here as every other. That's just the way it is offshore." □

LIFE & LETTERS

MORE ON DRUGS

by Robert Coles, M.D.

The issue of "drugs" and "drug abuse" has not disappeared from the public consciousness, certainly not the way other apparently crucial issues have—often they streak across the American scene and are considered old hat after being discussed on a few talk shows and highlighted in the press for a season or two. But for nearly a decade now, a whole range of "experts" have talked about and argued over and tried to make sense of "drugs." Who takes them and why? The books keep coming out, and as befits an issue that has staying power, a presidential commission was appointed to go over the subject and report back as soon as possible. This it has done in *Marihuana: A Signal of Misunderstanding*.

I doubt that either *The Natural Mind* by Andrew Weil (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95) or *Drugs and the Public* by Norman E. Zinberg and John A. Robertson (Simon and Schuster, \$8.95) could have come out a few years ago. The authors (along with just about everyone else) then felt more at sea about knowing what to believe concerning the dangers and possible value of certain drugs. And in the middle sixties a presidential commission would have been unthinkable—the plain fact being that once one is set up, enough has already happened to make some kind of change virtually certain.

Neither Dr. Weil's ideas nor those of Dr. Zinberg and Mr. Robertson ought to be dismissed as just more of the same. For one thing, Drs. Weil and Zinberg, two thoroughly respect-

able Boston physicians, one interested in pharmacology, the other a first-rate psychoanalyst with an established reputation in his field, have been with this problem for a good long spell, and have in the past done some important studies of the psychological and physiological effects of marijuana. Each of them, in different ways, and from different perspectives, tells about that research in his book, and the difficulties they encountered help to explain the "misunderstanding" mentioned in the title of the report given to President Nixon this spring. For example, access to the drug was not easy—which ought to remind us that many people, including some high in the government, don't necessarily want the "facts."

In essence, the doctors found that marijuana isn't all that powerful a drug; what it "did" for their subjects really depended on what their subjects wanted it to do. The "setting" (the conditions under which marijuana is used) makes a big difference, as does the state of mind a particular user possesses as he or she goes about drawing on a reefer. Nor does that apply solely to marijuana; other drugs, even heroin, vary in their effect, Dr. Zinberg emphasizes. For certain youths, strong-minded and gregarious, inclined not to be suspicious or anxious, marijuana in moderate doses can offer a pleasant and satisfying experience. For others, worried and fearful, maybe headed, anyway, for the psychiatrist's office, or maybe just growing up and having a hard time of it, a reefer or two, or

an LSD tablet, can exert a decisive influence—an already shaky "personality structure" begins to fall apart. Nor does such a turn of events distinguish "drugs" from alcohol; those of us who have worked with troubled youths know how they can take to drink, then begin to deteriorate psychologically. Does a "problem" prompt the interest in alcohol, in LSD, or does the particular individual merely stumble into a dangerous set of circumstances, then find himself or herself vulnerable indeed? Questions like these are easier asked than answered; each young person's life has its own history, its own determinants and store of experiences, so generalizations about which is the horse and which is the cart probably come most easily from ideologues of various kinds. And as Drs. Weil and Zinberg keep insisting, the issue of drugs has received attention from plenty of those ideologues: moralistic defenders of the social and political status quo, who summon forth all the considerable rhetoric at their command against anyone who dares question the old values; angry radicals, fed up completely with the evils they see about them at home, and the awful, murderous things they believe this country is doing abroad, and anxious to find our last hope in certain young men and women of the "counterculture"; and in between, plenty of ordinary men and women (parents, teachers, and not rarely, psychiatrists) who feel confronted, brought up short, puzzled, envious of or angry at "them," who of course

turn out to be millions of our own children now become grown up.

The authors of *Drugs and the Public* have no interest in ideology. They don't exhort and they don't promise "solutions." They write as social observers and social critics, and they do so with a sense of history. The result is a book that is rich with descriptions of our contemporary social and cultural situation, to the point where the reader (maybe for the first time) is able to understand how, in one swift decade, millions of a particular generation have come to be so very involved with substances once considered exotic or the consuming interest of "special groups"—musicians, people in urban ghettos, the psychiatrically "ill." "We are experiencing a social upheaval," write Zinberg and Robertson. "of which the so-called drug problem is merely the part on which many older people choose to center their fears. We may even be facing a change in the nature of consciousness, induced by our technology and brought into every house by television."

The authors are especially good as they talk about the relationship between television and child-rearing; most parents (in my experience, even the poorest of the poor, who can get cheap secondhand sets that barely work) find the television screen and its never-ending images the ultimate pacifier, the world within a world—or perhaps, the great and sustaining link their children have with the outside world. In the authors' words: "Press the button and everything is there: turn on, tune in—and even relax and drop out for a while. The boundaries between inside and outside imperceptibly become diffuse. When a field or some other outside scene is shown on the small screen, a two year old tries to walk into it." Is it any wonder that fifteen or twenty years later that person may find himself drawn to a substance that helps achieve a mood which has already become familiar?

Not that Dr. Zinberg wants to present yet another glib, psychologically reductionist "interpretation" of what he knows to be the complicated way that the mind comes to terms with the social and political forces that bear down on all of us, sometimes with as little awareness as we can mobilize with respect to other "forces" that psychiatrists seem to feel more comfortable talking about—

the influence of a mother's disposition or a father's way of punishing his children. ("Neither do we believe that the turned-on generation found their electronic babysitter so gratifying that they seek to return to that early infantile experience.") The hope is to attempt some suggestive hypotheses, an approach in sharp contrast to the assurance, if not outright dogmatism, one can find elsewhere: they are *bad*, these drug users, or *sick*, or *sinful*, evidence of a nation's *spiritual decline*.

At one point the authors suggest that we need new kinds of research into the effects of various drugs on people. They say that the "narrower considerations" of pharmacological, biological, and even sociological studies simply will not do if we are to learn what it is that drug users experience and feel drawn to repeatedly. "Considerations of the high itself (the influence of consciousness, the relationship of positive or negative social setting) have been little explored," they observe—perhaps because a society's moral code, its sense of what is desirable or wrong affects, among others, those who do research, no matter how "objective" or "scientific" they regard themselves. Here one can link *Drugs and the Public* with *The Natural Mind*, even though the two books have quite different positions to present. Dr. Zinberg and Mr. Robertson want to argue that today's laws regulating drug usage are self-defeating; that they do more harm than good and need to be supplanted by less categorical, more flexible and tentative ones. We are asked "to tolerate and accept a reasonable amount of drug use by those willing and able to make that decision," perhaps through some "licensing system." Obviously some would be disqualified; but we are definitely urged to respond to what has every appearance of being a significant shift in the nation's social climate.

Forthright and bold one minute, the authors turn guarded the next; they respect the right of certain youths to use drugs as a means of finding both pleasure and self-awareness, but again and again they take note of the more dangerous and destructive side of the so-called drug scene, so they most certainly are not propagandists for it. Nor is Dr. Weil, really. If anything, he is against the use of drugs; he places great impor-

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LITTLE, BROWN

tance on the drug "high" that Dr. Zinberg and Mr. Robertson say needs more scrutiny, not because he advocates that we all get high with drugs, but out of a conviction (based on his work over the years in hospitals and clinics, as well as several research projects) that such a "high" is one way many people get closer to achieving the kind of "heightened consciousness" we all might achieve without drugs, were we allowed and encouraged to do so. Put somewhat differently, Dr. Weil thinks that the drug problem as it exists today is a phantom of sorts; youths crave drugs because they are trying in their own desperate way to learn much about themselves, and most specifically, to get closer to parts of their mind most of us are taught to seal off.

There is nothing modest or hesitant about Dr. Weil's method of argument. He declares where others might speculate; he also ventures where others would hold off. We are offered no less than a whole new theory of child development: "Anyone who watches very young children without revealing his presence will find them regularly practicing techniques that induce striking changes in mental states. Three- and four-year-olds, for example, commonly whirl themselves into vertiginous stupors. They hyperventilate and have other children squeeze them around the chest until they faint. They also choke each other to produce loss of consciousness."

Supposedly all that is done because children want to shed themselves of "waking consciousness." Supposedly, too, children even find their way to chemicals of sorts for just that purpose—many of them "before the age of five," Dr. Weil says. "The most common route to this knowledge," he goes on, "is the discovery that inhalation of the fumes of volatile solvents in household products induces experiences similar to those caused by whirling or fainting." As a child psychiatrist, I don't know what to do with that kind of assertion. It is based on intuition and a particular person's observations, not on conventional or systematic research. Is Dr. Weil right? I don't know. Anyway, he keeps on asserting that people like me, practitioners of what he calls "allopathy," are "straight," meaning we rely on the intellect, we stick to rules of evidence, we are not in touch with the unconscious as are certain yogis and

an increasing number of plain, ordinary Western youth, who more and more "want to open channels between the conscious and the unconscious minds." Dr. Weil calls such people "stoned," not because they use drugs (he hopes they don't, or won't) but because, presumably, they have those "channels" wide open—hence would go along with this assertion of his, meant to contrast the thinking of Western physicians (allopaths) with their own: "I mentioned earlier that essential hypertension is correlated with increased tone of the sympathetic nerves. Allopaths, seeing this correlate as a cause, cannot change the condition. The true cause is in the unconscious mind, which, denied access to consciousness, turns its energies downward."

So much for high blood pressure. A few years ago some of my colleagues in psychiatry began to give up talking about an X "personality structure" that seemed to be correlated with a Y disease; they worried that their statistics were inadequate, and wondered whether the presence of the disease might itself set in motion certain psychological attitudes and responses, rather than vice versa. It seems, though, that they should have gone further, maybe even abandoned their effort to be careful and precise, and taken up instead talk of "energies" going "downward" instead of "upward." Once again, I can't say that Dr. Weil is wrong—or right, either. He feels that there is a whole world of feeling and energy and power stored away back there in what he calls the "unconscious," not to be confused with the unconscious that Freud tried to fathom. He claims that all sorts of diseases are caused by that unconscious, as it gets trapped or bottled up, or denied expression or turned in on itself—the imagery gets rather lavish, and if we ask for something more, a little clinical research, maybe, some facts and figures, then too bad for us: we are blind and deaf to so much, hence dumber than we will ever get to know. If the reader begins to detect an ideological flavor to all of this, I don't think he or she will be far wrong, and I doubt Dr. Weil will object. It is his purpose to offer a wide-ranging, rather philosophical point of view—about those who shun drugs, those who take them, and those fortunate few (in his estimation) who are "beyond" both, and so really in touch

with themselves, the north, south, east, and west of themselves, I guess it could be put, speaking no more metaphorically than Dr. Weil chooses to do.

Dr. Weil, however, is a first-rate and persuasive writer; he sets down lean, strong sentences and provocative ideas, the complexity of which the reader must meet up with himself, because I am surely biased against them. He is continuing his extraordinary studies—he has gone to South America to observe members of Indian tribes who have learned how to alter their "consciousness"—and no doubt he will keep trying to persuade more and more of us to take a second look at ourselves, and one hopes that he will keep an eye out for his own blind spots or prejudices. In the meantime, one can only be impressed by his courage and determination.

One assumes that the members of the President's Commission on Marihuana and Drug Abuse are tough-minded and practical men who did not expect to comment on the subject matter they have just studied without obtaining their fair share of insults. After a great deal of contemplation, after months of listening to witnesses and reading and arguing things out, they have come up with their first report, and by now much of the public knows their essential recommendation: that our legal system be rather decisively overhauled so far as the laws on marijuana go. We ought to have, the commission says, a uniform law, rather than dozens of them with astonishing and occasionally outrageous variations from state to state; and most significant, the possession or distribution in private of small amounts of marijuana ought not to be a state or local offense. Public possession or distribution is another matter—though again, small amounts so discovered would merely be subject to confiscation, whereas the discovery of amounts over one ounce would entail a fine of one hundred dollars. On the other hand, stiff penalties are recommended for those who go out and cultivate and buy and distribute the drug for profit; and antisocial offenses committed under its influence, as with alcohol, would by no means be condoned.

The report has been called everything good and bad, and is not intended, I believe, to satisfy those who have strong opinions, one way or the

other, on the subject. A presidential commission of this kind aims to educate people, prepare the way for change that is all but certain to take place (though its exact nature is not yet certain), and help mobilize a confused nation around some action that will reduce the level of discord and suspicion—no mean achievement these days. I don't think the members of the commission expect that the American people, through their elected representatives, will accede to every suggestion in their report. There are legal and maybe even constitutional issues to be settled. How, for instance, does one sanction possession but forbid sale without getting into trouble with the notion of "private property" and its various

"rights"? In any event, the overall tone of the report is in keeping with what was intended: hysteria is shunned, propaganda avoided; a serious effort is made to acknowledge errors of the past. Most of all, we are nudged toward some common ground that millions of people can stand on with a reasonable chance of not getting at one another's throats or seeing one's children caught in the grips of irrational and out-of-date laws. As a citizen one must out of duty respond to such a report, written as it was for each and every one of us; and I will do so by saying thank you for what I believe to be a thoughtful and well-done job, a real beginning and a real help—if only regarded closely by those who make our laws.

And so it is with *The Bejeweled Boy*: the exotic, privileged, fantasy life of the boy in a poor fishing village, which takes up more than half the novel, is slowly revealed as the fancies and dreams of a fatherless boy kept at home by a mother and aunt who live off charity and prostitution. It's a difficult story to bring off, and I was as often puzzled as interested. Asturias may have felt the same, for he did not publish it in Spanish until 1960.

What always saves Asturias is his language—poetic, hilarious, haunted, musical; bejeweled, indeed—and he has been well served by his American translators. However irregularly American publishers have brought out the work of contemporary South Americans, they have been most careful in the last eight years to find translators who are concerned as much with the meaning of words as with their tone. The renaissance of the South American novel has been greatly assisted by the emerging recognition that translation is an art, and the South Americans owe some of their success to the work of such translators as Gregory Rabassa and Lysander Kemp.

Jorge Luis Borges, whose work began to appear in this country only a couple of years earlier than Asturias, has achieved the ideal situation. In the last four years he has collaborated with his translator, Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in publishing the English version of his work. As Borges says in the foreword to his latest collection of stories, *Doctor Brodie's Report*, "The English and Spanish languages are not, as is often taken for granted, a set of interchangeable synonyms but are two possible ways of viewing and ordering reality." His goal is "to make the text read as though it had been written in English," and he is always successful in these austere written stories, the product of what he calls his "advanced age" which "has taught me to resign myself to being Borges."

One of the stories, "The Intruder," appeared a couple of years ago in an anthology of South American writing, and it gives us an opportunity to see what a difference translations can make in an author's style and meaning. In the first paragraph, a sentence explaining his narrative method, usual with Borges at the start of his stories, reads in Borges' version, "I

THE VOICE OF SOUTH AMERICA

by Jose Yglesias

It is commonplace today to speak of a renaissance in the South American novel. There is indeed a renaissance, but for the United States reader it's more of a genesis; we know almost nothing of the writers who preceded Carlos Fuentes, Juan Rulfo, Julio Cortázar, Gabriel García Márquez, Mario Vargas Llosa, and José Donoso, to name some that we have recently begun to read. But this is the usual complaint of specialists and scholars, and on the whole it's better for the South American novel to make its way in the marketplace with current work and later backtrack with earlier South American fiction.

During the past year alone, five outstanding books have appeared: two by still-living old masters, Jorge Luis Borges (Argentina) and Miguel Ángel Asturias (Guatemala); two first novels by men just reaching forty, Guillermo Cabrera Infante (Cuba) and Manuel Puig (Argentina); and one by Gabriel García Márquez (Colombia), who also is in his early forties but who has already published a novel, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, that everyone acknowledges to be a masterpiece.

The publishing history of Asturias in this country is an interesting one. In 1964, he was introduced, some thirty years after its initial appearance, with his most important novel,

El Señor Presidente, in an English translation so atrocious that it must have put everyone off. His then current novel, *Mulata de Tal*, went begging for a publisher for some three years, but the house that decided to take it was rewarded: Asturias received the Nobel Prize the year of publication. This assured interest in the earlier novels, and the ones about the banana republic appeared next. They were so flamboyantly anti-Yankee yet so verbally inventive and sophisticated that they puzzled reviewers, especially since Asturias was, and is, the Guatemalan Ambassador to France. And now comes *The Bejeweled Boy*, a short work devoid of politics and, although full of the witchery of Indian myths, written in a prose that seems strangely simple and unadorned.

The explanation lies in the fact that this short novel was written in 1927. In his early, and simpler, Paris days Asturias was publishing the results of his research into the history and religion of the Mayans, a collection of myths called *Leyendas de Guatemala* and a translation of *El Popul Vuh*, the Mayan "Bible." Paul Valéry hailed the former, as surreal as the later novels (where myth and reality, the prosaic and the supernatural merge), as story-dreams-poems in which everything is "graciously confounded."

hope to do this in a straightforward way, but I see in advance that I shall give in to the writer's temptation of emphasizing or adding certain details." The earlier translation reads: "I shall write with probity, but I see that I will give in to the literary temptation of emphasizing or adding some detail." Borges is simpler, more precise and yet more relaxed: how un-English to use "probity" with the verb "write," how pompous when the subject of the sentence is "I." There's no inaccuracy but the tone is off-key; a small matter, but when almost each sentence contains some such difference, not bad enough even to be called inept, one gets a blurred image of the story.

The effect that Borges seeks requires precision, a cool, removed, classical narration of incidents that take place, as do most stories in this collection, among waterfront toughs in Buenos Aires or, as in "The Intruder," among ranch hands and horse thieves of the surrounding countryside. Borges wants this contrast between subject and language, and since he is in pursuit of the mysteries of passion and human relationships, he is at pains to be lucid.

These are the first stories he has written since 1953, having confined himself almost entirely to poetry when he became blind, and here we have a prose writer who is very different from the one who gained his reputation with baroque, innovative stories, distinctly his own. He is no longer interested in experimentation. "Each language is a tradition, each word a shared symbol, and what an innovator can change amounts to a trifle," he announces in the preface to *Doctor Brodie's Report*; "we need only remember the splendid but often unreadable work of a Mallarmé or a Joyce." True, but we must remember that he is still an ironist: these "straightforward stories," as he calls them, are unique though traditional narratives, but so laconic that it would be vulgar to find them suspenseful; one keeps reading because of the assured voice that shapes them.

Though he means to be straightforward, he is not simple and certainly not homely: no character of his ever utters a word in the vernacular. He says, too, that he wants to make clear that he is not a "committed writer." "I do not aspire to be Aeschylus," he emphasizes, but in fact pep-

pers his stories with his conservative prejudices. One of the funniest passages is an oblique critique of abstract art which begins by describing it as "that now so unjustly forgotten school of painters." In much the same manner, he laughs at those South American intellectuals who will tell you that the history of Argentina is reflected in the verses of tangos, by explaining that he eschews slang because "our local slang, in fact, is a literary joke concocted by writers of popular plays and tango lyrics." Yet these stories, taken together, create the ambience of those tango stories of passion more vividly than social history—in pursuit of universality Borges now doesn't stray from his neighborhood.

Like Borges, Guillermo Cabrera Infante has collaborated with his translators in the translation of *Three Trapped Tigers*, a job he also performed on the French version. Since, unlike Borges, his is a long work and its surface ripples with the variegated jargons spoken in the Havana of the fifties, Donald Gardner and Suzanne Jill Levine, his translators, needed all the help they could get. I don't think the trio is entirely successful, but not because they have lacked inventiveness. They state that the novel is translated "from the Cuban," and they could well have added "into American," for it's New York City speech that's been rendered here, black and white and the in-between of the new life-style generation, literary and Madison Avenue and the special blend the West Side makes of them. And although it's not unique in modern literature, as the Cuban is, this American version is as often fun to read as the original.

What is wrong with the language is probably insuperable. Prudent Borges, eschewing local slang, did not have to face Cabrera Infante's difficulty. Having found an equivalent in our speech, Cabrera Infante could not make it wholly convincing, while the story's characters and locale remain invincibly Cuban. Words are shared symbols, as Borges says, and although the reader doesn't have to make as great an adjustment of speech to locale in *Three Trapped Tigers* as does, say, an American moviegoer in Spain viewing a dubbed film, one does often feel that the speech in the novel is out of sync. It occurs to me that this translation

would not trouble the English: from their distance New Yorkers and Cubans are simply Americans.

What is wrong with the novel can be found in its history. It was conceived and written in the early sixties when Cabrera Infante was a supporter of the Cuban revolution, and in its first version, entitled *A View of Dawn in the Tropics*, it won in 1964 the Biblioteca Breve prize of Seix Barral, a Barcelona publishing house. It had trouble with the Spanish censors, and during the time it could not be published, Cabrera Infante changed his view of the revolution and his novel. That "dawn" of the original title was no doubt the revolution, and it's safe to speculate that, like the spate of novels written by young Cuban writers then, its picture of Havana during Batista's last years carried a political lesson. It was probably wise of Cabrera Infante, when he settled in London, to abandon what was a cliché concept and to rework the book; but his rewriting of the original manuscript was not thoroughgoing enough. The overlay of wordplay which now seems his real reason for writing the novel is shakily superimposed on a naturalistic structure.

The novel, like early Dos Passos, is composed of monologues, letters, first-person narratives, taped parodies by a man who does not appear but is the best friend of the main characters—all of them living in that swinging center of Havana on La Rampa where the old Havana Hilton (now Habana Libre) commands the view. Its ineluctable thrust, then, is sociologically descriptive, but what interests Cabrera Infante is playing with words—anagrams, palindromes, and particularly puns, which in Americanized Havana-ese get to be a bore, if only because one can't believe in any of this dialogue. A random example: the writer and actor driving recklessly find that they almost hit two girls, one of whom named Livia the actor knows; the girls walk over to their car, and the writer asking to be introduced says, "Who are they?—Anna and Livia Pluralbelles?" Dig?

Yet when Cabrera Infante is humorous or satirical, and not simply joking, he is superb. There is a series of parodies of different Cuban writers all writing about the assassination of Trotsky that is maliciously hilarious, though, on second thought, I don't

know who in our country would recognize how perfect is the best of them without knowing Virgilio Piñera or his work.

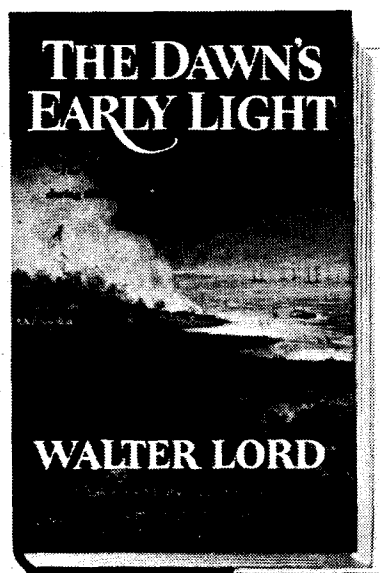
Manuel Puig, the young Argentinian writer, structures his *Betrayed by Rita Hayworth* very much like Cabrera Infante—inner monologues by different characters and three sections of dialogue without even the minimum stage directions of a play script—and this has led critics to speak of his book as experimental writing. It seems to me, rather, a perfectly recognizable and easily readable product of now assimilated modernist techniques, and Puig has used them well to portray the small-town ambience in which one lower-middle-class family suffocates: as Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* might be done by a post-Dos Passos and Faulkner writer who also anticipates Beckett a bit. It works. Puig's method seems the best way both to exclude unnecessary descriptive detail and to include the detail necessary to the psychology of the characters.

The stunning title derives from the obsession in the thirties of a six-year-old boy with the movies, and any movie buff of that era well knows what a risqué number Rita Hayworth was in the remake of *Blood and Sand*. Needless to say, the title is also symbolic of the unreal and petty illusions which nurture all the characters in this Argentinian small town. We follow them in their inner monologues over a period of thirteen years—see that sheltered sissy of a boy get buggered, and finally on the verge of turning into a pre-Gay Liberation homosexual, scared, catty, trapped—and it's a shock to read at the end a letter by the father of the family written at the time the novel began: all the hopes he has and the hard work he sets out for himself we now know have come to nothing or, worse, have been realized but are meaningless.

Puig's vision of his characters is Freudian in the main, and it seems old-fashioned now. I kept thinking of those early 1950s movies (Puig does have his effect) and particularly of one in which James Cagney, a ruthless criminal, cries out at the end as he gets gunned down, "My mother never loved me!" But Puig can create characters, and without sparing us their weaknesses and uglinesses he makes us see them with compassion. He also has a good ear, and can make

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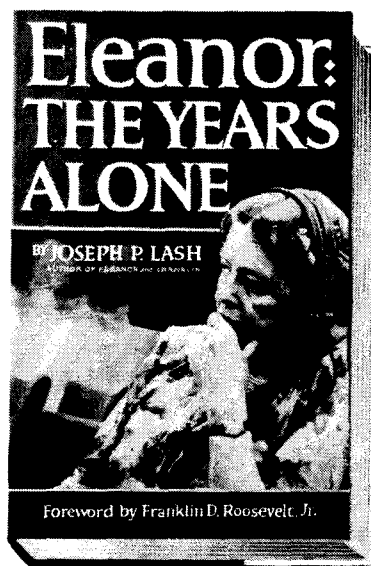
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us laugh without being patronizing.

This good ear for local speech creates, as I said about Cabrera Infante's novel, almost insuperable difficulties for Puig's translator. Suzanne Jill Levine, who also worked on *Three Trapped Tigers*, does well by the Argentinian vernacular, turning it into American most naturally. Still, it does take one aback occasionally to find provincial Argentinians saying "yeah man" and "dog doodoo."

Gregory Rabassa, the translator of *Leaf Storm and Other Stories*, has no problem of this kind with García Márquez's prose. García Márquez can portray the poor and illiterate without using the colloquial. Nor does he accomplish this, as Borges does, by placing himself at such a remove from his story that it is only the author's cultivated voice you hear.

Nevertheless, we are lucky to have Rabassa translating García Márquez, for he perfectly re-creates in English that flowing, humane style of the original, a style of enormous range that preserves its warm tone when rueful, poetic, tragic, raucous, or nostalgic. All the stories in this volume require this much more subtle ear. The novella of the title was his first published work (1955). "Leaf Storm" and the short story "Monologue of Isabel Watching It Rain in Macondo," must be considered as studies toward *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, the novel that put the mythical town of Macondo on the literary map. They are somber and affecting stories of a desolate, closed-in period of the town (one can note, particularly in "Leaf Storm," the influence of Faulkner) and are unrelieved by the marvelous humor of his later work. Yet they are unmistakably García Márquez; he found his voice from the very first.

The other five stories can all be classed as fables—the kind of thing Borges avoids—and each is delightful. My favorite is "The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World," only six pages long, one that I expect will be anthologized throughout the world.

The drowned man is washed ashore at a miserably poor fishing village, and its wizened, worn, small inhabitants fall in love with the size and beauty of this man. They name him Esteban, and with the people of the surrounding villages give him, in new clothes, a grand burial at sea:

They let him go without an anchor so that he could come back if he wished and whenever he wished, and they all held their breath for the fraction of centuries the body took to fall into the abyss. They did not need to look at one another to realize that they were no longer all present, that they would never be. But they also knew that everything would be different from then on, that their houses would have wider doors, higher ceilings, and stronger floors so that Esteban's memory could go everywhere without bumping into beams and so that no one in the future would dare whisper the big boob finally died, too bad, the handsome fool has finally died, because they were going to paint their house fronts gay colors to make Esteban's memory eternal and they were going to break their backs digging for springs among the stones and planting flowers on the cliffs so that in future years at dawn the passengers on great liners would awaken, suffo-

cated by the smell of gardens on the high seas, and the captain would have to come down from the bridge in his dress uniform, with his astrolabe, his pole star, and his row of war medals and, pointing to the promontory of roses on the horizon, he would say in fourteen languages, look there, where the wind is so peaceful now that it's gone to sleep beneath the beds, over there, where the sun's so bright that the sunflowers don't know which way to turn, yes, over there, that's Esteban's village.

García Márquez subtitles this little story "A Tale for Children," and it has the power that only the greatest writing can command—to make wondering children of its readers. I try to think of a story by one of our contemporary writers to send to South Americans that could help them see, as this one does, the possibilities of man; for the moment I'm at a loss.

MOVIES GETTING WHITEY

by David Denby

The eagerness of urban black audiences for movies with black casts, stories, and themes, and particularly for black heroes, exemplars of racial pride, has created the first situation of guaranteed profit for commercial film makers since the 1940s. Recent genres like the youth film, the drug-addict cycle, and the revisionist Western have failed after a few box-office successes, or failed altogether, but at the moment, any film which shows blacks facing down whites in violent confrontations (the more corpses the better) is going to do quick and heavy business in the big cities. From large studios like MGM to fly-by-night outfits that barely exist on paper, everyone is struggling to get a few black movies into the theaters before the bottom falls out of the market; within the next year as many as two dozen features for the black audience should be released—some directed by whites, but most of them made by young blacks experienced in stage and television directing, still photography, film acting, and documentary.

Some of these films will be better than the slam-bang, blood-and-guts

entertainment that is jamming the market now. The guaranteed audience has been a big incentive to shoddiness and exploitation, and with the exception of Ossie Davis's *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, there hasn't been a recent black movie with more than a few good moments. So far the hustlers have been in the saddle; perhaps the artists and decent entertainers will emerge when the audience gets over its first excitement at seeing blacks playing gangsters, cowboys, and private detectives. There's no doubt that by producing violent genre films the hustlers have been correct about what the majority of the black audience wants. (*Malcolm X*, a documentary compilation of Malcolm's speeches and interviews from his last years, captures enough of his lucidity and wit and fervor to convince one that he was the greatest public speaker of our time, but hardly anybody has been going to see it.)

What has already appeared is of immense importance in the history of mass culture, even if it is aesthetically null. The film makers, whether white or black, have sensed the audience's

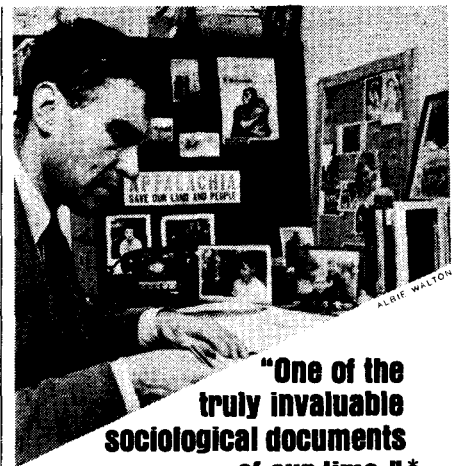
rage and its mood of revolt against the insulting image of blacks in past movies and against the white man in general. The black cinema has discovered the profitability of revenge: the desires to make money and to erase a legacy of racial humiliation coincide perfectly in a cinema whose moments of purest audience joy consist of black men and women responding to white racism by killing their oppressors. Movie audiences have always wanted heroes for fantasy release or just the basic pleasure of watching beautiful physical action, but this may be the first time an audience has demanded physical heroism in order to confirm an emerging sense of identity. The mood in the theaters is festive, alternating between admiration and mockery. If a white person wanders into one of these movies, he will have the novel experience of complete exclusion; he will feel like a "nigger." A historical victim has found a voice, and not unexpectedly, it is abusive, wised-up, malicious, and charged with the special bitterness of a people who still haven't much power but who know how to go one up on those who do. The derision directed toward whites on the screen, whether they are evil or well-meaning, and the glee when the white enemy is rubbed out gets to the white viewer emotionally, no matter how hard he tries to hide behind "aesthetic" responses. On screen there's an image of himself that hurts; he will see that he is violent and joyless, cruel without courage, lecherous without sensual grace; that he is sexually obsessed with blacks, particularly with the specter of black masculinity; that he is at a loss as to what to say to a black man when he cannot bully him with superior force; that he is humorless, power-mad, and above all, disgracefully clumsy in all the essential relations of life.

The white is being paid back for years of portraying blacks in movies as simple, shiftless, and stupid, although occasionally faithful and brave as well. The portrait was not without affection, but it was the affection of master for servant—condescending, humorous, complacent. During World War II, the platoon and bomber-crew movies discovered the black man as a valiant fighter for democracy to whom tolerance and a certain amount of respect should be extended; then, in the postwar anti-

prejudice films, which continued through the fifties and sixties and culminated in Stanley Kramer's insufferable *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?* (1967), the image of the black man was thoroughly cleaned up. He was made intelligent, earnest, skillful, and well-spoken; in a word, he became the Negro (although some blacks would say he simply became white), and was exhibited in self-congratulatory white-made films as if he were an overdressed little boy at a garden party. The liberal, conscientious image of the black was nearly as insulting as the old one because it implied that it was the black man's resemblance to the white bourgeois which qualified him as a member of the human race. (Honorable exceptions to the general whitewash include Shirley Clarke's *The Cool World* (1964) and especially Michael Roehmer's *Nothing but a Man* (1963), which faced the self-destructiveness and anguish in a black family, as well as the affirmative struggles, and allowed a little reality to come through.) Fortunately, we are now past the age of ethnic squeamishness and hypocrisy; the new films couldn't be less concerned with the characters' ability to speak the King's English or act like model citizens. The joyous response from black audiences no doubt derives from hearing the ghetto idiom and seeing the abrasive style of ghetto life for the first time in the movies.

Whether set in the nineteenth century or the present, the current heroes are all engaged in the act of creating themselves as black resisters, black defenders, black *men*. So far, black manhood inevitably means the willingness to kill whites. Black pride appears to be sustaining the machismo ideal for black men and at the moment there are no black Woody Allens in the movies.

Several of the new heroes have been killed, but none of them has suffered moral or psychological defeat, nor displayed much hesitation to act bravely. This insistence on winning has already produced some wild and uneasy fantasies. In his introduction to the published script of *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, black producer-director-writer-star Melvin van Peebles says that his first priority was "a victorious film. A film where niggers could walk out standing tall instead of avoiding each other's eyes,



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looking once again like they'd had it." Van Peebles is a hustler of genius, and his account of how he made *Sweetback* independent of white money and control makes exhilarating reading, but his film was a frenzied, over-directed, over-cut, visually incoherent swirl of images surrounding a flamboyantly excessive ego-trip. *Sweetback*, a whorehouse stud-performer, so cool he hardly needs to speak; the man who kills several cops and beats up a few more and gets away with it; who conquers the female leader of a white motorcycle gang in a bizarre sexual "duel" by giving her an orgasm—*Sweetback* was an example of self-aggrandizement so extreme that his creator must have counted on a special love of the outrageous, buried deep in the heart of the audience.

Van Peebles is the Adam Clayton Powell of the cinema, and his *Sweetback* is at least an attempt to create a film directly out of ghetto experience, a parable of the black man in flight. Gordon Parks' *Shaft*, on the other hand, is a sloppy spoof-replay of tired private-eye formulas, with black actors standing in for the old Warner Brothers stock company. And the recent *Buck and the Preacher*, directed by Sidney Poitier, also draws on old movie sources, with Poitier doing a Ward Bond routine as a wagon master leading black settlers West after the Civil War. The film simultaneously evokes historical truth (vicious white night riders try to bring the ex-slaves back) and denies it (Poitier and Harry Belafonte kill dozens of these men and get away with it).

Even when an old movie is remade directly, the plot must be changed to suit the demand for "victory." The white-made *Cool Breeze*, based on the same W. R. Burnett novel that inspired John Huston's *The Asphalt Jungle*, casts black actors as gangsters pulling off a big jewel robbery, but this time, rather than the characters' various frailties leading to their arrest or death, the two most likable robbers escape with the loot; the point of the story is completely lost.

Another white-made film, *The Legend of Nigger Charley*, resembles one of those masochistic drugstore novels that used to be written for whites in which a powerful black slave is beaten and humiliated and finally kills the master and runs off with his wife. Instead of the sexual triumph

(white girlfriends are temporarily out of the question), Nigger Charley moves West and disposes of a pack of crazy, evil white men who come after him, as well as some local lunatics harassing a gentle white man and his Indian bride; in the end he rides off into the western sunset. In these films the white man is always the oppressor, but it's necessary for the fantasy structure that he be a *defeated* oppressor, no matter how false and contradictory that may appear.

In form *Nigger Charley* is like the Spaghetti Westerns, those Italian-made products in which duels and ambushes and shoot-outs are spread throughout the entire picture, in contrast to the typical American Western, in which an early provocation followed by a gradual change of character in the hero leads to the inevitable final duel. In movies like *Nigger Charley* and *Buck and the Preacher*, the act of violence is less a definition of identity and a moral fact than an invitation to a body count. In this respect, the black cinema is part of an industry-wide movement; apparently a single death is no longer expected to carry any weight with the audience.

Oscar Williams, director of *The Final Comedown*, goes a step farther; his picture, set in the present, is just one endless shoot-out between Pantherish young blacks and huge squads of police. The flashbacks interspersed through the killing show that young blacks must choose between the Uncle Tom ways of their parents (the picture is inhumanly hard on older blacks) and a splendid death fighting "the pigs"; no other conduct is offered as possible. The young men all die after taking scores of policemen with them, and not only does the picture fail to examine the premise that one *should* be warring with the police, but it provides a sickening glorification of death. With its kamikaze mentality, *The Final Comedown* provides a thrill of despair, an intimation of a race war that the blacks will lose, but lose gloriously. No one can say whether the cheering audience dismisses this sort of thing as movie nonsense or takes it as a serious invitation to go out and get a cop; in either case one needn't prove a cause-and-effect relationship between movies and behavior in order to hate and fear commercial nihilism like *The Final Comedown*.

Black movies without heavy violence will soon be showing: James Baldwin is going to direct a movie from his own script; and Third World Productions, a company in New York headed by people like Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Piri Thomas, and John O. Killens, is planning to film adaptations of Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* and novels by Killens and Thomas. Adaptation of quality literary work doesn't always produce good movies, but at least this strategy could rescue black experience from the movies themselves—from old genres, borrowed styles, superheroes, and blood-spurting bodies falling off roofs and down stairways.

Many of the brutal or trivial new entertainments have come in for scathing criticism from black intellectuals and activists, particularly the younger ones, who place an immense importance on media images and the use of media for political instruction. Clayton Riley, for instance, a teacher and writer living in New York, complains about the continued obsession with violent figures. "The superhero creates elitist, worshipping attitudes and enforces your sense of personal worthlessness." Riley feels that current films are dangerous because they encourage the audience to oversimplify its problems. "Watching Poitier kill whitey with his custom-made shotguns may make you feel good, but it doesn't help you to live on the streets of Chicago." One needn't be Herbert Marcuse to see that the films might have the effect of dissipating black political militancy by providing victories on screen that are impossible in life. "Social masturbation" was the phrase used by Leonza Campbell, a writer-director at Third World Productions, to describe the revenge epics.

Many black people I have spoken to are hostile to "mere entertainment" in the movies, on the grounds that the continuing crisis in black life demands something more useful. "We have to have a code of ethics and principles to live by; if a movie is just entertaining, it's irrelevant," said Dolores Costello, executive producer of Third World programs at WBAI-FM. But is this a realistic expectation? The repeated emphasis on "relevance" and "positive black values," so reminiscent of the left-puritanism in the arts during the thirties, could produce a cinema as dreary as most of the

"proletarian literature" of that period, and there's small likelihood that the movie audience would either enjoy or learn anything from it.

Perhaps the best direction for black cinema, and also the one that would satisfy the conflicting demands being placed on it, would be to deal with the ordinary heroism of black life, the

struggle simply to survive in America with dignity and selfhood intact. The film makers certainly have the attention of the public, and they should be able to take a few chances. If that public is cheated of the quality its enthusiasm deserves, black movies will be remembered only as another form of exploitation and betrayal.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

ONLY ONE EARTH

by Barbara Ward and René Dubos
Norton, \$6.00

In one of his last speeches, on July 9, 1965, Ambassador Adlai Stevenson referred to the earth as a little spaceship in which we travel together, "dependent on its vulnerable supplies of air and soil." How truly vulnerable such supplies are we did not begin to realize until the population explosion obliged us to weigh the future. Barbara Ward and René Dubos, the one so economically humane, the other so biologically apprehensive, have winnowed the suggestions and remonstrances from the experts of many countries and prepared an unofficial, provocative survey of what man, especially in this century, has done to the environment, the waste and destruction so heedlessly committed, and the restoration or precaution he has been driven to by bitter experience. Their report is the vivid body of evidence, the bone on which delegates from 108 nations chewed at the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment in Stockholm: in book form it is the first comprehensive warning to aroused citizens everywhere of what needs doing locally if our small planet is to be maintained in health, not disintegration.

That politics and backbiting broke out in Stockholm is inevitable and beside the point. As this report is aware, the smaller developing nations, intent on building up their economy, will always bristle when cautioned what not to do by those powers that have it made. But the example of the big dunce in the corner, the United States, which because it is the wealthiest nation in the world is

also the most wasteful, cannot be overlooked. Example: of the seven million automobiles junked in the United States in 1970, seventy thousand were abandoned in the streets of New York City alone. Example: one third of all publicly supplied water in the United States comes from rivers that are also channels of waste. Example: the average American household is now generating five and a half pounds of solid waste a day. The prospect of things going on as they are has prompted one wit to ask, Will modern man reach Mars while standing up to his knees in garbage on planet Earth?

We learn by being bitten. One of the great assets of this stimulating report is its cautionary examples: when enough bathers on the beaches of Rome had succumbed to hepatitis in 1971, the authorities decided to do something about the polluted water; when enough of the fishermen in the large landlocked bay of Minamata in Japan had become "Mad Hatters," threatened by "mental derangement and death," it was recognized that bacteria in silt and decaying matter were converting at a lethal rate the mercury in water systems into methyl mercury. We also learn by watching the other fellow. The water in California's Lake Tahoe, once contaminated by the sewage of an eager tourist industry, is being cleansed by a costly process, but the technology may throw light on a cheaper method of purification.

The authors walk delicately in their discussion of pollution by the automobile and the future of the car in the center city, but are more forthright and far-ranging on the question of housing. Here they draw refreshing illustrations from Eu-

rope's two most densely populated countries, Holland and Britain. In their National Physical Planning Act, the Dutch have projected what their small land will be like thirty years from now when work will occupy only 42 percent of a citizen's time. In Britain the Greater London Council, disillusioned with the effect of high rise, "removed all future high-rise dwellings from the drawing boards." To counterbalance the ugly monotony of New York's canyons the authors cite the restoration of Warsaw, the greening and the spaciousness of Hankow, the rebuilding of Leningrad, the comprehensive planning in Romania which began when 40 percent of the people were still farming. Everywhere, in Milan, Paris, London, Moscow, and in our old cities, the less-skilled pile up in ill-housed poverty. But it is in the pooling of knowledge and initiative in this report that new hope dwells.

In the latter sections the report moves to the larger imponderables where collective action must ultimately have its effect, to the oceans, "the most immediately threatened part of the biosphere" (when twenty whales born and bred in east Greenland were recently harpooned and tested, six identifiable pesticides, including DDT, were found in the blubber of all), and to the first steps toward an acceptance of *collective responsibility*. The scale of the problems and our long drift of ignorance give us pause. But of one thing Miss Ward and Dr. Dubos are certain: "This is the hinge of history at which we stand, the door of the future opening on to a crisis more sudden, more global, more inescapable, and more bewildering than any ever encountered by the human species . . ." It is obvious that a general spending on armaments of two hundred billion a year is a wage the planet can no longer afford.

MY DEAR WISTER—: The Frederic Remington—Owen Wister Letters
by Ben Merchant Vorpahl
American West, \$9.95

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the illustrator and the writer of unique stimulus to both. They had turned thirty, Remington the more rugged and the younger by a year. While Wister, a Philadelphia blue blood, had studied music at Harvard, Remington had played on the Yale eleven captained by Walter Camp, and drugged in the newly established art school. When Remington in 1882 lost his inheritance as a silent partner in a Kansas City saloon, he turned to the Plains, mixing with the cowhands and the cavalry as he drew his first black-and-whites. In 1885 when Wister's romance of writing opera collapsed, he too went West to regain his health and to begin writing. By the time of their meeting each had seen a good deal of the frontier, but it was Remington who was the catalyst. With his big torso and stumpy legs he had seen more action, been in more danger, and known the cowboys for what they were. Wister, the dreamer and the snob, believed that the Populists and the immigrants ("encroaching alien vermin," he called them) could debase the United States, and it was his notion that out of the West might come a new American, essentially Anglo-Saxon, who would reconcile the North and the South and cleanse the melting pot. He kept looking for this new breed in the cowboy until Remington put him wise. The difference in the temperament of the two men, their dependence upon each other in their formative years, and their separation when Remington proved to be the greater artist have been admirably illuminated by Ben Merchant Vorpahl.

During the Civil War Remington's father had served for five years in the cavalry and his big son, 240 pounds in the saddle, inherited the love for horses. At sixteen he stated that "there is nothing poetical about me," and when he headed West, he was hunting, so the author tells us, for money, so he could get married, and a fight, so he could "be a soldier like Father." As what we would call a combat artist, he rode with General Miles and General Crook, and what he saw of the Indians, the troopers, and the cattlemen prompted his remark, "I am by nature a sceptic—I would not recognize the Second Coming if I saw it." No one before him had caught so vividly the flash of action and the irony of defeat. His illustrations for magazines like *Har-*

per's Weekly had brought him to Teddy Roosevelt's attention, but it was not until Owen Wister came along that he found a writer who could feed him the dramatic Western stories that he needed, and when they verged on the romantic, he said so. His letters to Wister in their explosive, gutty style are masterpieces, correcting, urging, and illustrating with line drawings what he knew to be true. Set beside the somewhat pompous prose of Wister's essay, "The Evolution of the Cow-puncher," they glow.

It was while Remington was hung up in his efforts to illustrate one of Wister's less active pieces that he turned to "mud"—his name for modeling clay—and began work on "The Bronco-Buster," that statuette which was to enlarge his scope and which embodied, as Mr. Vorpahl well observes, precisely those elements which "Remington had to fight to get Wister to include in 'The Evolution.'" Less than a month later, with the publication of *Red Men and White*, Wister made his first serious bid as a book writer, and thereafter their paths began to separate. *My Dear Wister* is to be enjoyed for its history of the West, for its evaluation of a friendship, and for its technical appreciation of two talents at work.

STAY HUNGRY

by Charles Gaines
Doubleday, \$5.95

Craig Blake, the hero of this Southern novel, is a wealthy, footloose young bachelor of Birmingham, Alabama, with a jaded interest in debutantes, past and present, and without family ties. He camps out in the vast house he has inherited on the mountain, makes a pretense of being interested in real estate, and takes a diminishing pleasure in gambling with his contemporaries at the Woodstream Country Club. Craig is ripe for a pickup, for any challenge that will draw him away from the boredom of his conventional behavior. In this vulnerable mood, after a too hearty lunch, he drifts into a health center, attracted by the sign that tells him JOE SANTO, MR. ALABAMA, TRAINS HERE. The receptionist, a suntanned sexy girl, catches his eye, and a bulky attendant in a white smock takes his name and asks him, "Did you want to gain, reduce, or tone?"

Blake, physically in great shape, is just curious enough to buy a ticket which admits him to a circus unlike anything he had known before in Alabama.

The four members of the Erickson Olympic Studio who take Craig in tow are Thor Erickson, the owner, whom he dislikes; Mary Tate, the receptionist, who is out to get him; Franklin, the trainer, who explains the fine art of the strongman's technique; and Joe Santo, their champion, who is pushing for the title of "Mr. Southeast." To Craig this new world of the oiled torso, musculature, and the Atlas pose is as novel as it is exciting. He relishes their vegetarian meals, "a garden of food" washed down with water mixed with Tiger's Milk. He can't keep his eyes off Mary, and is pleased that Santo likes him—a good thing, too, for Joe is a man of limitless strength who had had something going with Mary before Craig broke in.

The story, as it passes from the first innocent impressions, the hard training and the camaraderie which Craig enjoys, to the ringside of the "Mr. Gulf" contest in Mobile, is skillfully handled by the author; and the finals in which Wayne Latrobe, a fabulous black, is pitted against an aging veteran whom the M.C. refers to as the "Mississippi Mastodon" is quite the best scene in the book. But these people do not improve on acquaintance, and Craig gets out of his depth. Violence and sexuality are part of the tough intimacy of the Olympic Studio. The idea of setting up Mary as the mistress of Craig's ancestral home excites the jealousy of Erickson, her boss, and in the fury of the lovers' separation it is Craig who stays hungry.

One looks for promise in a first novel and it is here, in the raunchy dialogue—especially when Franklin is speaking—and in the graphic description of the strongmen at work. The weakness in Mr. Gaines' novel is that he sets up an expectation which is not fulfilled. For all of his selfish indulgence, Craig Blake with his fine body and quick response is a likable man, and his common sense should have warned him that he had nothing to gain from these weirdies. But he does not mature as the story proceeds and it is for this reason that I prefer the impressionable chapters to what follows.

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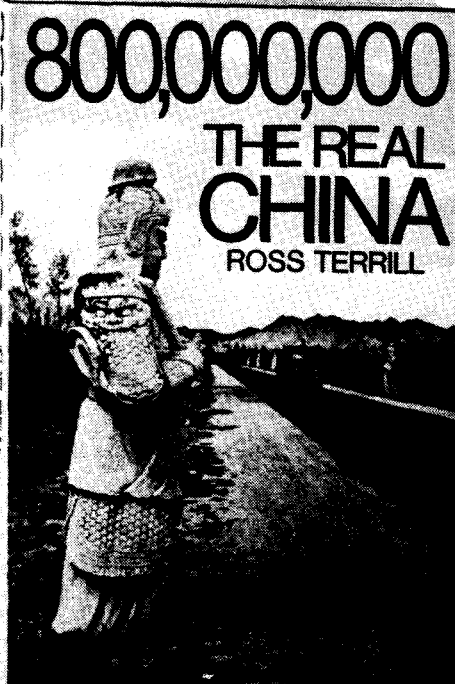
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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

UNDER THE GUNS by Bruce Bliven, Jr. Harper & Row, \$10.00. In the years 1775-1776, New York entered the Revolution like a refractory horse, balking and shying at every step. Because the British warships in the harbor could have burned the whole place flat with a couple of fire bombs, the Revolutionary authorities talked a great deal and did little aside from appealing to Washington for help with their prospective defense and maintaining a show of respect for the Royal Governor, who was bobbing around with the Royal Navy. Things moved very slowly, for differing opinions had to be considered, every decision had to be interminably argued, and all methods had to be improvised. Mr. Bliven has reconstructed events in great detail, believing that the very slowness of New York's operations makes it possible to examine minutely a set of problems which in fact beset all the new colonial governments. He is quite right. The story may be undramatic, but it is immensely interesting.

TROPICAL DETECTIVE STORY by Raymond Mungo. Dutton, \$4.95. Behind a lot of grass smoke about the "soul of the century" and some flighty remarks on reincarnation and "psychic force" lurks a story that amounts to no more than aimless ramblings and beddings by a bevy of elderly hippies.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT BREAKS THE LAW by Jethro K. Lieberman. Stein and Day, \$10.00. The author argues that the wide disregard of law in this country originates with the government itself, which habitually distorts or disregards the laws it exists to implement. He produces a persuasive number of infuriating examples of governmental lawlessness and eventually points out what the reader has long since noticed—there is no such creature as "the government." There is merely an infinity of persons in official positions where their prejudices, lazinesses, and private ambitions function with a minimum of supervision and restraint. Mr. Lieberman

calls for a general reform of both judicial and administrative systems and above all for constant, public examination of their activities. "I do not deny," he concludes glumly, "that ours is a particularly stubborn, confident, or cocky society with an astonishingly renewable capacity for corruption, nor that ordinary citizens commit with depressing regularity the most heinous crimes. But it is no less true that these same citizens, elevated to offices of public trust, do not change their personal quirks overnight."

IN HIDING by Ronald Fraser. Pantheon, \$6.95. As a bright, sensible, largely self-educated socialist, Manuel Cortes became Republican mayor of a Spanish village. He then spent thirty years in hiding to escape reprisals by the Franco regime. Through interviews with the fugitive, his wife, and their daughter, Mr. Fraser has pieced together a quite amazing story of courage and ingenuity. There is also a great deal of direct information about business, farming, and social organization in the tiny town of Mijas, for all three Corteses are articulate, observant people.

MAGOG by Andrew Sinclair. Harper & Row, \$6.95. Admirers of *Gog* will no doubt enjoy this sequel. For the uninitiate, the novel concerns upper-middle-class muddle and fuddle in England from the Second World War to the present. Despite spasms of amusing dialogue, the characters are manikins hauled about by the author. The style is barnacled with period references, paraphrased quotations in the manner of T. S. Eliot, and what used to be called purple passages. A pretentious lummock of a book.

REPORT TO THE COMMISSIONER by James Mills. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95. Mr. Mills appears to have intended a serious novel about the tragic effects of temperamental unsuitability to police work. What he has actually written is a good, nerve-racking thriller.

THE NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES by Max Gallo. Harper & Row, \$8.95. Another move-by-move historical reconstruction, mildly overwritten in regard to weather and setting and romantically unspecific as to information sources, but on the whole well or-

ganized. The book covers, and attempts to explain, Hitler's savage destruction of his old ally Ernst Röhm and the Brown Shirt partisans who had been a major force in the Nazi rise to power. How can so much blood and intrigue fail to fascinate? Translated from the French by Lily Emmet.

VICTORIA'S HEYDAY by J. B. Priestley. Harper & Row, \$15.00. A great deal happened in Britain during the 1850s, and Mr. Priestley describes most of it with no sign of haste and no hint of the prodigious amount of selection and condensation underlying his easily flowing narrative. The text suggests, quite charmingly, that one is listening to a gossipy ghost with total recall. Good illustrations and plenty of them.

THE RESTLESS EARTH by Nigel Calder. Viking, \$10.00. Assuming that the reader is seriously interested in the recently evolved theory that the earth's outer shell consists of slowly moving "plates" and familiar enough with older theories to find the idea startling, this is a fine expository book. It is written in English rather than jargon and copiously supplied with pictures that are well placed in relation to the text and really do illustrate the author's points.

A SENSE OF PLACE by Alan Gussow. Friends of the Earth/Saturday Review Press, \$27.50. An unexpected offshoot of the ecological debate. Mr. Gussow, a painter himself, has chosen American landscapes ranging from John White's Indian sketches of 1585 to Georgia O'Keeffe's clouds from an airplane window. The pictures are accompanied by biographical notes and quotations from the painters themselves, and taken as a group, painters are notably free with lively notions well expressed. The result of all this is an enchanting view of beauties gone, for the most part, beyond recall. Introduction by Richard Wilbur.

THE POLITICS OF LITERATURE: DISSENTING ESSAYS ON THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH, edited by Louis Kampf and Paul Lauter. Pantheon, \$8.95. An essay from this collection, William Labov's "The Logic of Nonstandard English," appeared in the June *Atlantic*.

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Do you have a feeling that you're running faster than ever just to keep up? That the power is no longer in your hands?

Insights is a book club that was created for men and women who admit they've stopped going as far and as fast as they could. It's for men and women who want help understanding themselves and others better.

For just \$1.00 plus shipping and handling you can choose three books from our list. Then make 4 selections at special members' prices during the coming year.

Insights books are chosen to help solve the tough psychological problems that exist today for men and women everywhere. So stop worrying and start reading.



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The phone company wants more installers like Alana MacFarlane.

Alana MacFarlane is a 20-year-old from San Rafael, California. She's one of our first women telephone installers. She won't be the last.

We also have several hundred male telephone operators. And a policy that there are no all-male or all-female jobs at the phone company.

We want the men and women of the telephone company to do what they want to do, and do best.

For example, Alana likes working outdoors. "I don't go for office routine," she said. "But as an installer, I get plenty of variety and a chance to move around."

Some people like to work with their hands, or, like Alana, get a kick out of working 20 feet up in the air.

Others like to drive trucks. Some we're helping to develop into good managers.

Today, when openings exist, local Bell Companies are offering applicants and present employees some jobs they may never have thought about before. We want to help all advance to the best of their abilities.

AT&T and your local Bell Company are equal opportunity employers.





It's Yellow Fever season.

This is the only time of the year when you can do nothing and not feel guilty. Doing absolutely nothing, however, isn't all that easy.

Last summer we were sitting around trying to do nothing, when we accidentally came up with a drink as refreshing as summer itself. It's called Yellow Fever. You might try one the next time you set out to do nothing. It's really something.



To make a Yellow Fever, fill a tall glass with ice and lemonade. Add one and one-half oz. of Smirnoff and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.®